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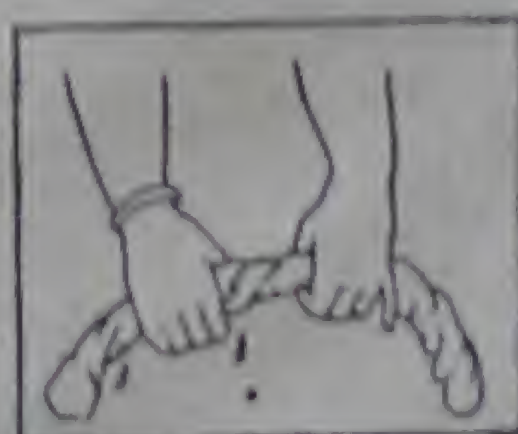
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1. Dampen a cloth with water.



2. Wring until only slightly damp.



3. Pour on a few drops of O-Cedar Polish.



4. Clean surface—then polish with dry cloth.

Dust the O-Cedar way

Enjoy every day a home kept clean and shining with O-Cedar Polish. It's touch quickly brightens all furniture and gives a gleaming finish to all the stained wood.

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The secret is—it cleans as it polishes. A few drops on your duster makes dusting dustless, and leaves a glossy lustre behind. It is economical—a small bottle O-Cedarises a home for several weeks.

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It's the Creamiest Custard

Still fresh at the end of the day

Thanks to occasional applications of a little Pond's Vanishing Cream, she looks as fresh after the day's shopping as when she set out in the morning. And she feels as fresh as she looks.

Pond's Vanishing Cream not only safeguards the skin from roughness and soreness, but also keeps it delightfully smooth and fresh in appearance, besides acting as a splendid base for powder.

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"TO SOOTHE AND SMOOTH YOUR SKIN."

Both Creams obtainable from all chemists and stores in opal jars at 1/3 and 2/6, and in collapsible tubes at 7½d. (handbag size) and 1/-.



**FREE
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Pond's Extract Company will send, on receipt of 3d. in stamps for postage and packing, a sample tube of Vanishing Cream and Cold Cream containing a liberal supply.

Ponds Vanishing Cream

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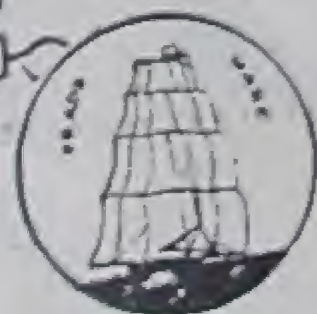
Not exactly nervous but —

The first few nights in a strange house or hotel are usually trying to young and old alike. One is "not exactly nervous, but—"

The "but" is eloquent.

Banish that feeling of insecurity whilst holiday-making in unfamiliar surroundings, by using PRICE'S NIGHT LIGHTS. Pack a box or two with your luggage. You'll find it worth your while.

*Price's
Night Lights*



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ARE YOU BOW-LEGGED?



WITHOUT

If so, there is no need to worry about it, for you will cease to suffer any embarrassment from the moment you commence to wear the B.L. Appliance (which is worn like an ordinary garter), for you will always appear straight-legged, as—

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WITH

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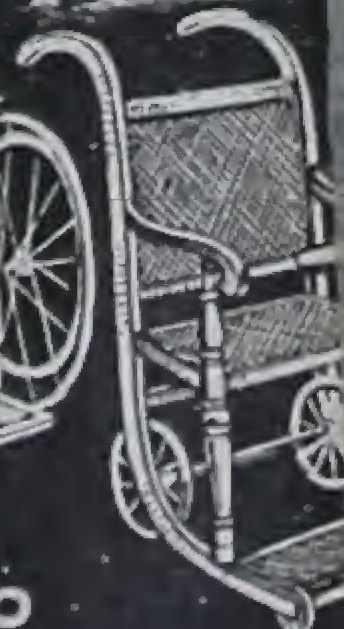


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Note how white teeth count

If you ever envy pretty teeth, let us show you how folks get them.

You see them everywhere today. They have brought to millions new charm and new beauty.

It is so the world over, for people are using a new cleaning method now. And largely by dental advice.

They fight film

Film makes teeth dingy—that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stops there.

Food stains, etc., discolour it, then it forms cloudy coats. Tartar is based on film. That's why beautiful teeth were seen less often than now.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth—the acid may cause decay. Tooth troubles came to nearly all.

Old ways inadequate

No ordinary tooth paste effectively combats film. So nearly everybody was affected more or less.

Then dental science, after long research, found two film combatants. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods by many careful tests. Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. These two great film destroyers were embodied in it.

That tooth paste is called Pepsodent. It is daily used by careful people of some 50 nations now.

These things also

Dental research proved other things essential. So Pepsodent multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids as they form.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Thus Pepsodent gives manifold power to Nature's great tooth-protecting agents.

This test will tell

Pepsodent quickly proves itself. The changes in a week will delight you.

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

This test may change the whole dental history of your home. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific tooth paste based on modern research, free from harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

Sold in two sizes—1/3 & 2/-

10-DAY TUBE FREE

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
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Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to—

Name.....

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Give full address. Write plainly.
Only one tube to a family. Windsor Mag., August, 1923

I WAS A SIGHT FROM SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

I Cured it Quickly, Root and All, so it Never Returned.

I Will Send Free Full Particulars of the Sacred Hindoo Secret Which Cured Me.

For years I was the victim of horrid hair growths on my face and arms. I was a sight. Every time I met another woman with this "mannish" mark and saw how it spoiled her looks I became the more distracted, for I had tried all the pastes, powders, liquids, and other "hair-removers" I had ever heard of, but always with the same unsatisfactory result.



The Native women of India never have any trace of Superfluous Hair. I will send you the secret.

Finally, my husband, a noted surgeon and an Officer in the British Army, secured from a native Hindoo soldier (whose life he had saved) the closely-guarded secret of the Hindoo religion, which forbids Hindoo women to have the slightest trace of hair except the hair on their head. I used it. In a few days all my hair growths had gone. To-day not a trace can be found. It has been killed for ever, root and all. My experience with this wonderful remedy was so remarkable that I feel it my duty to tell my

experience to others afflicted, that they may profit by it, and not waste their time and money on worthless "concoctions" as I did.

Therefore, to any lady who will send me the coupon below or copy of it, with your name and address, within the next few days, sending three penny stamps to cover my outlay for posting, I will send quite free full information, so that you may for ever end all trace of embarrassing hair by the wonderful method that cured me. Please state whether Mrs. or Miss, and address your letter as below.

THIS FREE COUPON

or copy of same to be sent with your name and address and 3d. stamps.

Mrs. HUDSON: Please send me free full information and instructions to cure superfluous hair. Address: FREDERICA HUDSON, Floor 82 H, No. 9, Old Cavendish Street, London, W. 1.

IMPORTANT NOTE.—Mrs. Hudson belongs to a family high in Society, and is the widow of a prominent Army Officer, so you can write her with every confidence. Address as above.

15,000,000 SATISFIED USERS.

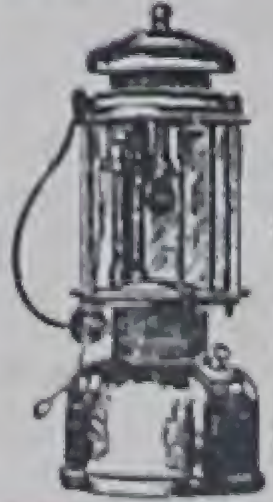
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New Discovery Takes Off Flesh Almost "While You Wait"!

A pound a day the very first week without medicine, starving, baths or exercise.
Results in 48 hours!

AT last a simple secret has been discovered by the world's greatest food specialist which enables you to eat a pound a day off your weight without the slightest discomfort. In fact, you will enjoy your meals as never before.

Thousands of men and women who have tried starving, special reducing baths, salts, medicine, and violent exercising without results, have found this new scientific way a revelation. A pound or more a day from the very start can be counted on in most cases, and with each pound you lose you will note a remarkable increase in energy and general health.

Women so stout they could never wear light colours or attractive styles without being conspicuous, marvel at the sudden change that has enabled them to wear the most chic and fashionable clothes. Men who used to puff when they walked the least bit quickly—men who were rapidly becoming inactive and sluggish—unable to enjoy outdoor exercise or pleasure—find their return to youthful energy almost miraculous.

HOW THE SECRET WORKS.

The whole thing about this wonderful new way to reduce, which makes losing flesh a pleasure instead of a task, is a simple system of food combination worked out by Eugene Christian.

Some of us eat food that is immediately converted into useless fat. In this case, the muscles, bones and blood are robbed of just so much strength and nutrition. That is why fat people succumb first in case of illness.

Eugene Christian, the famous Food Specialist, while engaged in one of his extensive food experiments, discovered the perfect cure for the "disease of obesity," as he calls it. He found that merely by following certain little natural laws, food is converted into essential tissues like bone and muscle, while only enough fat is stored up to provide the necessary energy. Elated with his discovery and what it would mean to thousands of men and women, Eugene Christian has incorporated all his valuable information in the form of little, easy-to-follow lessons under the name of "Weight Control, the Basis of Health," which is offered on free trial.

There are no fads in this course, no special baths, no starving, no medicines, no exercises—nothing but pure common-sense practical help that will do just what we say—take off flesh "while you wait." Eat all the foods you require, observing, of course, the one vital rule. Do whatever you please, give up all drugs and reducing baths—just follow the directions outlined in Eugene Christian's wonderful course and watch your superfluous weight vanish.

NOTHING LIKE IT BEFORE.

You've never tried anything like this wonderful new method of Eugene Christian's before. It's entirely different. Instead of starving you, it shows you how to eat off weight—a pound of it a day! No trouble, no fuss, no self-denial. All so simple that you'll be delighted—and amazed.

Here's what Eugene Christian's course in Weight Control will do for you. First: It will bring down your weight to normal, to what it should naturally be. Then it will

make your flesh firm and solid. It will bring a new glow to your cheeks, a new sparkle to your eyes, a new spring to your step. It will give you charm, grace, attractiveness. And all naturally, no drugs! Nothing harmful.



The shadow of her former self—result of the new discovery!

We want you to prove it yourself. We want you to see results, to see your own unnecessary flesh vanish. We want you to see why all medicines, bathing, and exercising are a mistake—why this new discovery gets right down to the real reason for your stoutness, and removes it by natural methods.

TRY IT AT OUR RISK.

Put your name and address on the coupon. Enclose only 10s.—the full price of the Course. This will be returned to you if you are not delighted with the result you obtain after using this method for 10 days.

As soon as the course arrives, weigh yourself. Then glance through the lessons carefully, and read all about the startling revelations regarding weight, food, and health. Now put the course to the test. Weigh yourself again in a week, and notice the wonderful result. Still you've taken no medicine, put yourself to no hardships. It's wonderful—and you'll have to admit it yourself.

Post the coupon and money NOW. You to be the sole judge. If you do not see a remarkable improvement in 10 days, return the course to us and your money will be immediately refunded. But post the coupon NOW, before you forget. Surely you cannot let so positive an opportunity to reduce to normal weight pass by unheeded.

As we shall receive an avalanche of orders for this remarkable course, it will be wise to send your order at once. Some will have to be disappointed. Don't wait to lose weight, but post the coupon NOW and profit immediately by Eugene Christian's wonderful discovery.

The course will be sent in a plain package.

Corrective Eating Society, 16, Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

Corrective Eating Society (Dept. W.M.),
16, Regent Street, London, S.W. 1.

You may send me post free in plain package Eugene Christian's Course "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." I enclose Ten Shillings in full payment. If I am not satisfied with it I have the privilege of returning the course to you within 10 days after its receipt. It is of course understood that you are to refund my money if I return the course.

Name.....
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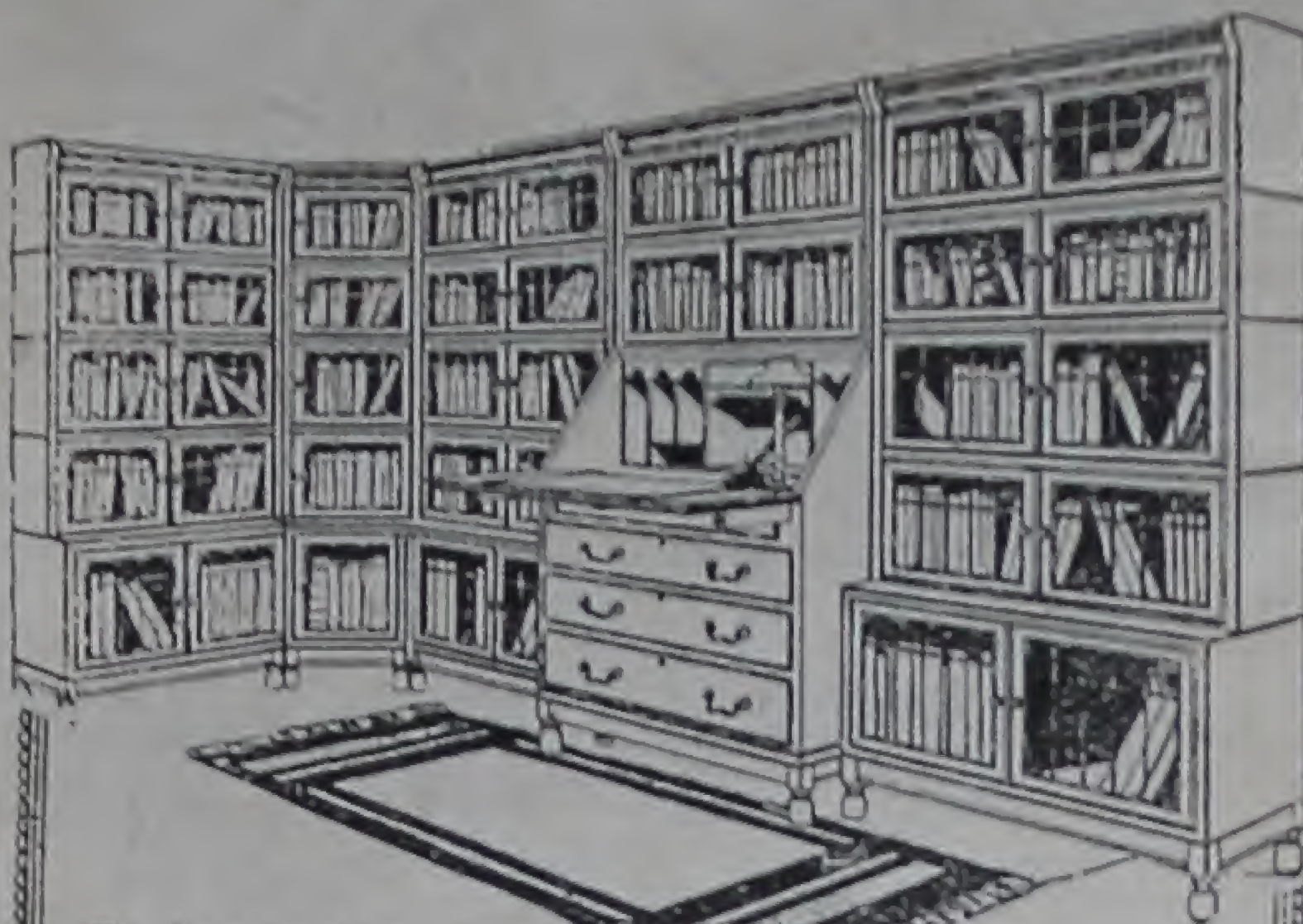
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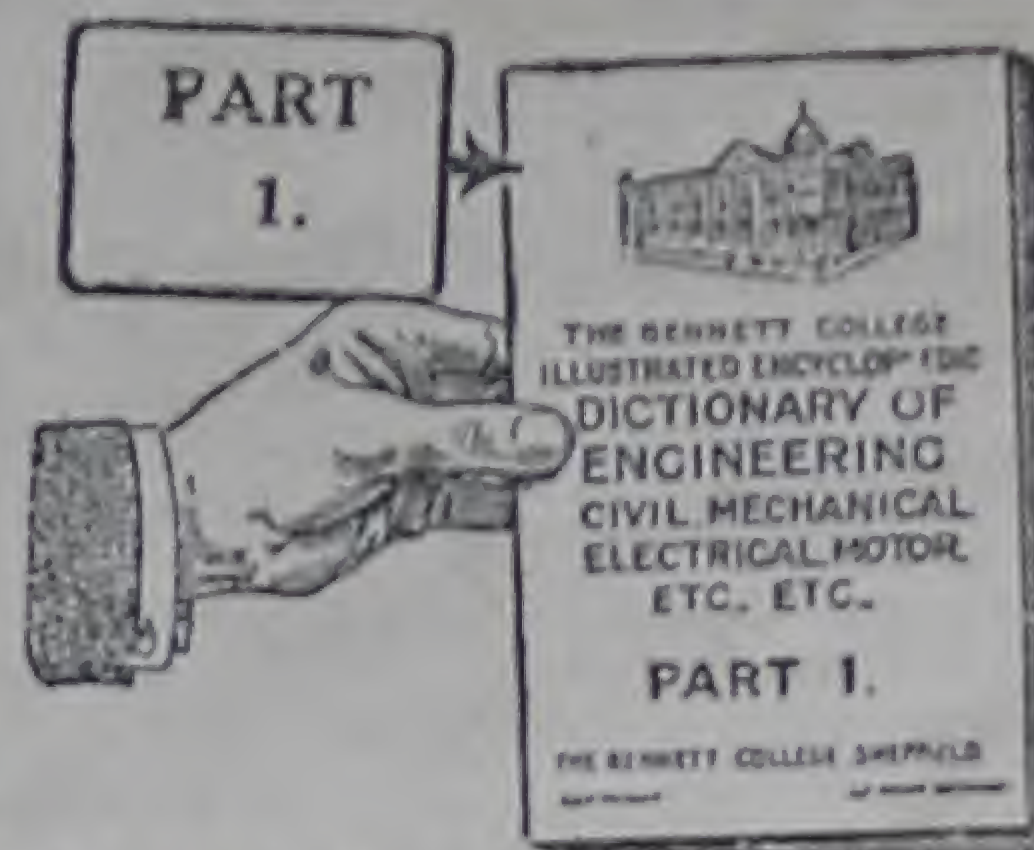
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- The brain is incapable of great or sustained effort.
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This Book will be sent Free without cost or obligation. It will show you how you can pass from ill-health to health and strength.



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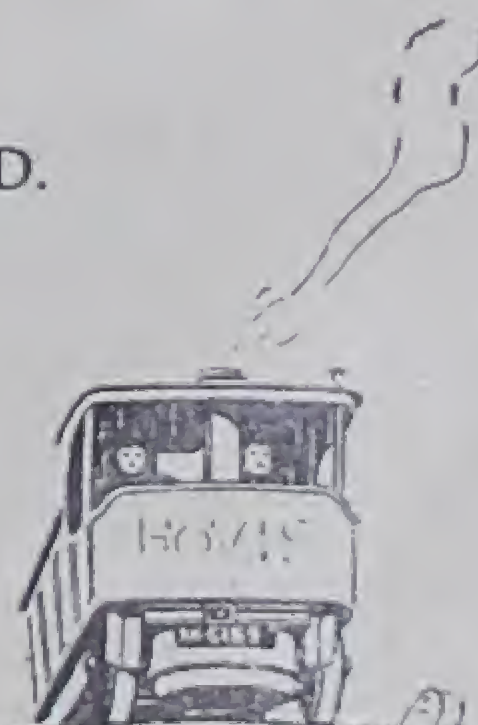


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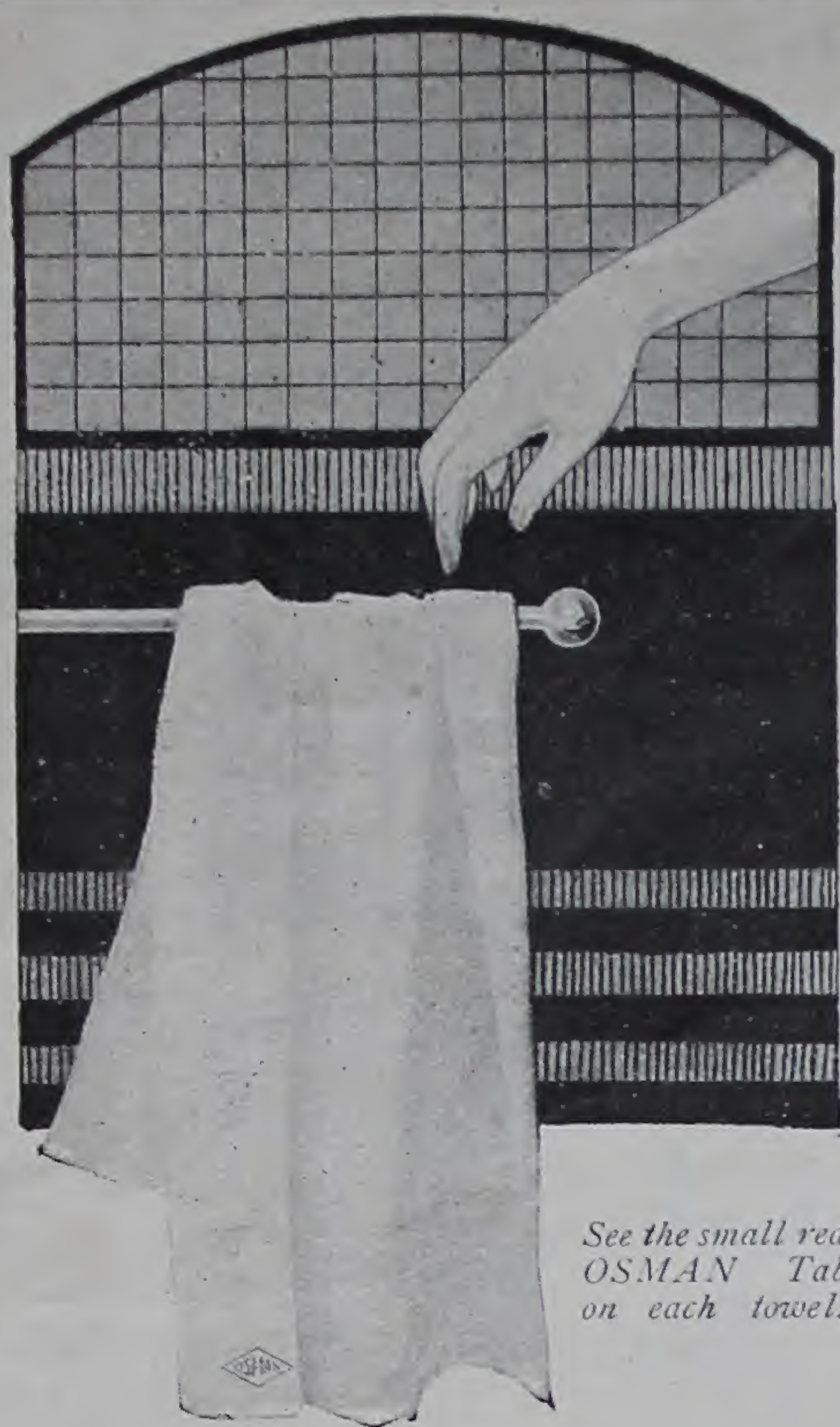
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"GATHER A SHELL FROM THE STROWN BEACH
AND LISTEN AT ITS LIPS."—ROSSETTI.

By W. A. CUTHBERTSON.



"It was a nerve-racking process, but Jeanne persevered."

PEARLS OF PRICE

By RALPH STOCK

ILLUSTRATED BY STEVEN SPURRIER

DOWN there in the Taumotus the sun is not to be trifled with. It pours out of the sky like molten brass, and where it falls unchecked sears the earth as with living flame. Not a blade of grass is to be seen in these atolls, and even the coral of which they are formed is bleached to a deathly pallor.

Yet here Monsieur Rénaud lived and thrived, for the lagoons of the Taumotus are natural storehouses of treasure unequalled in the world, and he had forced their locks.

Each morning, as the inevitable sun climbed from the sea, a black serpent put out from shore, leaving an ugly scar on the fair face of the lagoon. Presently it would break into a score of fragments, each resolving itself into a pearling canoe complete with naked diver and mate. And somewhere amongst them would be Monsieur Rénaud, hunched over the gunwale of his dugout, scouring the sea-floor through a water-glass. Never were eyes quicker than his to catch a glimpse of shell. That was why he made a point of directing his own fleet, and that also accounted for his

wealth. For those were the halcyon days of unrestricted diving, before a pettifogging Government stepped in to ordain that pearls should be the property of the diver—the property, if you please, of some brainless bronze giant who knew no more than to sell them to the highest bidder and drink himself to death on the proceeds. You should have heard Monsieur Rénaud on the subject!

But by the time the measure came into force he was beyond being affected by it. Apart from the substantial fortune he had derived from shell, and deposited in a Tahiti bank, there were his pearls. Each was perfect. It would not have been kept otherwise, and Monsieur Rénaud's chief amusement of an evening was to open the door of the safe where they lay in a bed of cotton-wool, and fondle them in much the same way that he fondled his adoring Parisian wife and little daughter Jeanne.

"So," he exclaimed one evening, while engaged in this pleasurable pastime, "so they would give you to the savage. They would indeed cast pearls before swine."

Sacrilege!" He swung to the door of the safe with a clang that caused Jeanne to come running to his knee, and Madame to look up from her needlework in alarm.

"It is nothing," he answered her anxious look. "Only that we shall shortly go to live in Paris." He explained the edict that had gone forth. "So, you see, there is nothing to keep us here longer."

Madame Rénaud regarded her husband with incredulous brown eyes. She had often heard him talk in this strain, but never with such tones of finality. Was it possible that he now meant what he had said so airily in the past, never dreaming of the torture he was inflicting—that Paris would be theirs in the near future, a small *hôtel* in the Rue Voulois, close to the shops and the Opera? Paris . . .

A flush came to Madame Rénaud's cheeks, and her hands trembled over her work as she listened to what her husband was telling Jeanne.

"But yes, little one, there are other places in the world than the Taumotus; others even than Papeete, where you may remember making yourself ill with ice-cream. Where we are going there are shops filled with wonders, and at night lit up like fairyland. And it is cool there, even cold sometimes, so that you must wear little furs, and bowl a hoop through the gardens to keep warm. A hoop? Ah, you will soon learn all about hoops."

"May *bébe* come, too?" inquired Jeanne. She was a serious child for her years, and already concerned over the possible fate of a pet turtle that lived in a neighbouring rock-pool.

"How could we leave *bébe*?" laughed Monsieur Rénaud non-committally, and, setting the child down, turned to his wife.

"And what has *maman* to say?" he suggested, rubbing his strong hands together in anticipation of her pleasure.

Madame Rénaud looked up, and smiled as she knew he would have her smile.

"You will miss many things," she ventured.

"So that is all?" Monsieur Rénaud relapsed with the air of a disappointed schoolboy, then leant forward so that his starched drills crackled under the strain. "I shall miss many things," he mocked. "The everlasting heat and glare, perhaps, or a strip of coral and a few tattered pandanus palms. Or, again, it may be the embarrassing variety of our fare—the grated coconut, the eternal fish!" His face took on

a look of tragedy that caused Madame Rénaud to laugh in spite of herself, and her husband to continue, elated at his success: "No, no, *ma chérie*, it is other things that I shall miss, and good riddance to them—the pallor of your cheek, the weariness in your eyes. We have enough. We will proceed to *live*."

"When?" said Madame Rénaud. It was the first time she had permitted herself to ask such a direct question on the subject.

Her husband leant back in his chair and studied the ceiling for a space.

"I will make one more trip with the fleet," he mused. "There is a corner of the lagoon, deep yet possible, which interests me. One last trip, then I will sell to the Compagnie Maritime, who have long wished to buy, and—a month," he ended abruptly, "in a month at latest. Will that leave time enough for you to prepare?"

"Ample," said Madame Rénaud, who would have cheerfully been ready in a day, but the tone failed to satisfy her husband.

"You are not pleased," he accused. "Is it possible that you do not wish to go?"

Madame Rénaud smiled wistfully at the impulsiveness of this husband of hers, usually so reserved, so deliberate. How could she tell him her heart had so often danced to the tune of that magic word "Paris," and been stilled by disappointment, that she now found herself incapable of displaying proper appreciation?

"It is not that," she said gently. "I was thinking——"

"Thinking?" boomed Monsieur Rénaud. "Of what should you be thinking but the hats that you will wear, and of how Jeanne will look on the boulevards?"

"I was thinking," persisted his wife, "that I would rather you did not make that last trip to the lagoon."

Monsieur Rénaud stared at her bemused.

"I do not like 'last trips,'" she added gravely. Whereupon her husband laughed aloud, kissed her with the utmost tenderness, and turned his attention to other matters.

And the next day he directed the fleet as usual. He took it to a far corner of the lagoon, where his hawk-like eyes had detected shell at a greater depth than the divers had yet essayed. Standing up in his dug-out, he told the assembled company of brown-skinned men and women that these would be their last descents in his employ, that they had worked for him loyally, and that in return he proposed to give each

present before he bade them farewell. He therefore hoped that to-day's would be a record showing of shell.

It was. Never had the raft, on which the immense pearl oysters were opened, been so laden, and never had the eyes of Monsieur Rénaud been so quick to detect a pause in the process of opening. It was as he thought: this shell, deep down, old and barnacle-encrusted, contained what all men sought in the Taumotus—occasional pearls of varying size, shape, and colour. Most of them were worthless, a few might pass muster, but one—there is always the chance of this one—a perfect product of the disease that gave it birth. Pink, pear-shaped, and with a peach-like bloom, it rested in the unworthy setting of Monsieur Rénaud's begrimed palm. His keen eyes devoured it, his fingers closed reverently upon it, as he crumpled down on the shell-strewn raft.

What had happened? He asked himself the question with growing impatience. There was a pearl in his hand. He could feel it, yet it had dissolved into a blood-red mist. His head ached. *Ciel*, how it ached! And the divers were about him shuffling, muttering. They were lifting him bodily into the dugout, and the dugout was moving—he could hear the splash of paddles, feel the blessed motion of air after the sweltering glare that had enveloped him throughout the day. But that was all. The rest was a red curtain rung down.

It was the same when they lifted him from the dugout, and he lurched up the beach like a drunken man. It was the same when he heard his wife's voice, and stumbled towards it. . . .

* * * * *

It was the same five years later, and would be to the end. An oculist had come from Papeete and said as much. As already pointed out, the sun of the Taumotus is not to be trifled with.

Monsieur Rénaud had suggested that the original plan of returning to Paris should be adhered to in spite of his affliction. They (his wife and Jeanne) should be his eyes. They would tell him just how things looked, the new hats of *maman*, Jeanne's play in the gardens. It would be great fun. He smiled as he said such things, a smile that would have deceived most people, but never his wife. To her he had always been a man transparent—that was why she had married him—and she knew that,

as things were, Paris would be little short of torture to him.

"I do not understand," he muttered, when the subject came under discussion. "It seemed to me before—before it happened, that you would have liked to go. I hope——"

"If you remember"—his wife's low voice came from behind the curtain—"I was not enthusiastic about it."

Monsieur Rénaud nodded reminiscently. "But it is strange," he mused, "strange that a woman should prefer the Taumotus to Paris."

"Perhaps I *am* strange," admitted Madame. "Hark! There are the canoes."

The sonorous hoot of a conch came over the water, and Monsieur Rénaud felt his way to the verandah—he hated being helped—and stood facing the lagoon.

"How many?" he asked eagerly.

"Forty," answered his wife.

His face brightened. "Ah, the Compagnie Maritime is growing! Forty, eh? But I'll wager they get no more shell than I used to with half that number. And no pearls, no pearls at all!" He chuckled and, dragging forward the cane chair, sat listening to the sounds he knew so well—the dry rattle of pandanus leaves, the eternal roar of the surf on the outer beach, the peckings and struttings of the minah birds. Often he smiled. And he would not smile like that in Paris, no. Madame Rénaud was convinced of it.

Then there came another and overwhelming reason for remaining on the atoll; nothing less than the failure of the bank in Tahiti. The letter explaining the tragedy—as connected in some subtle fashion with the bursting of the South Sea cotton bubble—interested Madame Rénaud not at all. What occupied most of her time and sapped her remaining strength was the struggle to make ends meet. While her husband sat smiling across the lagoon, or crooning over his pearls, it was hers to devise ways and means of saving him from anxiety and harbouring the slim resources that remained from the wreckage of his fortune. So the lean years dragged on.

"Jeanne," she at last told her daughter, now a *petite* sixteen-year-old edition of herself, "you will look after him?"

"Need you ask, *maman*?" cried Jeanne in an agony of apprehension. "But why do you speak like this?"

Her mother smiled and took her hand. "Listen, Jeanne. This is no country for

a white woman. Remember that. And get André to take you away from it as soon—as soon as it is possible. You understand?"

Jeanne blushed, but nodded obediently. She had no idea that her mother had noticed so much concerning André of the *Compagnie Maritime*.

"He is a good boy," said Madame Rénaud, "and you are a fortunate child, but no more fortunate than your mother. Remember that also."

Jeanne nodded again. She could not speak.

"Consider your father before all things," continued Madame Rénaud. "He is

A faint sound came from the room beyond, and Jeanne moved swiftly to the bead curtain of the doorway, but there was no one there. Her father was standing at the verandah rail, smiling his serene smile across the lagoon. Already Jeanne felt the responsibility of her trust. Already it was part of her religion. He must never know—never.

So the gentle deception was handed on, for Madame Rénaud had spoken on a bed from which she never rose. But the difficulties of successful subterfuge increased with time. There was practically nothing left, yet still Monsieur Rénaud's chief pastime consisted of playing with toys



"His hawk-like eyes had detected shell at a greater depth than the divers had yet essayed."

easily managed. A great boy. You will keep from him the bank failure and anything that might upset him. You are old for your years. You will attend to these things."

worth a young fortune. Jeanne would watch the changing expression of his face as he sat there at the table, arranging and rearranging his precious baubles to form a

necklace, a brooch, a pendant, while he related the history of each.

"Ah, here is the fellow that gave the

Jeanne told herself this with increasing insistence as time passed, and always the memory of her promise—"You will keep from him the bank failure and anything that might upset him"—rose up to give her pause. How was it possible to have recourse to their sole remaining means of support without betraying the situation? It was for Jeanne to find a way.

She would have told André of her trouble, but pride forbade. It was enough to have to go to him without a dot, and on the strict understanding that they should not leave the Taumotus as long as her father lived. André should not be imposed on further, she decided, though he appeared to like nothing better.

Often she would sit on the outer beach, hands clasped about knees, hair streaming in the wind, and ask counsel of the surf. It had always

been her good friend, and one day it made answer.

"Take them!" it thundered, with a flurry of spindrift that danced in miniature rainbows before the sun. "Take them, so long as he does not know—so long as he does not know. . . ."

And he need not know! The thought leapt at Jeanne out of the turmoil about her. She scrambled to her feet and hurried up the beach, never pausing until she stood before the counter of the local store.

"M'sieur Challier," said Jeanne, address-

trouble! But is he not worth it? See the lustre! See the perfection of form . . ."

It was maddening. It could not go on.



ing a heavily-built man with bilious eyes, "I find it impossible to pay your bill for the month until the next mail from Tahiti."

"But it is nothing," protested Challier, leaning over the counter to feast his eyes on Jeanne's wind-whipped face. "If you allow such a trifle to disturb you for one instant, I shall be desolated."

"You are kind," said Jeanne, and ordered what she required.

She had turned to leave, when a thought seemed to strike her. "You deal in pearls?" she asked.

Challier flung wide his huge hands. "For what else am I in these pestiferous Islands, mam'selle?"

"Pipi pearls?"

He puckered his thick lips and blinked at the corrugated iron roof of the store.

"From you, mam'selle, yes, I would buy pipi, though, as you know, they are from other shell than the pearl oyster, and of little marketable value."

Jeanne puckered her lips also. Challier found it an adorable sight. "It may be curious," she mused, "but I like pipi best. They are so colourful. Some are like gold."

"Exactly," grinned Challier; "they are like anything but pearl."

"Yet, except for their colour, they are the same."

"True."

"By weight, touch, and test."

"Yes. It is only a matter of fashion. Who knows? Some day Paris may decree that pipi are *de rigueur*. Until then"—Challier shrugged his massive shoulders—"I fear I can offer you but little for your pipi, mam'selle."

"Fashion is stupid," said Jeanne.

"Stupid but inexorable," added Challier.

"So that I shall take advantage of it where I may," proceeded Jeanne, with a toss of her small head. "But you have misunderstood me. I have no pipi to sell. I wish to buy them, for a necklace." Challier's gaze became fixed. "Or, if you will, to exchange real pearls for them. Then I shall have the difference of their value in money and the kind of necklace that I like—in spite of it not being the fashion," Jeanne explained with charming *naïveté*. "Is that not so, M'sieur Challier?"

Challier did not attempt to deny it. Why should he? It was evident what this bewitching child intended to do—for he knew most things about the Rénauds—

and it seemed he at last stood a chance of securing some of the old man's well-known pearls.

Jeanne left with a selection of some fifty pipi, and that evening carried her plan into effect. It was necessary to sit very close to the table whereon Monsieur Rénaud played as usual with his toys, select one for comparison with its possible duplicate in pipi, and replace it the instant his hand moved in its direction. It was a nerve-racking process, but Jeanne persevered. And presently an unequalled opportunity occurred. Her father was engaged on a small but intricate design, and the remaining pearls lay discarded for some time. Jeanne took one, closed her eyes, and shook it together with a pipi in the hollow of her hands. But afterwards, between finger and thumb, she—even *she*—could tell the difference. It seemed hopeless.

Yet with practice she became more adept, and presently it seemed that the thing was done. She could detect no difference—no difference at all.

"Ah," sighed Monsieur Rénaud, "tell me, little Jeanne, how does that look?"

He had spoken while Jeanne's eyes were closed, while every nerve was centred in her finger-tips. The shock of his voice coming out of the black silence caused her to drop one of the pearls, and it was not the pipi. It fell with the faintest sound on the matting of the floor, but Monsieur Rénaud heard it.

"One has fallen!" he cried in alarm.

"No, no!" protested Jeanne to cover her confusion, and slipped the pipi amongst the rest.

"One has fallen," repeated Monsieur Rénaud. "Am I deaf as well as blind?"

It was seldom that he spoke thus. Nothing, it seemed, angered or pleased him now except his toys. Jeanne had come to hate the sight of them.

"Count them, father," she suggested gently, and watched his groping fingers with a kind of desperate resignation.

Here was the test. When he came to the intruding pipi, Jeanne's heart stood still. When it passed muster, and lay a glaring alien amongst the rest, a sudden weakness assailed her.

"There, what did I say?" she laughed nervously, and leant against the table for support.

Monsieur Rénaud made no answer as he consigned his treasures to the safe, but, turning, felt for his daughter's hand.

"Forgive me, Jeanne," he said. "I grow old. But, child, you are cold."

Jean took the pearl to Challier, who, after shaking his head over its various and imaginary defects, offered her a third of its value. She accepted. To her it seemed a stupendous sum, enough to pay expenses for months to come. That evening she hummed a song over her needlework, and went to meet André with lighter heart.

There was no reason why this harmless and highly successful method of supporting the household should not have been continued indefinitely. No reason, that is, except Challier. But he was not satisfied with it, and when Challier was not satisfied, others were soon made aware of the fact. He pointed out that one pearl was of little use to him. He would exchange, say, twenty more at the same generous figure, and make a consignment to Paris.

"But I do not wish to exchange twenty more," protested Jeanne.

"I understood it was a necklace of pipi that you had set your heart on," Challier leered at her across the counter. "One pipi hardly makes a necklace, mam'selle."

A sudden fear possessed Jeanne. What did he mean? How much did he know?

"When I wish to exchange more I will do so," she said evenly.

Challier inclined his head. "As you will. But unfortunately I cannot deal in that way."

"Then I will go elsewhere."

Jeanne had reached the door before Challier's voice again assailed her. "That, of course, is possible, but is it advisable?"

"Why not?" She turned and faced him squarely.

Challier made pretence of arranging his stock behind the counter. "You would hardly wish others to know," he suggested.

And suddenly it was borne in on Jeanne that he knew all. The revelation came with the force of a physical blow. But her voice was steady as she answered him: "I will consider the matter and let you know, Monsieur Challier."

"That is the wisest course, mam'selle. Believe me, it is not that I wish to persuade you against your will, but business is business even with so charming a customer as yourself. And when you come to consider this matter, I trust you will bear in mind that I am *paying* for your pearls—at present."

Which meant that by the simple threat of exposure he could force her to part with

them for nothing. It was so. His tone of ghastly benignity followed Jeanne into the glare outside and echoed in her ears as she walked blindly to the house and flung herself face downward on the bed. She had not known such things as Challier existed. He had said that this was "business." Did "business," then, transform all men into beasts of prey? Perhaps. Perhaps even André . . . She was alone—alone in a new-found world that filled her with disgust and alarm.

And after an infinity of trouble the additional pearls became Challier's. At the time it seemed to Jeanne the only course. At least she received payment for them, and she could not be sure of even that in the future. So Monsieur Rénaud's toys had become a motley collection, an offence to the eye and practically worthless. More than once it seemed to Jeanne that he fingered them with suspicion. Certainly he played with them less. Was he tiring of his pastime? She prayed that it was so.

But on a day some two weeks later all thought of past or future was swept from her mind by a happening in Challier's store. She had gone there at his request, dreading the interview, yet not daring to evade it.

"Is it that you demand the remaining pearls?" she asked him coldly.

"No," said Challier, smiling down at her. "It is that I have a mind to return all I possess in exchange for one—the rarest of Monsieur Rénaud's collection."

Jeanne's eyes met his in puzzled scrutiny. "You mean the one he brought back from his last trip?"

"I mean yourself, mam'selle."

For a moment Jeanne was surprised into a betrayal of her true feelings. Her gaze rested on Challier with an abhorrence that would have seared another man; then, as self-possession returned, a smile parted her white lips.

"I fear I must disappoint you, Monsieur Challier. I am betrothed."

"Betrothed!" he mocked. "Calf love! What is that beside my offer—a sufficiency, a good name, an end to all your anxieties?" He was beside her. "I want you, Jeanne. I have watched you from the time when you played as a child in the sand. I want you, and what I want I am in the habit of getting," he added in a harsh crescendo as she shrank before him. "I have made you an honourable offer. Think!"

Jeanne stood very white and still. "I thank you for your offer," she said in a low voice, "but I have thought. And if you must know what I think, I would kill myself before accepting it!"

Even Challier was impressed by the cold finality of the tone. He stood silent a space, then laughed softly. "So that is the way of it? You flatter me, *mam'selle*. And would you apply such drastic methods to your father?"

"You mean——"

"I mean that he is old, that there is no telling at his age and in his condition how he would take certain news that has been withheld from him overlong."

A low cry escaped Jeanne.

Her torturer stood nodding his head. "So you will, perhaps, think again, *mam'selle*. I trust you will think again..."

Jeanne glanced to right and left like a wild thing at bay, then turned and fled into the sunshine across the strip of coral sand, through the narrow belt of palms, and so to the outer beach, where the surf thundered its welcome.

* * * * *

Challier awaited Jeanne's decision longer than he was in the habit of waiting for anything, but it was not forthcoming. More than once he saw her moving about the Rénauds' bungalow, but neither by word nor look had she recognised his existence. The delay puzzled and angered him. Finally he called, fully expecting to be met at the door by a vanquished and amenable Jeanne, but the old man heard his footfall and hailed him into the living-room.

"Challier, I'll swear!" was his greeting.

"Correct," said Challier. "But how did you know?"

The old man wagged his head sagely. "I am not so helpless as some imagine. I carry my sight elsewhere than in my eyes, that is all."

"In your ears, perhaps."

"Yes, and in other places besides. But this is kind, Challier. I am alone. Pray be seated."

There was something uncanny in the old man's perception. Challier felt it as he sat there a trifle uneasily.

"I have come to make a request," he blurted suddenly.

Monsieur Rénaud bowed. "Name it," he invited.

"For the hand of your daughter Jeanne," said Challier. "You know me, *m'sieur*.

I can only say that I love her before all else. Have you any objection?"

Monsieur Rénaud leant back in his chair and crossed his thin legs. "But this is sad," he said. "You are late in the field, my dear Challier. Jeanne is already betrothed."

"To a mere infant without prospects," Challier interposed. "But you cannot take such an affair seriously."

"I?" Monsieur Rénaud lifted his shaggy eyebrows. "Alas, I am not in a position to control such a matter. It is in Jeanne's hands, and I believe she takes it in all seriousness."

Challier shifted his position with impatient abruptness. "And I am convinced that I can persuade her to take it otherwise," he said shortly. "Have I your permission to do so?"

Monsieur Rénaud smiled and swung his slippered foot back and forth. "Permission?" he repeated. "Times have changed, Challier. It is for Jeanne to decide."

"Very well, then," snapped Challier, and rose to go.

"But wait," interposed Monsieur Rénaud. "It is only right that one interested in my Jeanne should know the extent of her *dot*."

"It does not concern me," said Challier.

"No?" Monsieur Rénaud swung open the door of the safe and exposed to view an atrocious collection of multi-coloured pipi. "As an expert, do these not interest you, Challier?" The old man placed a finger to his nose and spoke in an absurd whisper. "They will be Jeanne's, all Jeanne's. Note the lustre, the delicacy of colouring! He will be a wealthy man, the husband of my Jeanne."

"They are indeed magnificent," exclaimed Challier, at a loss for other words, and as though they had been a signal, Monsieur Rénaud swung to the door of the safe and crumpled into his chair.

He seemed on the instant to have shrunk into one incredibly old. The lines of his face had deepened. His unseeing eyes stared with terrible fixity at the opposite wall. He was thinking as only the blind can think, piecing together sounds and sensations of the past to form a mental picture of happenings he had never seen. A vague alarm seized on Challier. He was moving noiselessly towards the door when the old man's voice broke the silence, low, deliberate, strangely compelling.

"Not yet, Challier. You must not go

yet. You are either kind, or—— Let me think. Sit down."

Challier obeyed in spite of himself. "I fail to understand," he said, with feigned unconcern.

"You fail to understand," repeated Monsieur Rénaud grimly, "but that is perhaps natural. Let me explain by asking a question. How came you to be so glib a deceiver? Out of consideration for me?"

"Deceiver?"

"Yes, for you must have seen as clearly with your eyes as I with the senses remaining to me that those are not pearls as you and I understand them."

"Then you know?" The words were wrung from Challier in an involuntary undertone.

"Know? From the first I have known," declared Monsieur Rénaud. "Do you think such trash as lies in that safe would pass muster with me?"

"Then why do you allow the deception to continue?"

"That is a family matter." Monsieur Rénaud smiled reminiscently. "Still, so that you may follow my reasoning, and perhaps help me to a conclusion, you had better hear it. I allow the deception to continue because of a promise exacted from Jeanne many years ago—a death-bed promise that I chanced to overhear. I do not like such things. They are too uncompromising for the young, but there, it was made. I was never to know of the bank failure—you will remember it—never! It was, and is, Jeanne's life to keep that from me. And she will have broken her promise if I let her know that I have detected the substitution of trash for my beloved pearls. For that is what she has been driven to, Challier, to keep us alive. And how can she account for doing such a thing except by admitting that we are penniless? I tell you, we who are blind have time to think. So I continue to play with my pearls, though it is hard work sometimes, hard work."

Monsieur Rénaud paused, then leant forward with startling suddenness.

"And less than two weeks after that first substitution twenty more took place. Twenty at one fell swoop! Then I knew there must be something radically amiss. She had sold the first one to keep us alive. Where had the money gone in that short time to necessitate the sale of twenty more? It costs little to keep us alive, Challier. Someone was either taking advantage of her

innocence and buying at a grotesque figure, or had tasted blood, and was bringing undue influence to bear on the child to secure more. In the one case he is a robber. In the other he is something worse."

Monsieur Rénaud smote the table.

"I am looking for that man, Challier!"

Challier moistened his lips. Not for the first time during this strange interview he was aware that there was something uncanny about it. The absolute logic of the old man's deductions—not to mention their accuracy—made it appear that he was gifted with second sight. Challier fought against the notion, but it survived.

"And what will you do when you find him?" he suggested ironically.

Monsieur Rénaud raised his clenched fist, then lowered it.

"Nothing," he said. "There is no need. I should like to know who the man is that will be dogged to his grave by every manner of ill-fortune, that is all."

"And why should that befall him?"

"You have no superstition?"

"None."

"You are to be envied. Most of us have, though some will not admit it. Frankly, Challier, I am sorry for this fellow. He does not know, he cannot know, what lies in store for him who takes advantage of the blind."

Challier stiffened in his chair. It was a well-known axiom in the Islands, and he had never thought of it. Bah! What childish absurdity! He rose and moved towards the door. The old man lay crumpled in his chair, staring, staring at nothing, yet there was not a doubt that in his own fashion he saw. . . .

"*Au revoir*, Monsieur Rénaud," Challier called back at him. "I wish you luck in your search."

But Monsieur Rénaud's search was ended. He had found his man.

What went on in Challier's store for the next week no one knew, for it was shut. But the Taumotus are a curious place, and superstition thrives there. Moreover, it is difficult to avoid signs and portents when living alone on an atoll infested by them, and still more difficult when one's only company is the bottle.

When the authorities forced an entrance, they found a trembling wreck of a man, who could do no more than thrust into their hands a small square package containing pearls, and gibber about the eyes of Monsieur Rénaud.

TACTICS AND METHODS IN LAWN TENNIS AND THE QUESTION OF SURFACES

By F. GORDON LOWE

Photographs by Sport & General

I. TACTICS.

A DEFINITION of "tactics" would seem to me to mean the finding of, and the developing, a suitable game against a particular opponent. Tactics and headwork are to all intents and purposes the same thing. No matter how well you play your strokes, if your tactics are faulty, you will lose your match.

There are so many errors that may be committed. To advance to the net on a bad-length drive, or, again, to refrain from following a well-placed drive to the net, losing thereby all the advantage one has already gained, these are two fatal mistakes. I have seen men continually playing on to a man's strength, without a thought of finding out his weaknesses.

When one speaks of a man's tactics as having been good in a particular match, one means that he has been able to play the very best game possible under the circumstances. At Copenhagen, a short time ago, I saw Lycett very nearly lose a five-set match against Petersen, the Dane. It was a match consisting of long base-line exchanges. I realised that when it came to my turn to play Petersen, I must employ different tactics. Volley him I could not. He would have passed me. So I just went out to break up his driving game as much as possible by mixing my drives all I knew how, sometimes playing short, then a good-length shot, and so on. My tactics stood me in good stead, as I had him running up and down the court instead of from side to side, and I won in three straight sets. Mixing one's game is very important. I

saw Beamish once, at Beckenham, completely put Shimidzu off by mixing his game.

Never make the fatal mistake of driving hard against a base-liner. If you do, you merely create speed for him. A slow good-length return is more difficult to drive than a fast one.

I suppose in our day there has never been a greater tactician than Roper Barrett. His strokes are not wonderful, but his knowledge of court craft has always been a sheer joy to the beholders, who see him gently place the ball in just *the* place on the court where it was least expected.

A great knowledge of tactics was displayed by Wilding when he met McLoughlin at Wimbledon in 1913. Wilding elected to stand right in to take the terrific service of the American, therefore his return was delivered very much quicker, and caught McLoughlin time and time again at his feet as he came in to volley. The American was essentially a volleyer, as his ground stroke equipment was not his strong point.

To stop a man playing his favourite game, your tactics must be good. Remember that a persistent volleyer's ground strokes are never on a par with his volleying ability. Therefore against him it is necessary to hit hard and keep a good length. If you can only manage to keep him back by good-length driving and come to the net yourself, your opponent will be in difficulties the whole match through. Whenever, in the old days, I was lucky enough to beat C. P. Dixon, it was always by employing this method.

On the other hand, when you are up

against persistent base-liners such as Ritchie used to be, or Sleem is to-day, it is hardly any use—unless you are of the super-class, like Tilden—to attempt to outclass them by trying to drive them off the court. Your only hope is to lure them to the net to their own undoing. Good-length balls they thrive on, and the more difficult the angle, the better return they will make off it. If you yourself are an exponent of the base-line game, you are probably none too good a volleyer, so your best tactics lie in inducing your opponent to come up. This must be judiciously done by mixing your game. A good drop shot is an excellent shot and a very hard one to deal with, and it has always seemed to me surprising that more players do not attain to a greater proficiency in this stroke. Miss Ryan and F. M. B. Fisher are both excellent exponents of it, so is Wallace Johnson of America. The proper reply to a drop shot is another drop in return.

The way to beat a good forehand driver who possesses very little else is *not* to make for his backhand corner at once, as nine players out of ten would do. He is used to this procedure, and waits for it. Then he runs round your return and makes a brilliant drive off it. Now, far the best way is to play right out into his forehand corner, where lies his strength. You play on to that until he is well out of position, and then you whip your next return in to his backhand. He has no time now to run round this, as he would have done had the attack been made directly on to his weakness. He is bound, therefore, to give you a return of which you should be able to take full advantage and volley it as you wish.

Disguising one's game is another form of good tactics. Try never to let your opponent realise which shot you are going to play. Many players are so very obvious in this respect. Employ every sort of stroke. The cut, the top, the slice, the clear-hit stroke, all have their uses, and the more varied your game, the more likely you will be to beat your man.

Tilden can use all these different shots when required. Some players make the fatal mistake of always passing the man at the net with the same passing shot. This

is a grave error in tactics, for he learns to anticipate it, and therefore what would be a good shot, if judiciously used, ceases to be efficacious.

Tactics in a three-set match should be different from those you should go for in a five-set struggle. I have never looked on the loss of a set in a five-set match as a very serious affair. In a three-set match it is,

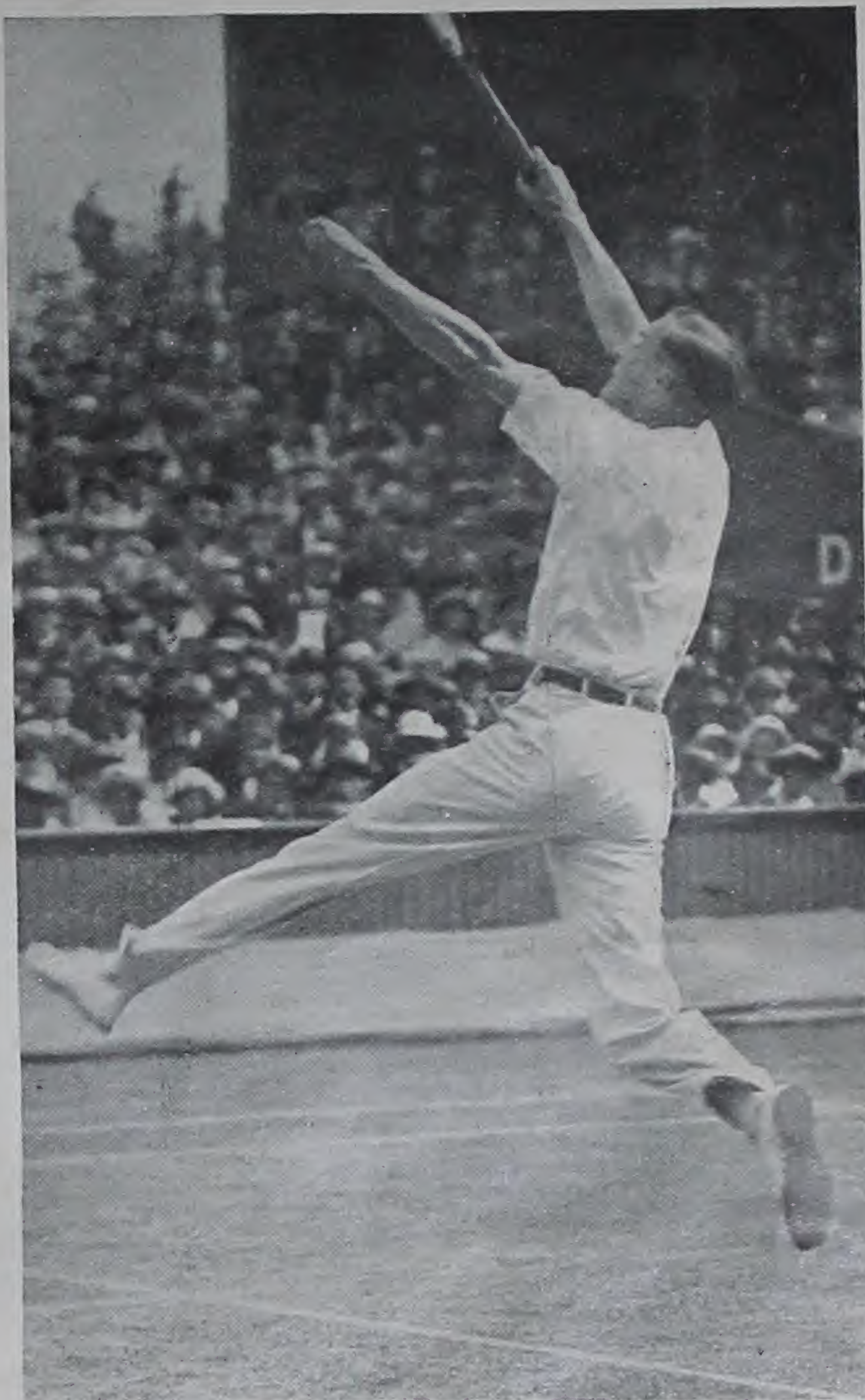


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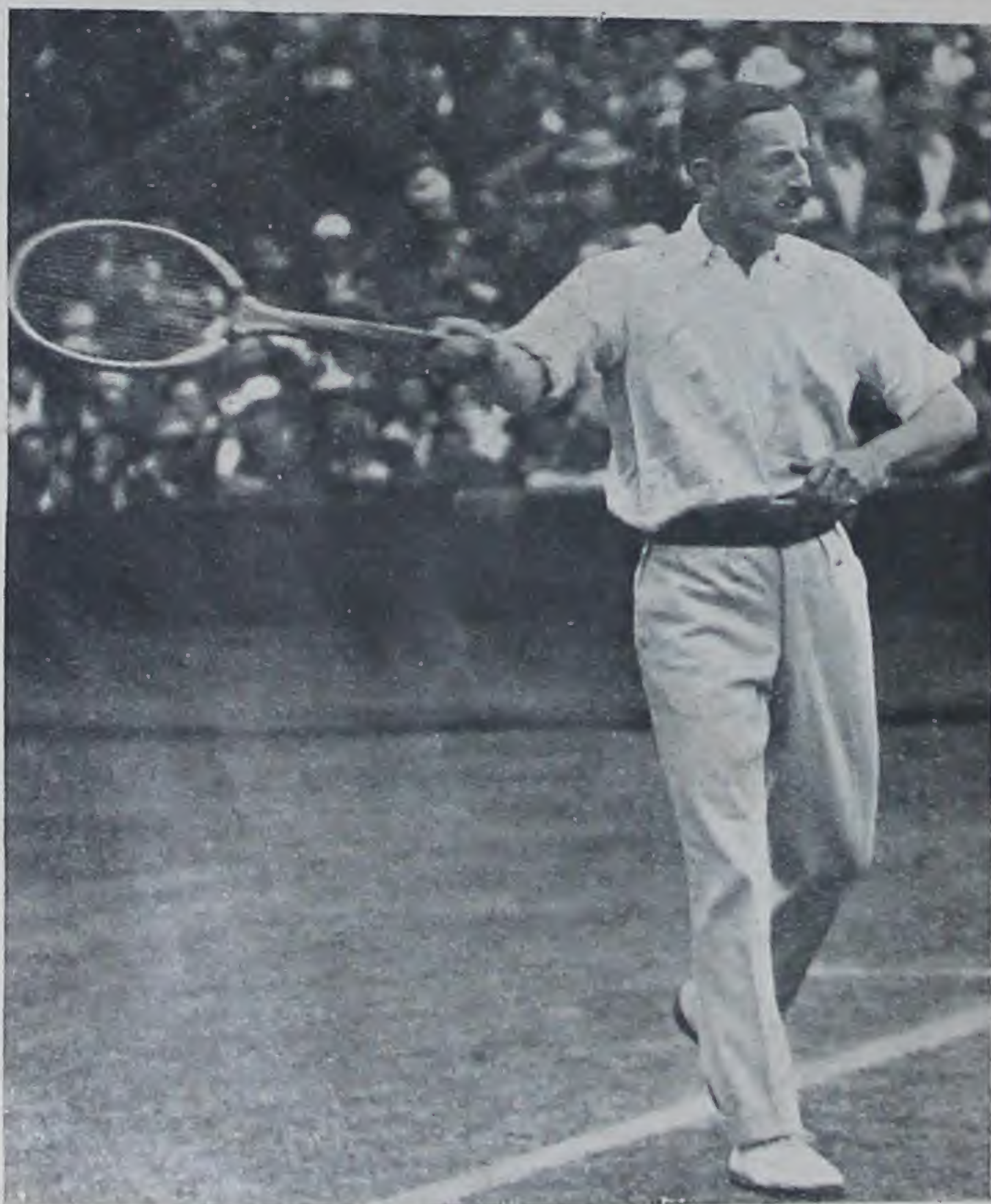
W. T. TILDEN.

[Topical.

of course, quite a different matter. You have got to go full steam ahead. There is no question of husbanding your resources. As in the quarter mile, you have to go all out.

In a five-set contest it is often sound policy to throw away a set. For example, supposing your opponent has gained a substantial lead, and you are in the position of standing two games to his five, or even 1—5, let the set go, at the same time making

him work as hard for it as possible with as little individual effort on your side as you can manage. Then, naturally, go for the next, and also the other sets with a rush. Against Kingscote, at Monte Carlo, two years ago, I adopted these tactics. I won the first set in a five-set match after a struggle. I started slackly in the next set, and after Kingscote had led me three love, I deliberately threw it away. It had the effect I had hoped for. For seemingly it lulled Kingscote into a false sense of security, and when I "came again" in the next set, the



MAJOR A. R. F. KINGSCOTE.

slow pace of the preceding one seemed to have thrown Kingscote out of his stride, and I won fairly comfortably in the end. My tactics, therefore, were justified, for my contention is this: had I not lost that set so easily I should not have won my match so easily.

I have always looked on it as good policy in a five-set match to think it out for myself beforehand, and to get a good general idea of the methods I intend to employ, and as far as possible to stick to them. It is the greatest mistake in the world ever to play a first set tentatively. Go all out to acquire

your length, touch, and direction from the start. Acquiring them may cost you a few games, or even a set. Never mind, for it prevents you playing the poky game you are likely to develop if you begin using "safety first" methods as a start.

Then it may possibly happen that you expect from the start to lose the first two sets. This was the case with Wilding when he met Beals Wright at Wimbledon in 1910. The American was a brilliant volleyer, with the knowledge that if he were to win against a man as physically fit as Wilding, his only chance was to try to win in three straight sets. A volleying game takes a great deal out of a man, and he knew he could not last more than the three sets. Now, Wilding knew that if he could only secure one of those sets, all would be well. He could rely on his marvellous fitness to do the rest. As it happened, Beals Wright took the first two sets, and Wilding got away with the last three easily.

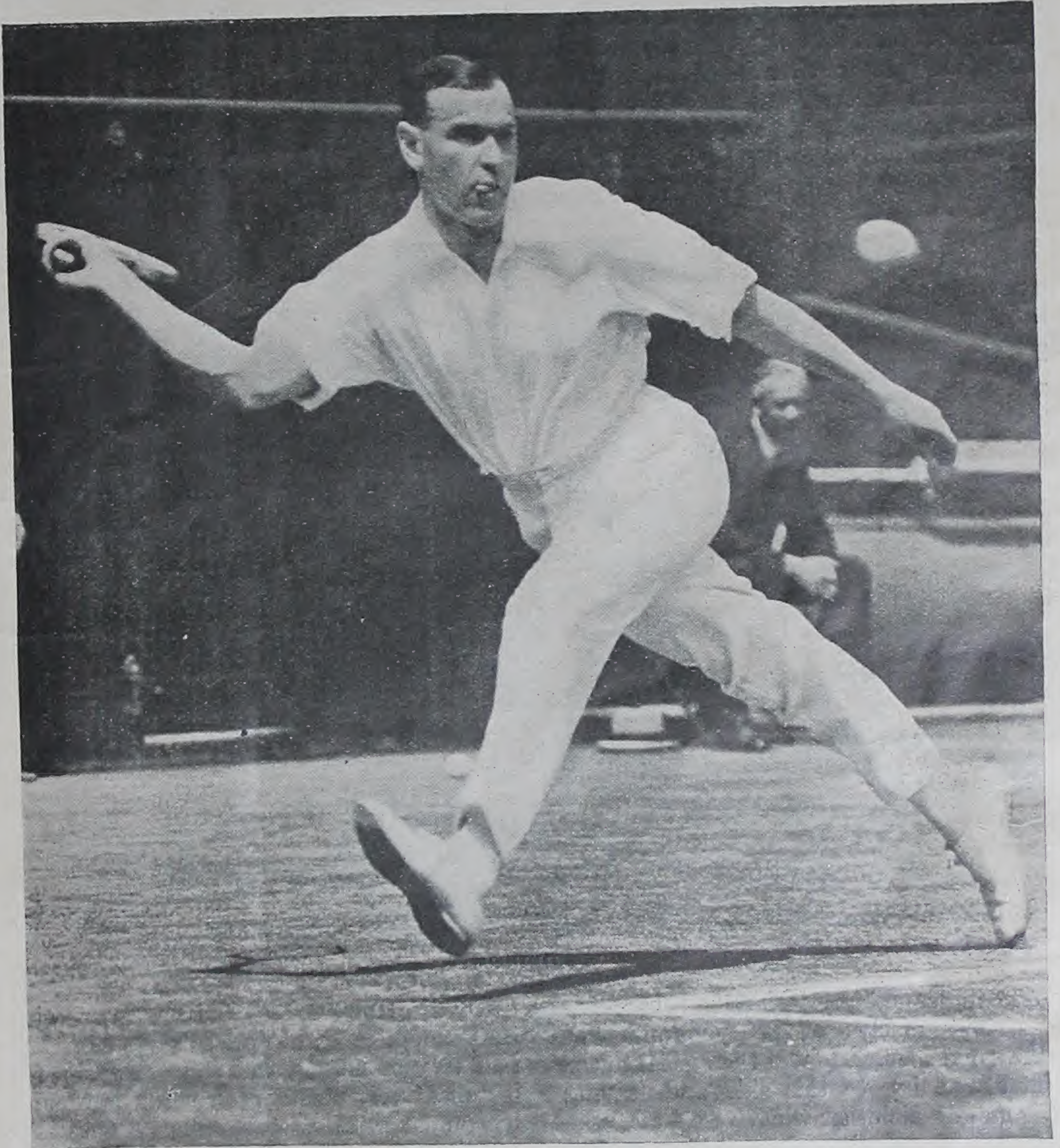
Another great point to be remembered in tactics is this: even if you yourself realise that you will probably be beaten, never let your opponent get wise to this fact. Play with determination up to the end. Don't let your game develop into one of a purely defensive type. If certain methods are not meeting with the success you had hoped for, try to hit on something else which is likely to worry your opponent more. To keep on playing the same game is only likely to give more and more confidence to your opponent. It is always best, of course, to tackle your man from the start,

but *after*—as I have said before—you have acquired your length, touch, and direction. A good lead means a great deal, and there are certain players who directly they get their tails down play a very different class of game. But it takes some doing to discourage a really great player, for a man like that is never so dangerous as when he has got his back up against the wall. For example, take the final of the National Singles of America. Johnson was leading Tilden 2 sets to 1, and three love in the fourth set, and yet Tilden won. Some determination, that!

Although the odds are very much in favour of the server in the modern game, and the loss of a service game in a set very often decides the issue of that set, I am of opinion that it is better tactics very often, when winning the toss, to take side rather than service, and my reason is this: at the

why I rarely choose "service" if the decision rests with me.

Another form of tactics I have found stand me in good stead is playing to one particular side of the court. Of course, one has to be a "class" player to put this into force, but I believe it is a very paying thing



G. L. PATTERSON.

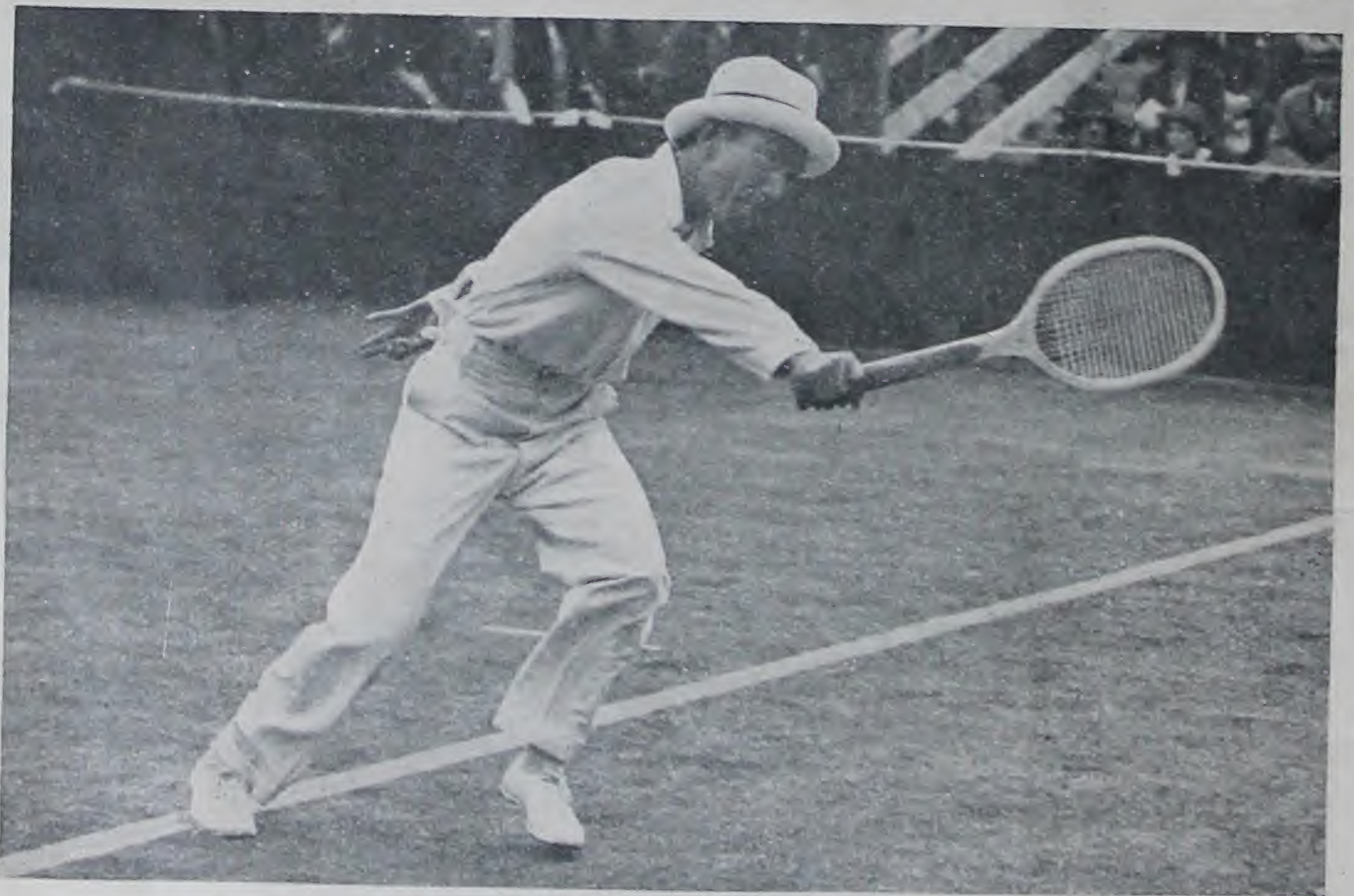
commencement of a match the server is probably a bit stiff, and he is more likely to get his service operating easily in the second game. Therefore one can, by taking the side when winning the toss, snatch at an advantage which is not likely to occur again. I have noticed that players often drop that first service when it is the first game of a match, and that is the reason

to do. What I mean is this: whatever sort of return you receive, or whatever kind of stroke comes your way, go on placing it back to your opponent's forehand. If you can only hold out, it is bound to pay you. Then when you have reached, say 4 all, suddenly whip round your game to the other side of the court. Your opponent will have had no play at all on his backhand,

and you may consequently find him very ill prepared and stiff for the unexpected change, and the set will very likely come your way. Then tackle his forehand again, playing to his backhand only in an emergency. I have always believed in this particular form of tactics, and on a few occasions, notably in the final of the London grass court championship at Queen's one year, against P. M. Davson, and against the Australian player Horace Rice, in the Australasian Championship, I have tried this method and it paid me.

Be content to win your service and lose your opponent's until you reach 4 all, and in

with the average player is that his game is not varied enough. Tilden is one of the few players who is able to change his methods to meet any conceivable situation. Most players win or lose by the same method. Sleem, Shimidzu, Fyzee, Ritchie and myself are fundamentally base-liners. Brookes, Patterson, Cochet, and McLoughlin are essentially volleyers. We either win by our own method or not at all. Norton, Johnson, Anderson, Kingscote, Alonso, Tilden, are all-court players—that is to say, they are equally at home on the base-line, at the net, or anywhere on the court, for that matter. Theirs is, I am confident, the ideal



Z. SHIMIDZU.

a volleying campaign, just as in a base-line game, continuously try to pass your opponent at the same spot. He will then get into the habit of running to this side and leaving a big gap on his other wing. At 4 all, take your chance and wipe your passing shot to the opposite side, and you are likely to win his service pretty comfortably. With a 5—4 lead and your own service to follow, you should take the set. Of course in a way this is all supposition, but there is a good deal to be said for these tactics.

II. METHODS.

ALL players have their own particular methods and strokes which they prefer to employ during their matches. The trouble

method. However, all these players, with the exception of Tilden, have only one real way of hitting the ball. Norton, for instance, very much prefers top, although he can cut a ball with the best. Kingscote employs a sort of half slice half cut, and so on. It is curious to note the different effect that the various types of game produce on different players. One man may find a certain player most difficult to beat who presents no sort of terror to another.

The Base-Line Game.—A glance at the play in any English tournament will show you what a hold the base-line game has on both the men and women singles players of to-day. Nine out of ten singles are played from the back of the court, and this should not be the

case when all the prominent teachers of the game are advocating continuous attack as the only possible method.

I think the majority go for this class of game because it is an easier method by

task to lure him up to the net. He is very quick and fit, and is capable of returning anything from any angle—in fact, the more difficult the angle, the better his return. He works out his games as a man



J. O. ANDERSON.

which to win the ordinary English tournament, and also because it takes less out of you than the other type of game. The base-line game is the one at which you can excel for a greater number of years. Sleem is, I consider, one of the best base-liners in the world, and it is an almost impossible

plays a game of chess. It is very seldom that he makes a winning shot, but he makes the other man miss his. It is a slow process, of course, and should his opponent also be a base-liner, he will go on returning the ball always a good bit slower than his opponent, who in the end will drive out or into the

net, or, in sheer desperation, come up only to be neatly passed.

Even Norton, at Eastbourne in 1921, was reduced to playing Sleem, in the early part of the match, from the base-line, and although many critics thought this procedure was not necessary, I rather think it was. Norton was not sufficiently above Sleem in class to carry him off his feet by a continuous volleying attack, and had to play him at his own game, with a little volleying thrown in.

Now, at Queen's Club, in the covered

spectator's point of view, it would have been the right one to play. Later on, against me at Roehampton, he adopted these tactics and won.

It is not always the most brilliant tennis that will win, and it is this fact which has made the base-line game so popular in England, because it will generally win against anything that does not happen to be of that super-class on which I will touch later on. Ritchie's record ten years before the War was as good as that of any player going. The average he kept up was excellent,



B. I. C. NORTON.

court meeting a year ago, Norton tried to overwhelm me by a volleying attack, but all he did was to give me a target for my drives and to bring out my best game. I got within a point of a three straight set victory when I had to retire, as next day I was off to Spain for the England v. Spain match. Everyone said that the match was a spectacular one. But the point I want to set forth is this: had Norton conducted his game from the base-line, and kept up a slow stream of good-length drives, and after he had made an opening, then advanced to the net for a kill, although tedious from the

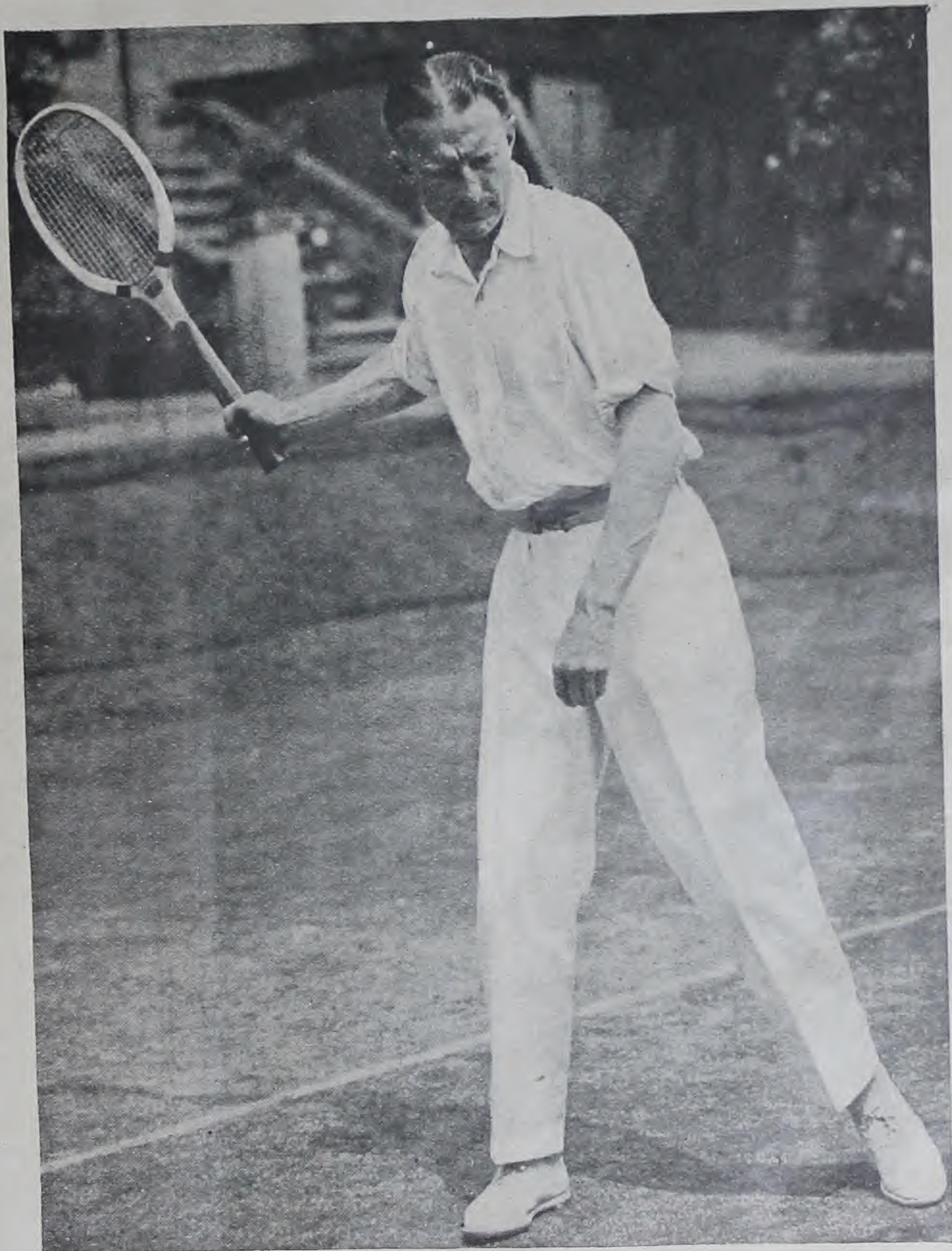
and he may be well described as the greatest base-liner of his day; but, base-liner as he has always been, in his greatest matches he has always volleyed, and, indeed, no really great performance can be accomplished without it. When he beat H. L. Doherty at Queen's he was at the net nearly the whole time.

I have heard it said that the perfect base-line game will beat the best volleying game that ever was seen, for this reason: the volleyer, at the net, has the court behind him. Dead straight shooting from the base-line would find that unoccupied area;

there is always a loophole to be found in a volleyer's armament. Of course, should the volleyer be a class better than the base-liner, this will not apply; but if they are both of the same class, my contention is the base-liner will win. The percentage

them. What he does not like is a continued cut shot, because it is hard to drive, owing to its low bound and spin.

The most difficult shot to manipulate from the base is a slow centre shot, commonly known as the "centre theory," which



F. GORDON LOWE.

of errors committed by the volleyer will outweigh those of the base-liner, who, if he is worthy of the name, can conduct his passing shots on to any spot that he fancies, and lob also with the most wonderful accuracy. He thrives on angles. The more difficult they are, the more he delights in

pitching somewhere near the centre of the base-line. It is very hard to make an effective stroke off this particular return, as it gives no opportunity for angles, more especially if your opponent is coming to the net. Doubt is particularly good at this type of game. I used, in the old days,

to find him a very hard man to beat in a three-set match, and before the War I looked on him as my *bête noir* in the tournaments in which we met.

I shall call Shimidzu a base-liner, though, in a very unorthodox way, he can volley

drive, and there are many other lesser lights.

What I am afraid I have had to thank for making me more of a base-liner than anything else was the fact that handicap singles had the most enormous attraction for me.

I loved wading through them at, say, owe 30 or 40, and I won quite a good few. I was not such a confirmed base-liner in my Cambridge days, nor am I now, I fancy. I hope that I have developed a more varied type of game. But those handicap singles gave me great pleasure.

In owing and giving long odds steadiness and accuracy are required, and the patience to fight one's way gradually through the big handicap. I rather got into the habit of playing this type of game in matches, partly, I suppose, because I found it paid. Before the War, while playing Cowdray—the professional at Queen's, at that time one of the best professionals in the world—I found to my great delight I was holding him and even beating him at this stonewalling type

of game. I rather drifted into a base-line game, which, after all, has not done me so very badly in a long career in various parts of the world.

Three things are absolutely necessary in base-line play—accuracy of return, patience, and good passing shots. I think that the very worst experience I had of base-line



J. BOROTRA.

and smash. His first year at Wimbledon, in 1920, he did very little of either, and yet he ran Tilden close. But where he differs fundamentally from most base-liners is that when he *gets* his opening, he can hit fast and true into it, and finish the rally. A. A. Fyzee is a good base-liner, whose great asset is his punishing forehand

play was when I played Zerlandi, the Greek, at the Olympic games at Antwerp in 1920. The match, fortunately for both of us, was played in three sections, but, all told, it lasted five and three-quarter hours. Neither of us could outdrive the other on that occasion, nor volley, as for either of us to essay the net was to court a pass disaster. On and on went those endless returns from the base-line. Luckily I eventually struggled home at 6—4 in the final set—more reminiscent of the finish of a Marathon race than of that of a lawn tennis match.

The Volleying Game.—It was in 1912 that the Americans, in the person of Maurice McLoughlin, introduced the volleying game pure and simple, and, for the time being, it was good enough to win through. McLoughlin possessed a curious equipment of strokes. His ground shots were very indifferent, his backhand poor. He possessed a good,



✓ A. A. FYZEE.

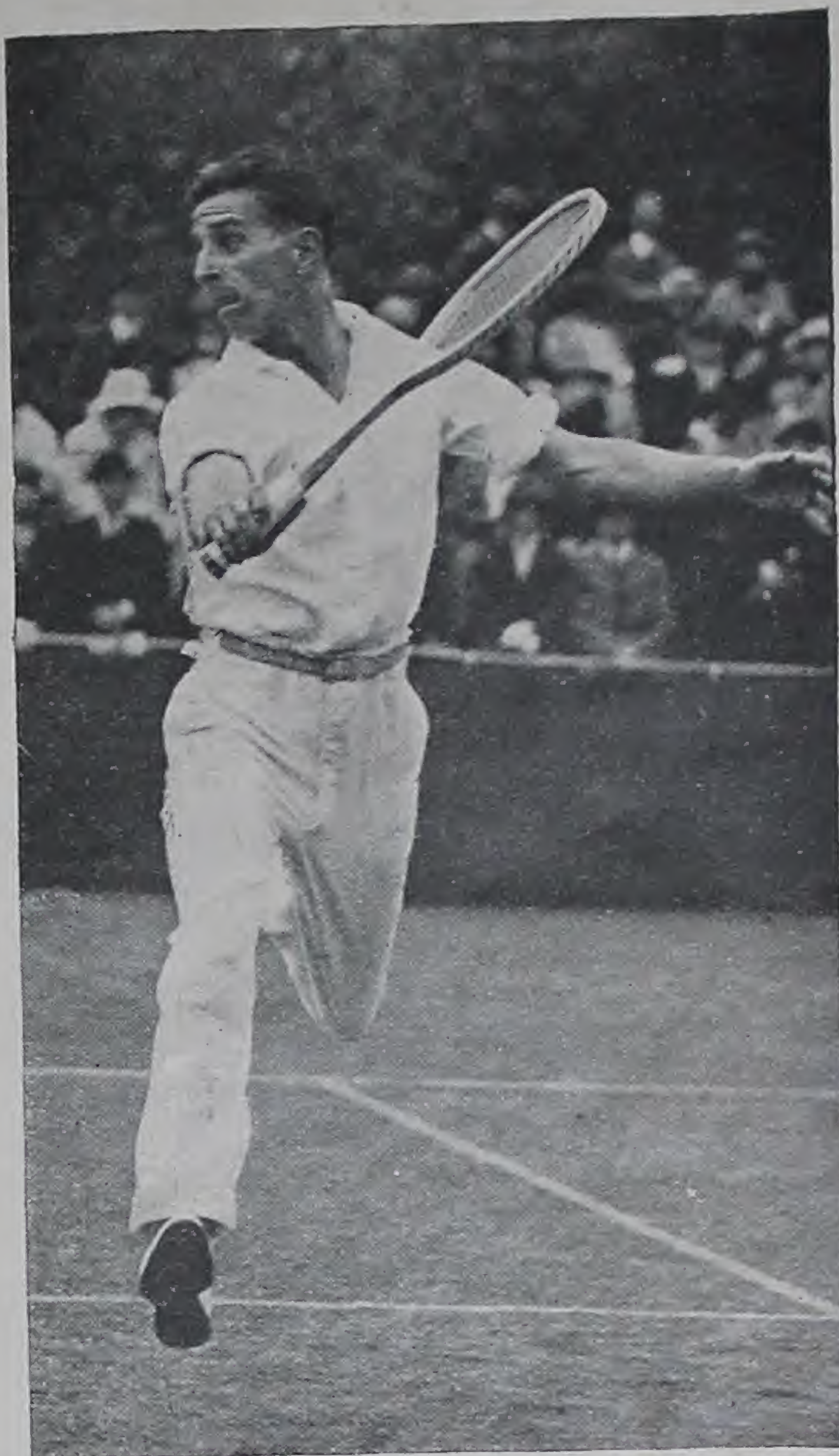


Photo by]

MANUEL ALONSO.

[Alfieri.

though erratic, forehand, but his service was brilliant. The second delivery was as hard as the first, and he could call upon several variations of it. This powerful service made volleying comparatively simple.

The player of that day was unused to returning such deliveries, and consequently the most they were able to produce was a soft return, of which McLoughlin made short shrift. In addition to this great asset of service, he could smash a ball from any angle or from any position in the court. He was a master-hand at this stroke, and, indeed, I have never seen a finer exponent of the smash. It was the hurricane method that he employed that used to carry him through his matches, but those tactics would not be enough to do so to-day. Even in 1913 McLoughlin found out, to his cost, that his volleying methods were useless when pitted against the perfectly conceived and planned "all-court" game of Wilding.

Brookes came up against the same kind of thing when he met Parke in that

marvellous match which was played for the Davis Cup at Melbourne in 1912. What a brilliant display of ground work it was! A match one will never forget. Again the volleyer found his methods failing him when up against this different kind of game.

Patterson was playing the same game when he won at Wimbledon last year. His devastating service, forcing an easy return on to his racket, was the great secret of his success in the championships of 1922, but during his subsequent trip to America, in the ultra-modern game as demonstrated by Tilden and Johnston, his service alone, magnificent as it is, was not sufficient against men so superlatively equipped in all other departments of the game.

Borotra is another who relies entirely on his volleying. Certainly it takes him a long way, especially on a hard court. His wonderful power of anticipation, and the way he has of getting his racket on to the ball, is nothing short of marvellous. Fine athlete, too, that he is, his quickness on the court is a most powerful asset. He is up at the net in a flash, and has a summary way of dealing with almost any return. It is his cut ground stroke that is inclined, I think, to let him down, more especially on grass.

Norman Brookes is undoubtedly the greatest volleyer that has ever been, and certainly the most successful one. The great left-hander possesses very sound ground strokes, notably a forehand drive taken when the ball is at the top of the rise. But the lesson to be derived even from the super-volleying game is this: it will undoubtedly succeed against any class of game except the all-court game as demonstrated by Tilden and Johnston and one or two others.

The All-Court Game.—Now I come to the type of game that is undoubtedly the most successful of all. I refer to the "all-court" game, of which Tilden is, without any gainsaying, the outstanding genius. No stroke comes amiss to him, for the reason that wherever he happens or chooses to be in the court, he is equally happy in dealing with a shot.

Johnston, Vincent Richards, Alonso, Williams, Cochet, Norton, Lycett, Kingscote, and Gobert all can tackle a volley with as fine a precision as they can a ground shot. They are the leaders of the "all-court" game, the most efficient, and it is these men we have to look to, to copy, if we ever want to go ahead as an important lawn

tennis playing nation. I maintain that even the most confirmed base-liner—with, perhaps, the exception of Sleem—has broken away from his own particular method and employed, to some extent, the "all-court" game at those times when his greatest successes have been achieved. The basis of the "all-court" game is the base line.

I noticed, when watching the play of Tilden, Johnston, Johnson and Vincent Richards, in the National Singles Championship of America in 1921, how much of their work was carried on from the base-line. All these men were quickness itself to seize any opportunity that occurred, as the result of their good shots at the back of the court, to come in to the net for a kill. Wilding played his matches in a very similar way, but he was not quite so quick or so versatile as the modern American players. Should Tilden or Johnston find their method of tackling a match unsuccessful, they start in with an entirely new one. From base-line methods they turn to an intensive volleying attack.

In the Davis Cup Challenge Round at Forrest Hill, in 1921, Tilden was playing Shimidzu at his own game and was losing at it. The Japanese player was within a point of the match. Tilden suddenly completely altered his tactics. He abandoned his chop stroke and used his drive, coming in on everything. And it was by these methods that he began to win, and the match began to take on a different complexion. Eventually the fifth and final set came to him quite easily. Now, this, to my mind, illustrates very vividly the great advantage gained by those who are able completely to change any particular type of game that they are playing for the moment, should it be proving unsuccessful. And this is just what the player with only one idea in his head is quite unable to do. We dare not all of us wait as long as Tilden did in that particular match before changing a losing game, but let us realise the enormous importance of being able to change our game as we choose.

III. SURFACES.

The original surface for a lawn tennis court was, of course, as the name implies, grass; but in my humble opinion the grass court, when we are dealing with such a terribly uncertain thing as the English climate, must die a natural death.

How often, with the notable exception of the Wimbledon courts and one or two

others, does one find oneself playing on a really true grass court? And how many times in the year is the climate accommodating enough to allow for the surfaces being satisfactory for two weeks in succession?

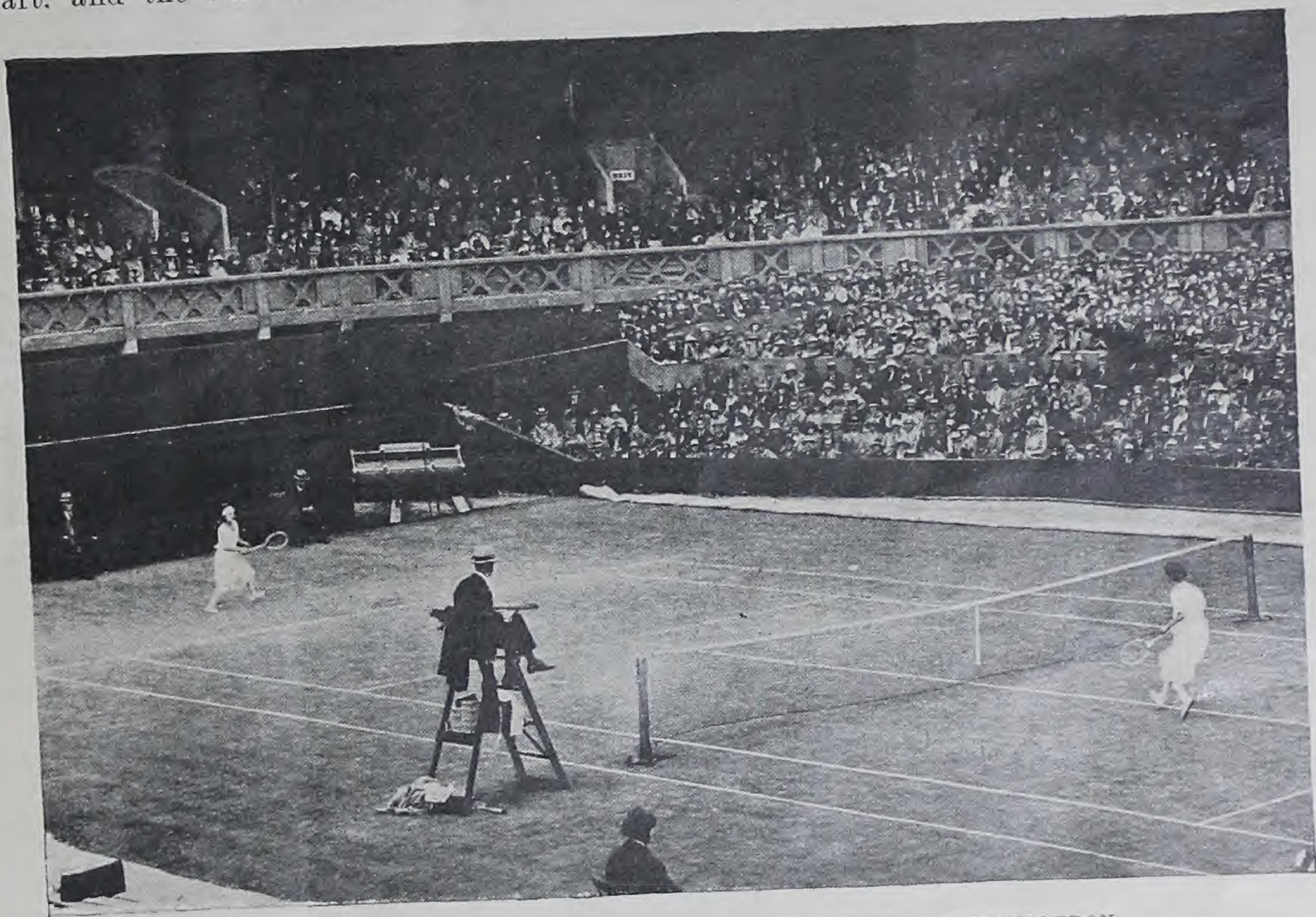
It is quite a different story in countries like America and Australia, where the climate is sure enough and the summer long enough really to cultivate the grass court.

The "cooch" grass of Australia and New Zealand is certainly better kept, and produces a truer court than we have here, but probably climatic conditions play a larger part, and the success is therefore due to

and jab at the ball at the last moment to get it over at all. There is little or no chance of the hard, forceful drive to open up the volleying game.

The rapid increase of hard courts all over the country will go far to improve, not only the play, but the confidence of our home players. On this true surface they can make sure of a good high bound.

The hard courts of France, Belgium, Holland, and Spain are responsible for the good ground stroke equipment of the Continental players. These courts are made from natural sand; the surface is hard and true without being too fast. Personally, I



MLLE. LENGLEN AND MRS. PEACOCK IN A SEMI-FINAL AT WIMBLEDON.

them rather than to the labour of man. The American grass is excellent and true, but it seems to contain something which renders the courts more slippery than over here, and necessitates the continual use of steel points. These have an unfortunate way of cutting up the base-line, which becomes untrue through the imprint of the server's feet, rather like the bowler's hole at cricket. It is on the bad grass courts of this country that I lay a great deal of the blame for our defensive tactics. How is it possible to make a clean, correct stroke taken at the top of the bound, when the ball is liable to do all sorts of strange things? The bound is so often untrue, and one has then to poke

may say that no courts that I have ever tried in any part of the world have suited my game as well as the hard courts in the South of France. They give me the feeling that I need never miss a ball. On the other hand, they seem to present a pitfall to some players. Norman Brookes could not play his best game in the South of France. It was there that Wilding beat him in 1914, but later in the year, on grass at Wimbledon, the result was reversed when they played against each other in the Challenge round. Brookes missed his accustomed foothold for volleying. The slippery surfaces of the Continental courts did not suit him for this reason. I have noticed that the experts of these

particular hard courts adopt a sort of slide to the ball. This undoubtedly pays, and the man who steps into position to make his stroke will find out his mistake. Alonso, Cochet, de Gomar, Washer and Mlle. Lenglen are all products of the hard court game.

Now, the hard courts of South Africa are composed either of sand or of ant heap, and are quite perfect in their way, and not so slippery. The very high bound they produce seems to have been responsible for the prevalence of the cut shot out there, two of the most formidable exponents of this shot being Winslow and Dr. Rowan. I know of no more beautiful courts in the world than those at Rondebosch, Cape Town, situated as they are at the foot of Table Mountain and close to Groot Schürr, once the home of that immortal pioneer and empire maker Cecil Rhodes, and bequeathed by him to the future Premiers of South Africa. Mud mixed with a little "bhossa" went to the making of the courts in Mesopotamia. They were slow, but, all the same, the surface was quite fair. In England it seems an impossibility to get a natural sand that will bind, so that all the hard court surfaces are, at any rate for the moment, artificial.

The burnt brick makes a good surface, although it is inclined to be loose. It is very hard to make a winning drive on it, as the ball, when it touches the ground, is held, and gets up very straight. Undoubtedly the covered court, with its wooden surface,

gives us the most classical game of all, and it seems to have a greater appeal to the players of other species of ball games. I learnt my game on a covered court, and I fancy I am better on it than on any other.

On this surface a real swing shot is necessary, and it will certainly be conceded that most of the men who have excelled on the wood have a perfect swing—take, for instance, Gobert, Davson, Crawley, Cochet and Decugis.

The ball, when it touches the floor, has quite a skid and comes off it very quickly, and it is the one surface on which it does not pay you to take the ball at the top of the rise. I do not consider it a good training for other surfaces—the conditions are too perfect. The still atmosphere, the perfectly true floor, the admirable lighting, are all so different from what one has to contend with outside. Of course, even wood floors vary, but I think the east court at Queen's Club takes the palm. The Tennis Club de Paris has excellent courts, though rather fast. Sweden and Denmark are deservedly proud of their hard courts, while in America, both in New York and Philadelphia, the covered courts are excellent. I have noticed that players who take the ball very quickly, with a sort of jab or thrust, such as Norman Brookes, Patterson, and Norton, do not succeed on wood. Even Tilden is not at his best on this surface. I believe there is a great future for covered courts in this country.



VALERIE FRENCH

By DORNFORD YATES

Author of "*Anthony Lyveden*," "*Berry and Co.*," "*Jonah and Co.*,"
"*The Brother of Daphne*," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY NORAH SCHLEGEL

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS.—The great woodland estate of Gramarye was on fire, but nobody cared, for the owner, Colonel Winchester, was in a madhouse, to which local opinion held that he had been driven by some malign influence in this wilderness of a property. The mental breakdown of Anthony Lyveden while working for him was ascribed to the same cause. From a spur of the Cotswolds a man looked down upon the holocaust, but cared no more than anyone else, for he had lost his memory. Sitting at his feet was a small dog for whose presence he could not account, and both were in the last stage of exhaustion when found and given a lift to the next village. After bestowing upon himself and the Sealyham the names of "Jonathan" and "Hamlet," in his inability to remember even his own name, Anthony Lyveden set forth to seek his fortune. About this time Lady Touchstone wrote to her kinsman, Cardinal Forest, "Poor Anthony Lyveden's body was found a fortnight ago. We had him buried at Girdle." She was referring to the search for Anthony, who had disappeared, and to the discovery of a dead body assumed to be his. She had gone abroad with her grief-stricken niece, Valerie French, who had been engaged to be married to Anthony, and at Dinard they made the acquaintance of an English girl, André Strongith'arm—the *fiancée* of Colonel Winchester—who gave Valerie a profoundly moving account of Anthony's life and work at Gramarye, and of the baleful influence of the place upon his brain. A day later André was recalled to England by the news of Colonel Winchester's sudden recovery. Meantime Anthony Lyveden and his dog fell in with Sir Andrew Plague, K.C., upon the Oxford Road, and by this chance encounter Anthony made for himself a friend indeed. Rough and hot-tempered, but kindly, the famous lawyer took a liking to "Jonathan Wood," and, when he learned that, having lost all memory of his own identity, he was beginning life again, engaged him as his secretary. André had been deeply in love with Anthony, but without awakening any response from him; now, however, that he was apparently dead, she determined to try to forget the matter and devote herself to her *fiancé*, Richard Winchester. At the latter's first meeting with her new friend, Valerie, he astounded the two girls by casually remarking that from a cab in Fleet Street he had just seen Anthony Lyveden, only to lose him again among the byways of the Temple. To the answer, "But he's dead! He's buried at Girdle," Winchester replied, "Nonsense! I'd know him anywhere. Besides, he had his dog with him—a Sealyham, with a big, black patch on his back." Then Sir Andrew met Lady Touchstone, and, after a little, Anthony and Valerie met. He did not remember her, and she would not tell him that they had been engaged, but the moment he saw her he loved her with all his heart. The next day he *recognised* André, riding alone. He remembered her and recalled distinctly that there had been something between them; but that was all. Nervously he accosted her, and from her manner and speech, no less than from the fact that she alone had waked his memory, made sure that when he disappeared he had been pledged to her. As for André, knowing nothing of his loss of memory, she read in his demeanour a declaration of love. Sir Andrew cleared the air with a heavy hand, but the mischief was done, for, when Valerie heard that Anthony had remembered André, she felt cold and shaken. And, though she presently consented to marry him when he remembered her, her yearning for his old love was so insistent that she could hardly endure any expression of the new. Satisfied that Sir Andrew had been unduly harsh with André, Winchester sought him out, "to teach him manners." To save his benefactor, Anthony withstood the angry giant, who was about to attack him, when André intervened and slashed Anthony across the face. The wanton injustice of the blow brought Winchester to his senses, and Anthony was saved. At last Valerie opened her heart to Anthony and told him how she felt. And, while she promised to marry him within the month, she told him plainly that only with his memory would her old deep love for him return.

IX. THE SWINE'S SNOUT.

A CARDINAL laid down his pen and sat back in his chair. For the last three days he had wished for tidings from England, and wished in vain. And now another postman had passed and had left no letters. . . .

His Eminence rose to his feet and started to pace the room, with his chin in his hand. For all his simple faith, John, Cardinal Forest, was growing uneasy.

A servant entered the chamber, salver in hand.

"The postman returned, Monseigneur. He had overlooked this dispatch."

The prelate ripped open the letter with an impatient forefinger.

Bell Hammer,
New Forest.
Sept. 24th.

DEAR JOHN,

The weather is improving, and the glass is slowly going up. That stifling, thunderous atmosphere has been done away, so far as I was concerned, in the very nick of time. I tell you, I was being choked. But now, upon the

seventh day of October, Valerie and Anthony Lyveden are to be wed, and I can breathe again. I know this will bring you to England, and the thought exhilarates me. If the Vatican refused you leave, I should wire to the Pope. Our little crowd is huddled about the gate of Paradise, knocking and ringing and staring between the bars. But the porter will hear you. . . .

To Anthony his loss of memory means nothing at all: to Valerie it means—everything. It meant nothing to her, either, till he remembered André Strongi'th'arm. . . . Yet it is not just vanity. Valerie is not like that. There is vanity there, but there is something else. So long as his memory was dead, it was out of the question—like the moon. Then, suddenly, the moon was available. Somebody else had had it—for half an hour. . . . There is nothing like potential possession for making a thing desirable. No collector covets the Venus of Milo, because she is not for sale. But if the Louvre were 'To be Sold, Furnished,' half the rich men in America would be licking their lips. I am, of course, discreetly begging the question. Already your shrewd forefinger has found the flaw in my plea, which is that I am valuing his memory at more than it is worth. It is, you will rightly say, not to be compared with Venuses or moons. I cannot help that. Neither can Valerie. You know that she is not whimsical. You know it, John. Yet she craves to be remembered. She smothers her craving as much as ever she can; but it is there, in her heart. And Anthony knows this, and would readily sell his soul to give her her heart's desire. . . .

That is the sum of my trouble—trouble which no outsider would ever suspect. Valerie seems radiant; Anthony the happiest of men. The Pleydells dined with us last night; the Alisons arrived after dinner; they all danced in the gallery, and at two o'clock this morning I felt twenty-six. I confess that six hours later I felt four score, but, then, the flesh is weak. Oh, the glass is rising without a shadow of doubt.

When they are married, they will go abroad or some months; certainly they will visit Rome and sit at your feet, so you must come quickly and give them just cause for veneration. As you know, they will be provocatively rich. Anthony's place in Dorsetshire is very fine; the house is warm and red, and was designed by Inigo Jones; its staircase makes my mouth water. The estate itself is considerable and very lovely. His town house is a convenient luxury: six tiled bathrooms and a

passenger lift. He has bought a new Rolls, as he says, to assert his opulence, and we all four float about the country with the smug superiority of profiteers. 'All four,' I say . . .

Andrew Plague, whom, if I have done him justice in other letters, you must be itching to meet, is a tower of sanity and strength. I have never met anyone whose contributions to every kind of conversation were so consistently invaluable. His reputation is unspeakable, but Anthony or I stumbled upon the rich vein of humour which underlies his nature and has never been exploited before. Its yield is amazing. This is as well, for I am to be his wife. I am indeed. When you come, you will see why. For one thing, there are some honours too high to be declined; for another, his personality is most compelling—I simply dared not refuse; finally, I love children—and he is nothing but a great child that has never been understood. He insists that he does not love me—is most emphatic upon this point. He has, he declares, the greatest regard for me—delights in my company, but that is all. After all, it is a child's prerogative to lay down the laws of the game. I play it gravely—at times with tears in my eyes. He reminds me of Samson's lion. 'Out of the strong came forth sweetness.' How wild the lion would have been, could he have foreseen his post-humous philanthropy!

He will go on with his work—for a while, at any rate. At the moment he is on holiday—his first for twenty-five years. He likes it so well that his clerk is at his wits' end. The finest mill at the Bar, the only mill which never, never stopped, has at last come to rest. Solicitors can't get their grist ground. They won't go elsewhere, but keep on demanding their meal. And Andrew sits on the terrace and gloats placidly over the consternation he is causing. Not all the time, of course. I won't allow that. Yesterday we made him help Anthony to change a wheel. He protested violently, but I reminded him of Mucius Scaevola and dissolved his wrath in a posset of toothsome wit which he brewed at my expense. I meant Cincinnatus, of course. Now he is most interested in cars and is to learn to drive. I told you he was a child.

And so, you see, our spikenard is exquisite stuff. So clear and exquisite, John, that it shows up that speck of a fly which I have dealt with. If it were cruder ointment, the fly would pass.

Affectionately yours,

HARRIET TOUCHSTONE.

P.S.—Yes, of course, I am hoping most

desperately that he'll remember you. If you were here with them, you'd be catching at straws. Besides, he might—easily.

His Eminence picked up a diary and knitted his brow. . . .

That evening he made his arrangements. He left for the county of Hampshire the following day.

* * * *

"The almanac's out," said Lady Touchstone. "The calendar's lost its place. Tomorrow's October, and here's another mid-summer day." She turned to the sideboard. "And mushrooms and all."

"Let me put on the lid," laughed Valerie. "Or can't you bear it?"

"My dear," said her aunt, "my cup is bottomless. And don't talk of lids. It hasn't got one."

"Uncle John's on his way."

Lady Touchstone clasped her hands.

"I shall go to Church this morning," she announced tremulously, "whether there's a service or not. It's—it's only decent."

Sir Andrew looked up from his letters and into the park.

"Will you drive me to Brooch after breakfast?" he said, quietly enough.

"I will," said Anthony.

The women heard the request and wondered, but not for long. After all, the K.C.'s affairs were high matters, and Lyveden was still in his confidence, if not in his pay.

The meal proceeded cheerfully.

Sir Andrew had no desire to be driven to Brooch—and, for the matter of that, no intention, either. But he was extremely anxious to talk with Lyveden undisturbed.

Let us see why.

The moment the knight had appreciated that the curing of Anthony's defect was seriously desired, he had appreciated also that there was only one way to go about it. Whether even that way would lead to success no one on earth could tell. But there was no other way at all. What exasperated Sir Andrew was his knowledge that the way in question was barred—barred by a flimsy rail, only meet, to his mind, to be trodden under foot. This was the Rail of Sentiment.

Valerie French was desiring that Lyveden's memory should return. Very well. It had returned once . . . once only . . . for a moment of time. And that was at the instance of André Strongi'th'arm. . . . Reason suggested bluntly that *the latter should try again*. There was a chance—a

good sporting chance that she could develop her success, that she would be able to coax the capricious truant back into its cage. The devil of it was that the lady could not be employed. . . .

Why? Because, forsooth, fruit of her picking would lose its flavour. Miss Valerie French was nice—*nice*. So she had the grapes, what did it matter whose fingers reached them down? Such fastidiousness was grotesque—sickening. . . .

However, chafe as he might, Sir Andrew was so sure that André's agency would be unwelcome that he had not so much as hinted at such a venture even to his affianced wife. Instinctively he knew that to do so would be to waste his time. The flimsy rail, in her eyes, was a five-barred gate—which it was sacrilege to approach. These women. . . .

For all that, an honest firm of detectives had not lost sight of the girl. The knight, for what it was worth, received a report of her movements every morning . . . for what it was worth. . . .

It was the latest report, delivered by hand at breakfast, which made Sir Andrew so anxious to talk with Lyveden.

Hitherto the road had been closed—by a rail or a gate. Now it was about to be obliterated. In less than thirty-six hours it would have ceased to exist.

I have, I suppose, a weakness for letting things speak for themselves. Five minutes ago I thrust an original document into your hands. And now, sirs, here is another. In a sense, I am avoiding my duty. Yet this I do, not of laziness, but in a belief that evidence at first-hand is preferred to secondary, however tricked out and garnished the latter may be.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.
Sept. 29th.

SIR,

We beg to enclose a copy of the further information, regarding Miss S., obtained by our agent and received by us this evening at eleven o'clock.

Your obedient servants,

LACKLESS AND CO.

MISS S.

Thursday, September 29th.

This lady left Chipping Norton for London to-day.

She was met at Paddington by Col. Winchester, and proceeded to the Berkeley Hotel.

They lunched in the restaurant, and left the hotel together at 2 p.m.

Miss S. returned alone at 6.45 p.m.

At 8 p.m. she proceeded to the Carlton Grill, where she was joined by Col. Winchester.

Shortly before 9.30 p.m. Col. Winchester escorted her back to the Berkeley Hotel, leaving her at the door.

She did not go out again.

Observation concluded at 10.30 p.m.

I have ascertained that :—

(a) Two passages have been taken in the names of Col. and Mrs. Winchester on the Castle Rising, which leaves Southampton for Cape Town on Saturday next.

(b) Col. Winchester and Miss S. are to be married to-morrow (Friday) before the registrar.

(c) Immediately after their marriage the lady will proceed alone to Southampton, where rooms have been reserved for to-morrow (Friday) night at the Grand Hotel.

(d) Col. Winchester will proceed to Southampton on Saturday next by the boat-train which will be run in connection with the Castle Rising.

By a quarter past ten Sir Andrew, Anthony, and Patch were in the Rolls, and the latter was stealing down the long avenue into a flashing wonderland of green and silver.

The forest keeps the road from Bell Hammer to Brooch, walls it with bracken, wards it with beechwoods, screens it with sentinel firs, honours it with the majesty of reverend oaks. And in due season, this side of Napery Green, a certain pride of maples will find for it a sovereign's escort, gorgeous and brilliant beyond belief. Your progress, Sirs, may be royal, any day of the week. But drench all these champions with dew and then clap the gay sunshine on to their trappings. . . . Sirs, you shall see a parade which will beggar Bravery itself. More. The cool, fresh atmosphere is charged with the bouquet of a forgotten wine—wine that was trodden by Romance, bottled by History. You shall, if you please, snuff the very perfume of dreams. On either side, magnificence of green, laced all with silver, stands up and peers or nods its dazzling plumes, the yellow road becomes a scented gallery driven through laughing magic, raised by some Oberon to please his queen, and every sunlit glade leads to some Castle Peerless, each hollow hides the splendid fret of chargers, and every glistering brake stifles the echoes of some haunting call.

When they had gone, perhaps, three-

quarters of a mile, Sir Andrew touched Anthony upon the arm.

"We're coming to a road on the right—a private road. I marked it the other day."

"I know," said Anthony. "There's a gate."

"That's right. I want to go that way."

"Right," said Lyveden. "I don't know where it leads, but——"

"I assume it leads to privacy. That's what I want."

The gate appeared, and Anthony slowed down.

"I'll get out," he said, "and you drive her through. It's all practice. Put her in first and——"

"Another time," said Sir Andrew, opening his door. "I want to get on now—to where we can talk."

He alighted and opened the gate.

Wondering what was afoot, Anthony passed through. . . .

Two minutes later the highway was out of sight, and the car had dropped into a little dell, with a fair greensward on either side and a whispering splash before. Thick screens of foliage turned the spot into a natural court. Indeed, but for the alleys letting the narrow road, the close, green walls stood snug and flawless. Luck was with the two men. They had stumbled upon the very parlour of Seclusion itself.

Anthony slowed to a standstill without a word.

Then he stopped the engine and opened his door.

Patch leaped out excitedly and stared about him.

The dog regarded the car as a magic carpet. Its function was to carry him to pleasant places. If during a run he was not permitted to alight, the carpet had not come off. . . .

After a moment's inspection of his surroundings, he decided that this morning the carpet had done very well. The sward was sweet and might have been laid—probably had been laid—for him to gambol on. As for the brook. . . .

He made for the brown water, panting, going upon three legs.

Sir Andrew lighted a cigar and tilted his hat over his eyes. Anthony proceeded quietly to fill a pipe.

"Circumstances," said the knight slowly, "have forced my hand. I have formed a certain opinion. I formed it some time ago. I proposed, however, to keep that opinion to myself, because, obviously rational though



"With a hammering heart, André kept very close."

it is, I anticipated that it would be rejected, if not offensively, at least with all the horror of uplifted hands. Ugh!" He paused, drew at his cigar and then let the smoke make its own way out of his mouth. "This morning I learned that in some thirty hours' time all opportunity of action upon this rational opinion will be definitely withdrawn. I

therefore count it my duty at least to put this opinion at your disposal. You will decide whether you will use it or no."

Anthony smoked solemnly, looking straight ahead and listening with all his might. A dripping Patch inspected a crevice in the brown brook's bank with every circumstance of suspicion. . . .

Sir Andrew continued slowly.

"You want your memory back. Very good. *You've had it back once.*" The other started. "That girl in the Park revived it. . . . There's a chance that what she

did once she can do again. There's a chance that she can do more. She lighted the fire. It went out because it was neglected. Other bigger things intervened. The point is, *she* lighted it, while no one and nothing else has been able to strike a spark."

"Yes?" said Anthony. "Yes?"

Sir Andrew frowned.

"Whether she can relight it and, having done so, fan the flicker into a steady flame, no one can tell. It's a chance, of course—no more. Personally, I think it's a good one, but that's neither here nor there. But what I *know*—not because I'm a wizard, but because I've a brain in my head—is that it's too good a chance to miss." He thrust his cigar into his mouth and sucked it savagely. Presently he proceeded explosively. "If you want to miss it, you can. It's easy enough. But if you don't want to, well—you'd better look sharp. She's sailing for Cape Town to-morrow afternoon."

There was a long silence.

The frenzied sculpture of the Sealyham, who was trying to dislodge a stone, was clearly audible.

At length—

"How," said Anthony, "do you know?"

Sir Andrew produced the report and gave it into his hand.

The other stared at the sheets.

"You—you've had her watched?"

"I have," said the knight.

"In case I might want to try."

"Yes."

Anthony sighed.

"You're a friend in a million," he said quietly.

"That be hanged," said Sir Andrew.

"Besides, it remains to be seen. And now don't maunder. Read. Read what those serpents say."

Anthony read.

Then he lowered the papers and stared at the dash.

"I think you're right," he said. "I believe that girl could bring my memory back. But—I'm awfully sorry, sir, but I'd rather not try."

Sir Andrew raised his eyes and ground his teeth.

Then he dabbed at the paper with a shaking hand.

"You see what they say?" he cried.

"You see what they say? *Southampton—alone—to-night*. Southampton. Not Dover, or Plymouth, or Liverpool, or any other blamed port. Southampton—*half an hour's*

run from here, where we're sitting now. And to-morrow that girl, who can bring your memory back, ceases to be available. . . ."

Anthony laid a hand upon his arm.

"Don't think me ungrateful," he said. "I'm not. I——"

The giant cut him short.

"Curse your gratitude. I was moved to do what I've done by a sense of duty—a crazy, distorted sense, which a month ago I should have rendered to the devil from whom it came. But now I'm bewitched. . . . Be that as it may, I've set my hand to the plough. The share's pasteboard, the soil rubbish. Never mind. What I've done I've done from a sense of duty towards my neighbour."

"As you please," said Anthony. "Let the gratitude go. I want to explain. Of course, your opinion's rational. It's devilish sound. And I firmly believe that girl could do the trick—which is a galling reflection, because she's the one person living to whom I can't apply." Sir Andrew let out a squeal and clapped his hands to his head. The other proceeded imperturbably. "You see, sir——"

"I don't. I can't. I haven't a beam in my eye. If I had—if I was a slobbering idiot with straws in my hair, I might be able to appreciate this maudlin diffidence. Don't dare to tell me I see. It's—it's slanderous."

"How can I apply to her? She's messed up everything once. It wasn't her fault, but she did. But for her, I shouldn't be in this plight. But for that girl——"

"I know, I know," raged the knight. "Why, that's the core of the matter, you frightening fool. You've got the stick of truth by the dirty end. That wretched girl is the witch of this rotten fairy tale. She's turned you into a scapegoat, and *she's* the only being can change you back."

"She can't, sir, she can't. That girl's my evil genius. She can't undo what she's done, because she's evil. She's done grave harm already. If she recovered my memory, she'd tear the whole thing up. My case is bad, but not desperate. I've only got to remember, to pull it round. But if through *her* I got my memory back, my case would be finished—dead. The only chance I have of pulling it round would have gone—been sold for a shadow. It'd be lost for ever."

Sir Andrew smote with his hand upon the arm of his seat.

"You're mad," he groaned, "mad. The

girl's not evil. What she did once she did by accident. What she would do to-night she'd do by design—honest, faithful design. If you and she are faithful, where's the harm? Together you're weaving a garland to lay at Silvia's feet. So the flowers are pulled in honesty, what does it matter to Silvia whence they come?"

"It matters much," said Anthony. "She's a woman. She wants the garland—longs for it. But if André Strongi'th'arm showed me the way to make it, she'd have no use for it at all."

"And you," screeched Sir Andrew, "you're to pander to this indecent whim—humour this queasy wish-wash—muck and be mucked. . . . Goats and monkeys!" he wailed. "Aren't you a man? What if the weaker vessel does fret and toss upon the flood? Isn't it your proud office to bear her up? Are you to play the part of the hungry Greek—following, fawning, cringing, a mindless slave? Because she finds it warm, are you to sweat? Are you to shiver because she finds it cold? You shake your head. . . . Then take the line you should. Lift up your eyes and look. God made you honest and gave you common sense—talents worth having. Why chuck them into the draught? Use them. Do as they say. They never as yet led any man off the path. The Will-o'-the-Wisp's this cursed Sentiment. *That's* the false prophet. 'Go up and prosper,' it spouts. 'Go up and prosper'—with its lying tongue in its cheek." He snatched out his watch and slapped the shining dial. "In thirty—twenty-four hours—your chance will be gone. Miss it, and you'll repent your folly all the days that you live. I know what I'm talking about. I've seen something of life. Fortune doesn't press favours on us poor fools. If we decline them, she smiles and goes her way. You may shout till you're black in the face, but she'll never turn back."

He stuffed the watch into his pocket, threw himself back in his seat, and mopped his face.

Anthony sat very still, staring upon the terrier, who had abandoned the water and was rolling luxuriously upon the sward.

At length—

"I can't," he said. "I daren't. It isn't sentiment that prevents me—I promise you that. It's understanding, sir. I know how Valerie feels, for I'd feel the same. I shan't regret my decision. If I never get back my memory, I shan't regret it. For me my memory is above price. Yet to buy

it like this would be paying far more than it's worth. What's the use of a poison which'll heal a withered arm?"

Sir Andrew wrenched open his door and descended violently upon the sward.

"So be it!" he roared. "Sit in my lady's chamber and drift to hell. Be played with. Worship each fleeting vanity. Leap at each maggoty whim. First it's a white blackbird, then it's the way it's snared. Next it'll be the colour of your hair or the set of the nose on your face. I've warned you. I've done what I can. But you're besotted. . . . *drunk—blind drunk* . . . soaked with that sickly poison the devil keeps for fools. . . . *Love? Invalid port! Snake-sweat!*"

With the laugh of a maniac, the giant flung up the road and presently pounded out of sight. Not out of earshot, though. For a long time Lyveden could hear him alternately laughing and yelling like one possessed.

As for Patch, he was deeply disturbed. The dog had seen many tempests, but never one like this. For a while he stood still, staring in the direction in which Sir Andrew had gone. Then he ran to his master, whining tremulously. The latter made him free of what comfort he had.

* * * *

The train tore through a station and plunged into the countryside.

Mrs. Winchester folded the map which she had been studying, tossed it into her dressing-case, swung her feet on to the seat and lighted a cigarette.

"One last splash," she murmured, regarding two admirable legs, "and then, ever after, the loyal and dutiful wife. One last run with *la grande passion*, and then—finish. It's perfectly monstrous, of course—far the worst thing of all the many I've done. Aunt Charlotte would become unconscious if she knew. She'd probably die—shock to the pious system. But, then, she won't know. With luck, nobody'll know—except Mrs. Richard Winchester and Major Lyveden." She caught her underlip between her teeth and bit it feverishly. "God knows how I'm to manage it, but it must be done. I'm twelve miles away, and I've got about eighteen hours. If, after getting so far, I can't scrape home, I ought to be shot." Moodily she regarded the end of her cigarette. "As a matter of fact," she muttered, "I ought to be shot any way. Bluffing Richard into staying in Town to-night was the rottenest thing a woman ever did. But I'll mend it—I swear

I will. I'll make him the finest wife a man ever had. . . . But I must see Anthony again—I *must* take back that blow."

André was nervous.

Who goes hungry, but resolute, is said to tighten his belt. The idea, I imagine, is to make belief that his belly is full—the pressure of the belt suggesting the recent consumption of a square meal. By talking aloud and defiantly, André was 'tightening her belt.' In a word, she was making belief that she saw nothing to fear.

At eleven o'clock that morning she had been lawfully wed. Already her husband was sixty miles away; very soon he would be distant some seventy-two. She had arranged this deliberately, in order that that evening she might visit another girl's man. Her husband must not know this, neither must the other girl—obviously. Nor, indeed, must anyone. 'Fraud,' 'desertion,' and 'trespass' were not nice words. Coupled with the name of a bride not twenty-four hours old, they were positively ugly. Indubitably *no one must know*.

Irrationally and somewhat half-heartedly she argued that she could not leave England without asking Lyveden's pardon for striking his face. This was, of course, a fiction. André had a large heart. She loved her husband, she loved Lyveden, and she loved herself. Of the three, her love for her husband was the most stable, and her love for Lyveden the most hot. Still, mad as she surely was to see him again, to do the girl justice, the very recklessness of the adventure considerably enhanced its charm. The idea of one last scandalous escapade was most appealing. That time and tide were against her but whetted her will. To be able to look back later from the more or less peaceful *fauteuil* of married life and see the notch she had cut upon the wall of Scandal, feet—yards higher than that of anyone else, was an alluring prospect. Again, it was live melodrama, and André liked playing the heroine very much. I do not mean that if she and her husband had perceived Anthony Lyveden upon the other side of the street, and Winchester had urged her to go and speak with him, André would not have done so with an eager heart. She would have leaped at the chance. But to filch the chance out of the very strong-box of Decorum—that was to turn an act into an exploit. André and d'Artagnan would have agreed together.

The train slid into Southampton at set

of sun, and ten minutes later Mrs. Winchester was following a page to her sitting-room upon the first floor of the Grand Hotel.

As the boy opened the door, a priest, who was sitting by the window, started to his feet.

The boy exclaimed, André, who had been upon the point of entering, recoiled, and the door was hurriedly and apologetically closed, only to be reopened an instant later.

The occupant of the room stood before them.

He was a handsome man, tall and fresh-faced, silver-haired. His air was gentle and dignified; his clear, blue eyes declared him honest and kind; his mouth was firm, yet humorous. He was clearly a prelate of consequence, but certainly a man in a million.

"I apologise profoundly," he said. "I've no doubt that this is your room. It is not mine. Mine's opposite. I asked to be allowed to telephone, and as there was no instrument in my room, they showed me in here. Pray—"

The rest of the sentence was lost in the sudden stammer of the telephone-bell.

Instinctively the prelate turned. . . .

"That's your call," said André.

"It's of no consequence. I can speak downstairs."

He sought to pass. . . .

"Of course not," said André, detaining him. "Please speak here. Why on earth should I mind?" She turned to the page. "Which is my bedroom?"

"I cannot make use of your room at the expense of your convenience."

"All right," laughed André, passing into the room. "And now, do answer, or they'll cut you off."

The man smiled his thanks and stepped to the instrument.

"Yes?" he said gently. "Yes? . . . That's right." André slid into a chair and took out a cigarette-case. "Hullo . . . Is that Bell Hammer?" The girl started violently, and the case slipped from her hand. "Can I speak to Miss French? . . . Oh . . . Is Lady Touchstone there? . . . Cardinal Forest. . . . Cardinal Forest. . . . Yes." There was a pause, during which his Eminence stared out of the window, and André, with shaking fingers, contrived to light a cigarette. At length: "Is that you, Harriet? It's John. . . . Yes, I'm speaking from Southampton—the Grand. I've just arrived. . . . No, but it seemed easier this way. . . . Listen, Harriet. Will you send

for me, or shall I get a car? . . . Very well. . . . Wait a minute." He looked at his watch. "Ten minutes to six. . . . But if they won't be back before half-past, hadn't I better. . . . Very well. . . . But, Harriet. . . . Let her come alone—I mean, without him. . . . I'd like a word with her first. . . . All right, about seven, then. . . . Good-bye."

The Cardinal replaced the receiver and turned to his hostess.

"I am so very much obliged. I think few people would have been so nice about such an intrusion."

André tried not to tremble and managed to laugh.

"You have nothing," she said uncertainly, "to thank me for."

His Eminence bowed and passed out.

Fifteen minutes later Mrs. Winchester was in a hired car, hammering over the road to Napery Green.

Luck was with her, manifestly.

By an extraordinary accident she had been apprised of the enemy's orders of the day.

For an hour from half-past six, while Anthony would be at Bell Hammer, Valerie would be out of the way . . . for an hour. . . .

Feverishly she consulted her wrist-watch for the fiftieth time. . . .

If it took half an hour to get from Bell Hammer to Southampton, it presumably took half an hour to get from Southampton to Bell Hammer. She would be there, then, by twenty-five minutes to seven. Very good. But before she approached the house, she must be certain that Valerie French had left. With luck—more luck, she would pass her upon the road. . . .

She put her head out of a window and cried to the young mechanic not to drive so fast.

Bell Hammer stood back from the road. So much the map said. How far back, she could not tell. But she could not drive up to the house. Lady Touchstone was there, and Plague. . . . She would have to leave the car and walk from the road. And if the house stood well back, that would take time. She had known drives a mile long. . . .

André thrust out her head and told the young mechanic to increase his pace.

The light was failing now. Two days ago summer time had come to an untoward end. But the evening was warm and dry, and the air was as soft as silk.

The car snarled through a village, and

André peered at the map. By holding this close to the window, she could just identify her road. She decided that the echoing hamlet was Blue Sleeves. And Blue Sleeves lay four miles from Napery Green. . . .

André put up the map and kept her eyes glued to the shadowy road ahead.

At Napery Green they would have to turn to the left. Then, if the map was honest, Bell Hammer was standing about a mile away—a mile and a half, perhaps. . . .

André determined to inquire at Napery Green.

As they ran into the village, she peered at her watch.

Half-past six.

The driver slowed up for instructions, and André got out.

She was back in a moment.

"There's a lodge on the left of the road about a mile further on. Don't drive in. Drive past—about twenty yards."

The mechanic nodded.

Hitherto, since leaving Southampton, the roads had been theirs; but now they were on the highway which runs from Brooch to Bloodstock and carries its share of traffic on summer afternoons.

Three char-a-bancs went raving—lumbering arks of wassail, noisy, affectionate; a racing car stole by, muttering thunder; bicyclists flitted like ghosts; and presently a laudaulette passed. But the chauffeur was smoking. Valerie was not there. . . .

The tall gates were open, and there was a light in the lodge.

André descended and told the man to wait.

"Pull up a little more. A car may be coming out. I shan't be long—about a quarter of an hour."

The youth glanced at his watch. Then—

"Or right," he said sulkily. "A quarter-vanour."

André hesitated.

Then she opened her bag. By the light of a lamp she picked out a five-pound note.

"I might be longer than I think. But, whatever happens, stay here until I come." She folded the note and tore it clean in two. "There's half a fiver. If you want the other half, do as I say."

She left the fellow staring and stepped to the tall gates. For a second she stood peering. Then she flashed by the lodge and into the drive.

It was dark indeed now, and she could not see ahead. The avenue might have been endless. She sped up the smooth roadway, impatient for a view of her goal. . . .

Suddenly the beam of a search-light shot out of the darkness in front of her, raking the park on her right, swinging her way. In an instant she was bathed in brilliance—blinded. . . . Then the beam swung on past and away.

For a moment the girl stood spellbound, watching the unearthly shaft sweep, like some fatal, ruthless blade, over the sleeping pastures, stripping the night naked. . . .

Then the pulse of an engine fell upon her ears.

A car was coming. Plainly the drive went curling up to the house, and the car had been rounding a bend. Its headlights. . . .

Valerie! It was she, of course. It was Valerie leaving for Southampton to—

With a shock, André remembered that the car was coming her way. And she was full in its path. Any second that merciless beam would betray her as surely no poacher was ever betrayed before. She darted behind an elm not an instant too soon.

The shaft of light swung round, and the car with it. In a moment the avenue had become a blazing, sonorous quire.

Her back pressed close against the sheltering trunk, the girl felt dazed, terrified. . . . The narrowness of her escape, the abrupt rout of that darkness on which she leaned, the sudden overthrow of silence, rammed home the villainy of her adventure. She was lurking—a thief in the night. Her plunging senses snatched at the parable. That fearful, resonant glare was Doom, approaching his prey. She had thought to avoid it, but now it had altered its course. It was coming straight for her. She could hear—*feel* its advance. In a second it would crash into her elm. She awaited the shock dully. . . .

Then the squall passed, and she was left sick and shaken, leaning against her bulwark with her knees sagging and her chin on her breast. . . .

After a minute or two she lifted her head.

Then she stood upright and wiped the sweat from her brow.

“Of all the painful fools” she muttered, with a tremulous laugh. “If I’m going to get cold feet, I’d better clear out.” She dabbed her face with a handkerchief and felt for her puff. “Heavens alive, what have I got to fear? Besides, my nerve’s the only thing I’ve got. Without it, I’m done. With it. . . .” She powdered her face thoughtfully. “Well, I’ve got away with a lot since I was foaled.”

The storm had cleared the air.

André felt better than she had felt for hours.

When she stepped back into the roadway, the thief had slunk out of sight. In his stead, a cool-headed muskeeter smiled, tilted his chin and presently cocked his extremely expensive hat.

Had André known that the car which had just swept by was carrying two people, whose names she had never heard—Captain and Mrs. Pleydell, friends of the house—that Valerie, who had returned unexpectedly early, had used a road which was not shown on her map, that Cardinal Forest and his niece were at that very moment shaking the dust of Southampton off their tires, I doubt if her nerve would have responded so handsomely to the spur of her will. What is quite certain is that she would not have wasted a valuable ten minutes upon a deliberate reconnaissance of the curtilage of the mansion.

Be that as it may, the stable-clock was striking the hour of seven when the girl glided on to the terrace at the back of the house.

A window was open here—open wide. From the garden below you could look right into the room. This was a library—you could see the books ranged orderly upon the walls. More. There was someone there. Someone was sitting, smoking, in a deep chair. . . . They seemed to be reading. . . .

The other windows were black. Only upon the first floor a faint radiance about the sides of two rectangles argued drawn curtains with a light behind.

André stole over the flags, holding her breath. . . .

Three yards from the library window her foot struck some object which moved—went rolling and making a dull sound. It was a terrier’s toy—a piece of rubber cast in the shape of a bone.

Instantly came the scuttle of paws upon parquet, and André fell back against the wall.

Patch appeared upon the terrace, prick-eared, suspicious. For a full minute he stood, staring out into the night, listening, motionless. Then he turned slowly and re-entered the room. . . .

With a hammering heart, André crept very close.

She could hear the fire now—the soft hiss of logs and the lick and flutter of flame.

As she bent forward, a page flicked.

"Come in, Mrs. Winchester," said Plague, quietly enough.

André's heart gave one tremendous bound. Then she stepped forward and over the window-sill.

The dog started to meet her, but the knight never moved. The latter's back was turned and he was at ease in a chair, with a cigar in his mouth and an open book upon his knee. By his shoulder a delicate pillar of bronze was distributing the light of three lamps hung from its capital.

After a cursory inspection of the girl, the terrier turned away. He knew who it was.

For a moment André stood still, finger to lip.

Then—

"How did you know?" she breathed.

"I heard you a moment ago. They telephoned just now to say you were on your way."

"Who?"

"Agents in my employ. As you've had Lyveden watched, so I've watched you. What are you here for?"

"I want to see him again."

Sir Andrew frowned. Then he laid down his book and rose to his feet.

"You can't do that," he said firmly. "There are"—he swallowed vehemently—"most powerful reasons why you and he should not meet."

André stared.

"What are they? If you mean I'm married—well, that's my affair. If you mean that he's engaged—"

"I don't," said Plague shortly. "As reasons go, those two are pretty sound. But mine are sounder still. I'm sorry," he added kindly. "If I could have stopped you coming, I would have done so."

"You like me," said André suddenly. "Why?"

Sir Andrew blinked thoughtfully.

Then—

"You're bold and downright," he said. "That may or may not be why. But I like you well enough to wish you, at least, no ill. Therefore go as you came. You can't see Lyveden, and you mustn't be found. I shall say nothing."

André took her seat upon the arm of a chair.

"I want to see him," she said.

Sir Andrew's face took on a darker shade.

"Don't be a fool," he snapped. "I may like courage, but bravado I loathe. You're out of order. I'm trying to get you back."

"Listen," said André. "That night, at your house, I struck him. I cursed him for an outsider, and then, when he begged my pardon, I slashed him across the face. You're wise. I expect you know why I did those things. . . . But he doesn't look for motives which don't appear. He thinks me a howling cad, and I—I don't like that."

"If that's why you came," said Plague, "I'll put that right. You know and can trust me. I say, I'll put that right. And now take an old man's counsel and go your way. You mayn't 've won so much, but you haven't lost. And that's as well, for you can't afford to lose."

"You forget I'm out to win," was the cool reply. "Let me see him, and I'll go."

The knight stamped upon the floor. Then he hurled his cigar into the grate and set his teeth.

"Can you appreciate," he hissed, "that you are not in a position to dictate? That this is Miss French's house? That you have not been admitted, but have 'gained admission' thereto? That I can ring that bell and have you shown out? That scandal and ignominy are preparing to spring upon your shoulders?"

"I came to see Major Lyveden. If he refuses to see me, I'll go like a lamb. I was foolish to come like this. I ought to have gone to the door and rung the bell."

"So should burglars. But they don't—for obvious reasons."

The girl rose to her feet.

"You think," she said coldly, "that——"

"I know," said Plague. "Why bandy words with me?"

"Then ring that bell," flashed André. "Send word to Major Lyveden that I am here. If he declines to see me, I'll go as I came."

With a frightful effort, the giant controlled his voice.

"Madam," he said, taking his watch from his pocket, "I give you two minutes in which to leave this house. If when that time has expired you are still here, I shall write to your husband to-night, relating this visit of yours and requesting him to restrain you from molesting Major Lyveden again."

André went very white.

"Write by all means," she said. "If you're quick, I'll take the note. But, first, will you ring that bell?"

In a way the request was needless, for here the door was opened, and Valerie French and the Cardinal entered the room.

Valerie was speaking.

"Don't thank me, Uncle John. I'm in your debt. The smell of that air! I'll bet that's something Italy hasn't got. Nemi must be very lovely, but the breath of the New Forest"—here she perceived Mrs. Winchester, and paused—"is the scent Time uses when he wants to pretend he's young. Let me introduce my uncle, Cardinal Forest—Miss Strongi'th'arm—Sir Andrew Plague."

Her self-command took everyone by the throat.

Sir Andrew, whose nerve was his pride, felt like a private-schoolboy and almost stood upon one leg. His Eminence, for whom the name "Strongi'th'arm" had been like an evil spirit besetting his darling's sleep, put a hand to his head and, with a fumbling brain, strove to accept the reports which his eyes and ears were offering. As for André, the feeling of inferiority which Valerie always inspired became positively painful. A meek lady-in-waiting, whom the queen has surprised in the act of trying on the crown, would have been less discomfited.

Before the silence could settle, Valerie put out her hand.

"I'd no idea you were coming," she said, with a quiet smile. "Of course you'll stay to dinner, if not the night. Now that I come to think of it, I saw a car by the lodge." She turned to the men. "Uncle John, you know your room. Sir Andrew, it's time to dress. André and I are not going to change to-night, so we'll give you twenty minutes' start."

The Cardinal girt up his loins and turned to the knight.

"It sounds as if we weren't wanted," he said, with a grave smile. "She doesn't mean it, of course. For one thing, we're too decorative. But let's go—just to teach her a lesson."

"*Non docent, sed discunt*," said Plague, and followed him out—unsteadily.

Patch, who had run to greet Valerie, watched the retiring lawyer and then returned to the hearth.

As the door closed, Valerie touched the other upon the arm.

"Come and sit down by the fire."

André shivered. Then she lifted her head.

"I must go," she said abruptly, holding her eyes upon the ground. "I beg your pardon, and—I'm much obliged."

"What for?"

"For covering my retreat. It's not a thing the—enemy often does."

She turned to the window.

"Am I your enemy?" said Valerie.

"You have no choice. I'm an outlaw. I've been—warned off."

"Why do you talk like this—like an escaped convict? And if you were, you know I'd harbour you, as you would me. You've never let me down."

"That's not my fault," said André, facing about. "It's Andrew Plague's. Three weeks ago he stopped me, and he's stopped me to-night. I should hang on to him," she added, with a bitter laugh. "He's a dog in a million. A thief doesn't stand an earthly when he's around."

"What," said Valerie, "do you mean?"

"Why d'you think," said André, "I left my car in the road? Because I didn't want your household to know I was here. I didn't come in by the door, you know. Thieves don't. I came in by the window. And I knew you were out. To be frank, I never dreamed you'd be back so soon. . . . And then, having 'effected my entrance,' I met the dog. I was doing my best to bluff him when you arrived." She spread out her hands and set her head on one side. "So, you see, you're perfectly right—I've not let you down. I've done my level best to, and I'd got a jolly long way, when that excellent dog chipped in and cramped my style."

"I wish to Heaven," said Valerie, "I had your pluck." The other started. "If I were a man, I think I should be mad about you. Your courage is dazzling. You set it above pride, above safety, above success. And, because you do, all these things, as they say, are added unto you. And always will be. . . ." She turned to the grate and spread her hands to the blaze. "What did you come for?"

"What do thieves come for?"

"To steal, I suppose," said Valerie.

"That's right. I came to steal. I came to see him."

"I don't call that stealing," said Valerie, ringing the bell by her side. "If I wanted to see Richard Winchester, I shouldn't ask you."

André laughed.

"You won't strike, will you?" she said.

"I've bared my shoulders and put the whip in your hand. I've done it before. But you won't strike. I suppose I'm too rotten—too low. . . . even for that . . . leprous."

A servant entered, and Valerie turned her head.

"Ask Major Lyveden to come here."

"What are you doing?" cried André hoarsely, panic-stricken. "I'm pleasing myself. Don't go. You came unmasked. Now I request you to stay."



The man bowed and withdrew.

"What are you doing?" cried André, hoarsely, panic-stricken.

"I'm pleasing myself. Don't go. You came unmasked. Now I request you to stay. I have the right, I think. You've given it me." She glanced at a clock. "Dinner's at eight—in thirty-five minutes' time."

With that, she smiled very steadily, stepped to the door, and passed out.

Only the great can do great things as

great things should be done. But then Valerie French was a great lady.

As for André, the girl felt rather cheaper and much more frightened than she had ever felt in her life.

That she did not there and then make good her escape shows, I think, that Valerie's personality, like the Cheshire cat's grin, was surviving her presence in the flesh. The steady, blue eyes were gone, but the look of them was still there. Before it, as a sheep before her shearers, André was dumb.

She stood as Valerie had left her, leaning against a table, with her lips parted and her beautiful head thrown back. . . .

Stretched upon the hearth, his nose between his paws, the Sealyham regarded her silently.

Anthony came in swiftly, dressed for dinner.

"You want me, Valerie? I——"

He saw who it was, and stopped dead.

André never moved.

Only the dog jumped up and ran to his lord.

"What's the matter?" said Anthony.

"Are you ill?"

"No," breathed André, "I'm not. I wish I was. I wish I was dead."

There was a pause.

"I don't know why you say that," said Lyveden awkwardly. "But I don't know what's happened. I'd no idea you were here. Of course, Plague had no right to ask you to come."

A faint frown gathered on André's brow.

Then she lifted her head and turned to the man.

"Plague—ask me to come? What do you mean?"

Anthony stared.

"Didn't he get you here?"

"Plague?"

"Yes."

"I don't understand," said André. "Why should Plague get me here?"

"We quarrelled about it this morning," said Anthony. "He wanted me to see you, and I refused."

"Why did he want us to meet?"

"Because he believes that you could bring my memory back."

"And why," said André slowly, "did you refuse?" The man hesitated. "Don't you want it back?"

"Yes, yes, I do."

"Then why did you refuse?"

"I want it for Valerie. She wants my

memory back. And—and I don't think she'd care about it if it came through another girl."

A curious gleam leapt into André's eyes—almost a glitter. She veiled it instantly.

"No," she said slowly, "I don't suppose she would. I shouldn't either." An odd strained note slid into her voice. "It would be a sort of stigma—suggesting that, however you and she felt, down at the bottom of things, the—the other girl had meant more."

"That's right," cried Anthony eagerly. "You've got it in one. I couldn't make Plague see it. Of course the suggestion would be false——"

"Of course. 'False as—as dicers' oaths.'"

The irony of the quotation, the hysterical mockery in her tone, fell upon deaf ears.

The man continued excitedly.

"Exactly. But what—what'd make it so ghastly is that, *so long as she and I lived, the stigma would stay*. Once my memory's back, it's back for good. The mischief'd be irreparable. It'd last——"

The look in the big, brown eyes cut short the sentence. Tense, burning, passionate, it bored its way into his brain. Dumbly the man stared back—fascinated, paralysed. . . .

He was snared—netted—*limed* . . . caught in the very toils which he had been teaching his enemy to spread. . . .

Already something was stirring at the back of his brain . . . something. . . .

"Till death," breathed André. "It'd last . . . till death. . . ."

The room seemed to grow smaller—the walls were closing in: the scene—my God, the scene was changing! André was in evening dress—with a great fur coat, flung open, and a throat and chest like snow. Where the light caught it, her wonderful, auburn hair burst into flame. Behind her gaped a huge fireplace, and the breathless silence of Night in the grip of Frost hung like a pall. . . .

Suddenly the girl recoiled and clapped her hands to her mouth. The burning look in her eyes changed to a bright stare of horror.

"Don't!" she shrieked. "Don't! Think what you're doing, man! My God, d'you want——"

Quick as lightning she turned and struck at the elegant lamp-stand with all her might.

The pillar fell with a crash. . . .

Wrapped in the sudden darkness, neither she nor Lyveden could see where the other

stood. Gradually the glow of the fire
silhouetted two shadowy forms. . . .

André was whispering hoarsely.

"Where—did you—meet me—before?"

There was a dreadful silence.

At length—

"I—I don't know," faltered the man.

"I—I can't remember."

A sigh . . . the brush of a dress . . . a
footfall. . . .

When Anthony pulled himself together,
groped his way to the door and turned a
switch, the room was empty.

Only the Sealyham stood by the broken
pillar, with his ears back, tentatively
wagging his tail. . . .

A further instalment of this story will appear in the next number.



THE BELL BRANCH.

ANGUS has shaken his magical bough
And set the bells a-swinging;
The wounded warriors feel no pain,
And sorrowful ladies smile again
At the music of their ringing.
Two wonderful birds follow after him now,
So clear and true their singing,
So sweet and shrill, no mortal will
Resist the sleep they're bringing.

O Angus, Angus, Master of Love,
Shiver your branch to-day,
And over the hills, with the clouds above,
Carry my soul away;
Let me dwell in your green-walled *liss*,*
With flowery garlands crowned,
Where I shall feel the joy and the bliss
Which here I have not found.

* Fort

BARBARA DRUMMOND.

THE DISCOVERY OF NESTING

By BARRY PAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY WILMOT LUNT

THE little village of Nesting was within thirty miles of London, but civilisation had done very little to contaminate it. It was four miles from any railway-station, and was not on the road to anywhere. It possessed neither electricity, nor gas, nor main drainage, and its water supply was from wells. Most of its inhabitants had never been in London in their lives, and many of them had never been out of the village for a night. A narrow lane, uninviting to motorists, left the main road and, after about a mile, found Nesting; it then looked round in a despairing way and rejoined the main road further down.

The village possessed one shop, described as a grocery and general store, and controlled by Mrs. Elwood. She had sandy grey hair and mild blue eyes. She had no teeth worth mentioning, and drew in her thin underlip till it must have bumped against her tonsils. Her figure was flat with no noticeable waist-line. Personally she was not so unclean as some of the old ladies in Nesting, but cleanliness was not a hobby of hers. Had there been a competition in such things, open to the whole world, she would have taken the gold medal for General Inefficiency and the first prize for Conversational Flow. She had a kind heart and was uniformly cheerful.

She kept no books. Her shop was in wild disorder, and she never knew where anything was. She rarely remembered the price of anything, but tried to ask enough. If she had to weigh anything, she generally found that she had mislaid the weight she required; the one-ounce weight roamed so frequently that it was understudied by a potato which had been tested to weigh one ounce or thereabouts. Children preferred the potato-weight to the cold, official variety. It gave two more acid drops for your money.

One or more of the articles she was supposed to stock would always be missing, and this gave her a strange satisfaction as evidence that business had been done.

"Bacon we are entirely out of," she would say, almost as if she were proclaiming that she had conquered some bad habit, and would then become philosophical or at least talkative. "You may not have noticed it, but sometimes a thing lasts longer than it does others, and that is so specially about bacon. Now, that last side I had was off of Mr. Tewson, not ten minutes away. He's black Berkshires, and breeds and kills himself. Home cures, too. And I'd sooner buy my bacon off of some pig as I knows personally. I can get it from the wholesale and put on the rail on receipt of postcard, but it's not the same thing, and you can't say it is. So when I can—and that's not always—I gets a side off of Mr. Tewson. But it never lasts me as long as I think it will, for the best things is the shortest, and all comes to an end if you keep on cutting at it. I did think of writing the wholesale yesterday, and then it crossed my mind that I might see Mr. Tewson coming out of church on Sunday morning, and then I could ask him if he had another side he could spare me, though not going into the figures till Monday, as the Fourth Commandment teaches us. So if you're passing one day next week, and are still in the same mind about bacon, I might let you have some. Now, if it had been cheese as you'd been wanting—oh, you noticed it, had you? Yes, I keeps it under the counter, being pressed for space. No need to show it, for it advertises itself. That's a powerful-flavoured cheese, that is. When you eats that you knows you're eating something. I had a morsel of it with my supper last night, and it kept the roof of my mouth

all of a tingle for an hour afterwards, just as if something had stung it."

It may seem surprising that Mrs. Elwood ever made a living out of that shop, but she did, though it was not till after the discovery of Nesting that she became actually prosperous. If you lived in Nesting, either you dealt with Mrs. Elwood or you went four miles to the next shop. That was all to the good for Mrs. Elwood. The local products that she sold—bacon, eggs, honey, butter—were all excellent. The wild miscellany that she obtained from "the wholesale," including straw hats, mouth-organs, and patent medicines, was not too bad for the simple and submissive natives of Nesting.

There is some dispute as to who was the original discoverer of Nesting. The honour is claimed by that eminent landscape-painter Edwin Sepal, R.A. There is no doubt that Mr. Sepal was a pioneer, and that he was very largely the cause of the extraordinary popularity that Nesting enjoyed for several years. But Sepal's great Academy picture of Nesting bears the date of September in the year previous to its exhibition, and we have the artist's own word for it that he began the picture within a week of his first chance visit to Nesting—the result of a motor breakdown. But, though Sepal did not know it, Nesting had already been discovered by a young journalist named Robert Boyes in the previous July, as the date of the issue of *The Daily Monitor* in which Boyes's article appeared clearly shows.

Boyes was taking exercise on a push-bike with no settled objective. He thought that he was taking a holiday. As a matter of fact, he could never take a holiday, for the journalistic instinct never left him, and he saw everything in its aspect in print. It chanced that his eye fell on the sign-post proclaiming that Nesting was one mile distant at the precise moment that he became aware of his desire for beer. So he turned down the cart-track. As he neared Nesting he met two farm labourers. They touched their hats respectfully and said "Good morning, sir." Boyes nearly fell off his bicycle—nothing like that had ever happened to him before.

But as Boyes subsequently said in his article, when he entered the village of Nesting he went back at least a century. There was not a villa in the place. There were cottages with oak beams and thatched roofs. There were cottages with mellowed tiles. Beyond them, in a blue haze, were low

ridges of hills, well wooded and with a waterfall sparkling in the sun. Immediately before him was the inn—"The Royal George." A portrait of George the Third—and by no means a bad portrait—served as a sign, as, indeed, it had done since the end of the eighteenth century. On the bench in front of the diamond-paned windows of the inn sat an old shepherd. He wore a genuine white smock. He carried a genuine crook with a curved metal handle. His fingers were bent lovingly round the handle of a willow-pattern mug. His dog slept at his feet. Out from the door of the inn came the oldest inhabitant, bent at right angles with rheumatism, and walking with a stick. Ducks wandered leisurely down the street towards the pond under the trees.

"This cannot be," said Robert Boyes to himself. "This sort of thing is only seen on the stage. It doesn't belong to real life at all. I've gone mad from over-exertion on that bike, and I'm suffering from delusions." The thought of over-exertion reminded him that he had now become appreciably thirstier, and he passed into the inn. The old shepherd touched his soft hat and said "Good day."

A comfortable-looking landlord in a red waistcoat drew a pint of beer for him, and concealed the curiosity that he felt, for strangers did not come to Nesting. Boyes made himself comfortable on an old settle and looked around him. The sporting prints hung on the walls were absolutely genuine and worth a good deal of money. The beer was remarkably good, and he said as much to the landlord.

"Yes," said the landlord, "this is a free house, and I buy where I like. It's been in my family for four generations now. It's a good deal bigger really than we need here. You might care to step upstairs and see the banqueting-room. Parson makes a lot of fuss about that room, but we scarcely ever use it. Comes in handy when the cricket club holds its annual."

The banqueting-room was, so Boyes guessed, about thirty-five feet by twenty. It was panelled, and the panelling was Jacobean. There were a few portraits in gilt frames, obviously of the late eighteenth century. Boyes had no special knowledge of antiques, but he found himself wondering how many thousands that room and its contents were worth.

Almost as if he had read his thoughts, the landlord said: "They do tell me that all this here might be worth money, if I cared

to sell it. But I don't like change. Nobody in Nesting does. I like to keep things the way my fathers had them before me."

More and more amazed, Boyes asked if he would be able to get any luncheon at the inn.

"Well," said the landlord, "there's a cold sirloin I'm not ashamed of, and there's an old Cheddar. I don't know if you could manage on that."

Boyes was quite sure he could manage on that. While luncheon was being prepared for him, he stepped across the road to Mrs. Elwood's store to buy cigarettes, the legend on the door showing that tobacco was one of the things she was licensed to sell.

Mrs. Elwood nearly fell over when Boyes entered the shop—at least, so it appeared to Boyes at first. Then he recognised that this was really a prehistoric form of the curtsey. He had intended to be five minutes in that store. He was there for thirty-five, and when he left, Mrs. Elwood was still talking.

Cigarettes? Yes, Mrs. Elwood had them. She knew she had them, for they come in of the Tuesday of the week before. No, she wouldn't tell a lie; it was not the Tuesday, but the Wednesday. And she'd took and put them somewhere where they'd be convenient. She couldn't say exactly where that was, but she'd be able to put her hand on them, if Mr. Boyes would kindly take a seat. He kindly took a seat. She fetched a Windsor chair in from the parlour, mounted on it, and explored an upper shelf. She took down a box marked "Gents' Half Hose," and seemed pained and surprised to find that it contained socks. She did a little better with an earthenware teapot; it did not contain any of the cigarettes that had arrived last week, but it did contain a small packet of what may once have been cigarettes. She blew violently upon it to remove the accretions of age, and laid it on the counter.

"Pre-War?" suggested Boyes.

"Well, they are old stock," said Mrs. Elwood truthfully; "but for that very reason, I should be willing to knock something off."

"Oh? Well, you'd better knock the blue mould off the ends of them. It gives the show away. Let me have a look at the new stock. Did you put them in the window, by any chance?"

"Well, if you've not said the actual word! It all comes back to me now. Of course I did."

So Boyes selected his favourite brand of cheap Virginians, left Mrs. Elwood still conversing, and returned to the inn for luncheon. He fared excellently and was waited upon by the landlord's pretty daughter, who possessed the lost art of blushing. After lunch he inspected a picturesque old church of architectural interest and also that very creditable waterfall. And then he rode back to London.

As a man he wished to keep Nesting to himself, admitting, perhaps, a few of his personal friends who might be worthy of it, and exacting from them pledges of secrecy. But Boyes was also a journalist, and the journalistic instinct was too strong for him. Three days later his article "The Loveliest Village in England" appeared in *The Daily Monitor*. It extolled Nesting to the skies. It praised "The Royal George," and the church, and the waterfall. It praised the inhabitants. And if it did not actually praise Mrs. Elwood, it said that the village shop and the old lady who presided over it were both unique, and should on no account be missed.

The article attracted several week-enders to Nesting. Boyes himself brought friends there. Edwin Sepal, R.A., arrived accidentally, but immediately made his arrangements with the landlord of "The Royal George" for a prolonged stay. Even if he was not the first of the pioneers, it is quite certain that his Academy picture in the following year fairly clinched the matter. All through the summer there was a continuous rush every week-end to Nesting. In the autumn the rush was considerably increased by myriads of Americans who wished to see the real thing, and admired enthusiastically in their own quaint language.

Meanwhile Nesting was perfectly aware that something was happening. It prepared to receive visitors and any money the visitors might have. The more important of its inhabitants gathered together and decided on a course of action. The landlord's daughter had a few blushing words to say on these occasions, and showed that there might be a good deal of business beneath the blush. You could not, even with a subsidy, keep a shepherd with a genuine smock and genuine crook sitting on the bench in front of "The Royal George" all day, and arrangements were made for an understudy. The same remark applied to the oldest inhabitant. You had to have an oldest inhabitant pottering about the place while visitors were there, because they

expected it. Several gentlemen aged from eighty to ninety agreed to keep the thing up properly.

subsequently decided to get it by post from Schoolbridge's. She equipped three little girls with three pet lambs, all led by a pale blue ribbon, and she arranged for the lambs to be properly washed every Saturday morning. When an American saw a pretty child in a sun bonnet and daisy-chain, leading a white lamb by a pale blue ribbon, money came into Nesting, and, as the landlord's blushing



He was waited upon by the landlord's pretty daughter, who possessed the lost art of blushing."

And then Alice, the blushing daughter of the landlord, went into the pet lamb business. She also inquired the price of pale blue ribbon at Mrs. Elwood's, and

daughter observed, Nesting could do with it.

The banqueting-room at "The Royal George" was crowded now every week-end.

Alice decided that the price of luncheons should be raised, and it was raised. She decided further that the lane from the main road to Nesting should be made possible for motorists, and this was done. When Mrs. Elwood desired to put up an advertisement alongside the sign-post that said "To Nesting," Alice permitted it. There was one misspelling in Mrs. Elwood's advertisement, and Alice added two more to keep the enthusiasm rolling. The common tripper did not get on at all well at Nesting. He did not like the prices, and he said so. And he met with a cold and dignified surprise. Quite early in the season he gave up Nesting. It acquired its own special *clientèle*—people who had money to spend, did not mind spending it, and thoroughly enjoyed the early part of the nineteenth century. They always got it. Alice saw that they always got it, and even supervised the erection of an extremely old gallows by extremely modern labour. She taught the children of the village stories about that gallows, which they could repeat if asked. Yes, she was fairly busy. But she found time to laugh, and even to blush with Mr. Boyes, the journalist, occasionally.

There was quite a good run for three years, and the thing has not died out yet. But it is very much diminished, and Mrs. Elwood is very much to blame. When Mrs. Elwood found that money was pouring in upon her, and that she could sell absolutely anything at almost any price, provided that she talked enough, her head became turned. She insisted on large plate-glass windows, on gilt letters that proclaimed Elwood's Emporium, and on absolutely competent assistants to take her place in the shop. She had never been interesting except as a curiosity, and nobody really wanted her in her commercial aspect. The pet lamb business became much overdone, and some sarcastic visitor

made remarks in print about the existence and exhibition of twenty-three pet lambs attached to twenty-three pale blue ribbons, and guarded by twenty-three pretty children in twenty-three sunbonnets.

Boyes had a serious talk with Alice and with the father of Alice. For three years London dealers had been foaming at the mouth in their mad eagerness to acquire the treasures of "The Royal George," and had been quietly told by the landlord that he wanted those treasures and did not want their money in the least. When a man does not want money, your only possible course is to offer him more of it. A sort of auction went on during those three years. At the end of them the landlord and his prospective son-in-law felt that the top note had been reached, and the dealers were allowed to take what they wanted at a price which made it unnecessary for Alice's papa to do any more work as long as he lived. He had had three very busy years keeping up the simple, old-fashioned village life in Nesting and taking the money for it, and he now sold the inn and retired to the comparative peace and quietude of the Fulham Road, London, S.W.

You can still go to Nesting if you like. But instead of Mrs. Elwood you will find Elwood's Emporium, and you will get what you want at too high a price, and with no compensatory conversation. At "The Royal George" you will find Italian waiters. The shepherd and his understudy have both died of drink. There are no pet lambs in the village, the profit of leading them about having been killed by excess. The waterfall is stopped up, and part of the church has fallen down. And nosy experts have examined the gallows and condemned it as a fake.

The worst of being discovered is that it never lasts. But neither Alice, nor Alice's father, nor Mr. Boyes is inclined to grumble about it.



THE MAN DOWNSTAIRS

By K. R. G. BROWNE

ILLUSTRATED BY G. C. WILMSHURST

"ANNE FAIRBAIRN," said Corinne, "you must be completely mad."
"Corinne Churton," returned Anne equably, "I don't see the necessity."

"But do you seriously mean to tell me that you propose to spend twenty-four hours as a parlourmaid to those impossible people simply to get local colour, as you call it?"

"Even so," answered Anne placidly. "It's not my fault. It's the fault of a certain John Rattray, whoever he may be. He writes alleged book reviews for *The Sentinel*. When 'The Gay Garden' was published, he said that my stuff would be a lot more convincing if I'd had some experience of the kind of life I was writing about. I won't let him say that twice. So, as it is necessary for me to know something about parlourmaids for the story I'm working on now, I'm going to *learn* something about them. *Voilà tout*."

"It sounds absolutely insane to me," said Corinne frankly. "What on earth does it matter what the man says? He's paid to say it. And, anyway, one night's experience won't be much good to you."

"It'll give me all I want," responded Anne confidently. "You'll see."

Corinne gathered up her personal belongings and rose to go. "Quite mad, I'm afraid," she said. "When will you be back?"

"To-morrow afternoon, I expect. The Potterthwaites are only taking me on as one of the extra hands for their dinner to-night. I'm to stay the night there. They don't know who I am, of course."

"Well," observed Corinne from the doorway, "if you live through it—which doesn't seem possible—don't forget my party to-morrow evening. *Au revoir*, my dear, and as much luck as you deserve."

* * * * *

In the dusk of the evening Miss Anne Fairbairn might have been observed to mount the steps of a stately and commodious residence within a hundred miles of the Marble Arch. She was aware of some slight

symptoms of nervousness, but, having put her hand to the plough, had no intention of taking it away again before the furrow was complete. She applied pressure to the bell, and was admitted by a butler of benign aspect. A few moments later she found herself, in company with two hired waiters and two hired parlourmaids, facing the slightly watery gaze of her employer.

Mr. Edward Potterthwaite had made his money during the War and out of boots. The boots were incredibly bad, but the money, of which there was a great deal, was perfectly good. So Mr. Potterthwaite, under the guidance of his wife, a large, ambitious female, shook the mud of Clapham from his feet and came to anchor again in a large old house on the north side of Hyde Park. It was a delightful house, and as suited to the Potterthwaites as a frock-coat to a 'bus-driver, but their ill-gotten wealth precluded any possibility of this being pointed out to them. To the very rich much, if not all, is forgiven.

To celebrate his arrival in this higher sphere Mr. Potterthwaite, abetted by his spouse, conceived the idea of a dinner-party, and issued a large number of invitations thereto. The better to ensure the smooth working of the feast, he proceeded to engage what he referred to as "temp'ry 'elp," in which category Anne, with the aid of a friendly agency, contrived an entry into the household.

Thus, some time before the opening of the revels, we may behold the "temp'ry 'elp" ranged uneasily in the hall to receive their final instructions from the master of the house. Mr. Potterthwaite would not have been Mr. Potterthwaite had he omitted this ceremony or delegated its execution to an underling.

"... And mind you," finished Mr. Potterthwaite on a note of warning, "no larks. You be'ave proper and I'll treat you proper. Can't say fairer'n that. But one thing I won't 'ave in this 'ouse, and that's larks. Now you run along."

They ran along.

To her relief, Anne found herself, in common with her fellow-hirelings, accepted by the permanent staff in a spirit of more or less friendly tolerance. Indeed, the butler, a patriarchal gentleman whom only the leanness of the times had forced to take service with such as the Potterthwaites, so far unbent as to outline her duties himself. It is possible that in so doing he was influenced by the fact that Anne was by far the most comely of the six mercenaries.

With the dinner itself we are not concerned. Suffice it to say that the company, composed entirely of persons who bitterly regretted the signing of peace, ate their way steadily down a vast list of unnecessary courses, passing by perceptible degrees from a condition of noisy loquacity to one almost of coma. Anne, rendering faithful service with various auxiliary dishes, marvelled that humans could eat so much and survive to eat yet more. She was conscious of a positive relief when at long last the orgy came to an end.

"You did very well," announced the butler graciously, when they had all for-gathered in the kitchen. "Very well."

"Thank you very much," returned Anne, sensible of that comforting inward glow which arises from a knowledge of good work well done.

Some time later, her duties accomplished, she made her way upstairs to the room allotted to her. This was a small apartment, little more than an overgrown cupboard, opening off the landing half-way up the stairs. She closed the door and sank gratefully into a chair. She felt very tired, but was reluctant to sleep while so many valuable impressions remained to be recorded. Taking out a notebook, she sat for a space in thought.

So far all had gone well and according to the programme, and she smiled faintly as she thought of the sceptical Corinne. Nevertheless, she would not be sorry to depart from this house, for she did not like the Potterthwaites. She began to write. . . .

It must have been at least an hour later that she first became aware of the sound. It came apparently from the room beneath her own, and reached her as a faint but undeniable crash. She lifted her head and listened; in a moment she heard the sound again.

Anne sat back in her chair and thought rapidly. It was much too late for any member of the household to be abroad upon any lawful business. She felt a little

thrill of excitement. Fear had no place in her composition, and the decision to investigate formed on the instant in her mind.

She rose, crept to the door, opened it softly and listened again. The noise was not repeated, but at the foot of the stairs a shaft of light was visible from beneath the door of the library.

For a brief space she paused in reflection, then carefully and silently descended on tip-toe to the hall below. Gaining the library door, she found it slightly ajar. Gingerly she applied her eye to the crack, holding her breath the while.

Standing with his back to her was the figure of a man—a tall man, apparently young, wearing a tweed coat and a cap pulled down over his eyes. She perceived that he had removed a large picture from the wall and was bending over it, working rapidly with some small instrument, presumably with the object of extracting the work of art undamaged from its frame.

Anne withdrew her eye and pondered swiftly. Her first impulse was to arouse the sleeping household, but to one of her adventurous tendencies that seemed too tame an ending to what might prove to be a vastly entertaining experience—an experience, moreover, that, competently handled, bade fair to yield a quantity of valuable copy. It is worthy of note that she was not in the least afraid of the burglar; she had never yet been afraid of any man, and did not propose to begin now.

Suddenly, as she stood revolving the situation in her mind, an inspiration, dazzling in its sheer audacity, flashed across her brain and left her gasping. Could it be done? Well, why not? She still wore her garb of servitude, and if only her nerve held—yes, it could and should be done. She smoothed her apron with a steady hand, pushed open the door, and walked into the room.

"Hullo!" she said.

The effect upon the burglar of this simple speech was all that she could have desired. He started violently, uttered a loud gasp, and whirled about to face her. Anne observed that he seemed not much over thirty, and possessed a massive chin, powerful hands, and an obviously muscular physique. Against her better judgment she found herself approving his appearance.

"Good Heavens!" he said. "I thought you'd all be asleep by this time!"

"I didn't suppose," retorted Anne crisply, "that you came here in the hope of finding

everyone awake to welcome you. What are you doing?"

The burglar grinned faintly and nodded to the picture. "Getting something I want."

Anne, summoning all her resolution, gazed at him for an instant in silence, took a pace towards him and lowered her voice.

"Must you push in like this and spoil the pitch for everyone else?" she said meaningly. The burglar started again, and his face assumed an expression of incredulous surprise.

"I don't understand. What——"

"You're not the only one who wants to do himself a good turn. Why choose *this* house to work in?"

The burglar's jaw dropped; blank disbelief was now writ large upon his features.

"You don't mean to say *you're* a——"

"Shut up!" said Anne fiercely. "You needn't shout it out and wake everyone up. Other people have got to make a living as well as you."

It must be admitted that Miss Fairbairn was now thoroughly enjoying herself. The idea of persuading the intruder to accept her as one of his own kindred had been a bold one, but it was apparently meeting with considerable success. It was her intention to extract from him as much information as possible concerning the habits, mode of life and methods of work obtaining in the underworld to which he belonged. The novelist in her was now completely in command. Gone was all thought of her duty to society and to her employer; she knew only that she had within her grasp a unique opportunity for securing rare and invaluable knowledge. Later, if the need arose, she could give attention to the question of his punishment; first she must make the fullest use of her chance. She became aware that her intended victim was regarding her with round eyes of wonder.

"It can't be possible," he said.

"Everything's possible," said Anne calmly. She advanced and took her seat upon a sofa. "You ought to have discovered that by this time. Who's working with you?"

For a little while the burglar was silent, surveying her thoughtfully. At length he shrugged his shoulders and smiled again.

"No one. I'm on my own. It's a lot safer."

"What made you come here?"

"Well, it's quite a sound neighbourhood. All these big houses are easy meat. As you

said, one must live. If it comes to that, why did *you* choose this place?"

"These people," said Anne, with perfect truth, "are rolling in money. Profiteers, too. One can't afford to miss a chance like that."

"No," said the burglar thoughtfully, "I suppose one can't. Look here, how long have you been at this game?"

"Not long."

"What made you take it up?"

"I might ask *you* that," said Anne.

"It's different for a man. It's no sort of life for a woman."

"Oh, isn't it?" retorted Anne. "I suppose you men think we're taking the bread out of your mouths. Well, you can spare some. Tell me—are *you* an old hand at it?"

"Hardly that," said the burglar. "You see, I only realised recently that there were opportunities in the profession. I'd always thought it must be very overcrowded. After to-night I shall think so again." He grinned amiably at her, and Anne was conscious of a spasm of remorse. Was it, after all, quite sportsmanlike to deceive him, criminal though he undoubtedly was? As she regarded his infectious smile, her behaviour seemed to take on all the appearance of a scurvy trick.

"You're not an ordinary sort of burglar," she said abruptly.

"If that's intended for a compliment," he answered, "thank you. If it isn't, I can only say that I hope to improve with practice."

"Public-school man, aren't you?" demanded his inquisitor.

"*Touché*," said the burglar.

"Why don't you go straight?"

"Why should I? One needs an incentive to do that."

"And haven't you one?"

"No," said the burglar. "At least, not yet. I might have one in a minute or two, perhaps."

"What do you mean?" said Anne.

"If you'll go straight," said the burglar, "I will. I can't say more than that, can I? I don't like the idea of your going wrong. Is it a bargain?"

Anne said nothing. It seemed to her that the interview was not proceeding according to schedule. The control of the situation appeared to be passing from her hands to those of her intended victim. So far she had failed to glean any information of real worth, and the prospect of extorting any



“What made you come here?”

grew increasingly remote. It was manifest that this amiable miscreant possessed a personality of considerable strength, and would reveal no more than he had a mind

to. His sudden proposal to reform opened up a new avenue of thought. If it were a genuine offer, would it not be a better and more worthy deed to turn her energies



“Well, it's quite a sound neighbourhood. All these big houses are easy meat.”

from the task of acquiring evil knowledge and apply them to the moral duty of setting the feet of this black sheep once more upon the straight and narrow path?

She felt a little glow of righteousness at the thought. After all, it was obvious that he would be practically useless as a purveyor of local colour.

"Well," said the object of her meditations, "what about it?"

"What do you suggest?" asked Anne.

"I'll give up evil-doing and return to honest if unremunerative toil," explained the burglar with unction. "You've got a good job here. Stick to it. If you agree, let us both elevate our right hands and swear an oath."

There followed a slight pause.

"All right," said Anne. "But *I* must make up the oath." She had no mind to see herself sworn irrevocably to a life of domestic servitude with the Potterthwaites.

"Go ahead," said the burglar.

Anne raised her hand.

"I swear to abandon a life of crime and to devote myself hereafter to making an honest living in a lawful and respectable manner. Will that do?"

"Admirably," said the burglar. "You seem to have a gift for it." He swore in his turn with becoming solemnity. "Now I must go. I'm very glad I met you. Remember it's better to be an honest housemaid than a crooked countess. Shake on it."

He proffered a hand and Anne shook it gravely. The knowledge that this brand had been plucked from the burning by her own effort was very gratifying; she felt that she had justified her place in the scheme of things.

"I suppose I'd better put the picture back," remarked the brand cheerfully. He replaced the painting upon the wall and turned to the window. "You might shut this after me, will you? Thanks very much. Good night. I hope we'll meet again soon."

He thrust up the window, swung a long leg across the sill, and in a moment was gone. Anne, removing all trace of his visit, caught a glimpse of him striding briskly across the garden to disappear into the shadows. Thoughtfully she drew the curtains, switched out the light, and climbed the stairs to her room. . . .

The comforting sense of well-doing was still with her when she came down to breakfast later in the morning. It remained with her, in fact, until precisely nine o'clock, at which hour Mr. Potterthwaite, robed in a scarlet dressing-gown and a panic, entered the servants' hall after the manner of a projectile.

"Parkin!" gasped Mr. Potterthwaite. "Parkin!"

"Sir?" responded the butler with quiet dignity.

"Parkin, I've bin robbed! There's bin burglars 'ere! Don't you let no one leave the 'ouse till the police 'ave come!"

"Very good, sir," said Parkin the imperturbable.

Mr. Potterthwaite turned and departed like an avenging fury, a trail of curses lingering in his wake.

This evil news had upon Anne the effect of a severe blow from some blunt weapon. She was aware of a peculiar sinking feeling, and knew that she could not rest until she learnt the truth. To that end she proceeded to exercise her wiles upon the susceptible Parkin, urging him to go forth without delay in quest of tidings, which, in due course, he did, returning presently with the facts.

These proved distressingly simple. It appeared that Mr. Potterthwaite, being impelled by some portion of his morning mail to seek access to his safe, which was housed in a corner of the library, had discovered that it had been most skilfully opened and bereft of the valuable portion of its contents. There was missing also a quantity of portable silverware from the rooms upon the ground floor.

Thus Parkin to an awe-stricken audience. As the melancholy narrative drew to a close, a fierce rage began to grow up in Anne and burn within her like a flame.

So that smooth-faced, lying hypocrite had deliberately fooled her! Idiot that she was, not to have realised that his evil work might have been completed when first she came upon him; she had taken it for granted that she had interrupted the *beginning* of his operations. Even while he urged her to reform, spoke movingly of better things, and involved her in a futile oath, he must have been laughing in his sleeve at the knowledge that his pockets bulged with loot. No wonder that he had been so willing to reform, so eager to depart!

"Faugh!" said Anne, or as near to that strange word as she could manage. For a brief period she toyed with the temptation to betray the blackguard to Mr. Potterthwaite, but a moment's sane reflection exposed the perils of such a step. By so doing she must inevitably lay herself open to the gravest suspicion; it would be a task of no small difficulty to explain away her own actions during the night and her failure to arouse the household at the time. Anne's proud spirit quailed at the thought of attempting to explain to such as the Potterthwaites. No, she could do nothing

but pray for a second encounter with the perfidious intruder, when she might disclose a little of her opinion of his behaviour.

At mid-day, the police having arrived, examined, re-examined, drawn a number of conclusions, and exonerated the domestic staff from suspicion, Anne departed in good order from the house of Potterthwaite and betook herself to her flat, where she spent the next few hours in reviling herself for a gullible fool.

The passage of time brought no balm to her injured self-esteem, and she made ready for Corinne's party with the air of a convicted murderer dressing on the morning of his execution. The home of Miss Churton was close at hand, and in due course Anne, feeling that a little fresh air might be beneficial, descended to the street and walked briskly in that direction.

She had covered but half the distance when Destiny, ever willing to assist a good cause, took a hand in the game. Anne, rounding a corner, perceived a few yards ahead the figure of a man; as her eye fell upon him he paused beneath a lamp to light a cigarette. Something in his appearance struck a chord in Anne's memory; as she drew nearer she glanced casually at him. Then she gave vent to an audible gasp of pure amazement. It was the burglar.

He looked up quickly and his expression changed to one that matched her own.

"Great Scott!" he said.

With an effort Anne pulled herself together and surveyed him frigidly. He wore a dark overcoat and an opera hat, and seemed quite at his ease in them, but she supposed that they were merely designed to assist him in his nefarious work.

"I'm glad I've met you again," she began coldly. "I want——"

"Look here," he interrupted, "I don't understand, but I think you played rather a low trick on me. I was under the impression that you promised to go straight."

Anne, utterly taken aback, stared at him dumbly.

"I see by the evening paper that you got away with quite a big haul," pursued the burglar, warming to his theme. "Clever of you to open the safe. Equally clever of you to have made them all think it was done by outsiders. I suppose this is part of the proceeds." He waved a contemptuous hand at her clothes. "Well, I don't know who you are or what your game is now, but I congratulate you on the way you pulled my leg. Good night." He raised his hat,

executed an ironic bow, and swung upon his heel and away.

Anne remained for some time staring after him with the dazed expression of one under hypnotic influence. She felt completely dumbfounded; her brain declined to function. As in a dream she turned and slowly resumed her way.

At her destination the door was opened by Corinne herself.

"Hullo, my dear!" said she. "I am glad to see you alive again. After I read about your burglars in the evening paper, I was expecting to be asked to identify your corpse any minute. Come in and tell me all about it." Chattering rapidly, she guided Anne to the door of the drawing-room and ushered her in. "By the way, here's a surprise for you. I want you to meet John Rattray. John, this is Anne Fairbairn. She wants your blood. Anne dear, I didn't tell you John was a friend of mine, because I wanted to give you a shock. Go on—hit him! Hullo! There's the bell again!"

But Anne was paying no heed to her friend's cheerful babble. She was staring incredulously across the room to where, immaculate and entirely at his ease, stood the man from whom she had parted five minutes before. At sight of her his eyes and mouth opened in unison; he took a swift step forward and stopped, gazing at her. There followed a tense little pause.

Anne was the first to regain her poise.

"Before I go quite mad," she said, "would you mind telling me what you were doing in the Potterthwaites' house last night?"

"But what were *you*——" began the quondam criminal.

"What were you doing in the Potterthwaites' house last night, please?"

He hesitated, shrugged his shoulders, and smiled.

"Well, you see, it used to be my house. I sold it to them. My brother and I used to live there."

"Oh," said Anne. "But why——"

"Just after they moved in I had a letter from my brother, who's honeymooning in Italy. He's a romantic sort of bloke, and apparently he used to keep a bunch of love-letters behind that picture in the library. If—when, I mean—you meet him, you'll realise it's just the sort of thing he would do. A good soul, but eccentric. He was in a fearful state about it, and asked me to go and get 'em. It was rather awkward

for me, because the Potterthwaites had bought the place lock, stock and barrel, and they're not exactly the sort of people one could explain a thing like that to. Probably they'd have been rather objectionable about it."

"Probably," agreed Anne.

"So I thought the simplest way would be to nip in and get what I wanted without telling anyone. I knew it would be quite easy. I'd just got 'em when you turned up. Then I thought it would be very useful to me, in my journalistic capacity, if I could learn a few facts about crime from you. That's why I pretended. Then somehow it seemed a much better scheme to try and reform you. So I did. That's all. Now it's your turn."

"Good Heavens!" said Anne. "How extraordinary! Those were exactly my ideas, too." And she explained.

"By Jove!" said John Rattray, as she finished. "It was very sporting of you.

I seem to have been the cause of it, too. The real burglars must have been and left before I got there. I know I was rather surprised to find a window open." He paused and appeared to wrestle with some slight embarrassment. "I say, I'm awfully sorry I slated that book of yours. It wasn't——"

"Anne, darling," broke in the voice of their hostess, as she re-entered the room with a party of new arrivals, "what do you think? They've caught those burglars of yours already! Tony here's got a late paper. Nabbed them this afternoon. Quick work, I call it. John, you look very bucked about something. Have you forgiven him about that review, Anne?"

Anne, glancing at the ex-burglar, saw his gaze fixed upon her with a strained expectancy. To her surprise she found herself beginning to blush, and looked away quickly.

"Yes," she said.

Not long afterwards she proved it.



BRIXHAM: AUGUST NIGHT-TIME.

WHEN sundown fades to August dark,
And ranging planets fleck the tide,
The anchored fishers, bark by bark,
With kindled lamps in harbour ride—
Red-sailed and trim, from ocean sped
To Brixham quay by Berry Head.

And darkness hides the weathered strength
Of ashen quay and folded fleet,
And all the dim, enchanted length
Of climbing stair and twisted street,
And hides the red Devonian earth
That gave the Devon sea-kings birth.

And darkness hides from Brixham souls
The sea and its salt bitterness—
The fickle sea that moans and rolls,
The sea whose billows shoreward press,
And bear the living and the dead
To Brixham quay by Berry Head.

ERIC CHILMAN.



MOTOR-CYCLIST CAMPERS IN A SHELTERED CORNER OF AN ORCHARD, WITH "A" AND "COTTAGE" TENTS.
Photograph reproduced, by permission of Messrs. Iliffe, from "The Motor-Cycle."

CAMPING OUT AND THE ART OF "TRAVELLING LIGHT" HOW TO ENJOY AN OUTDOOR LIFE FOR A HOLIDAY

By HENRY J. STONE,

Author of "Camp-Touring and Light-Weight Camping"

Give to me the life I love,
 Let the lave go by me,
 Give the jolly heaven above,
 And the byway nigh me.
 ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE old masters of road travel, whose impressions of Nature and the joys of the open air are stamped indelibly upon our minds, knew the secrets of "travelling light." With superior assurance we are inclined to think that this was because they knew not the blessings of motor transport; and here the tempter chuckles. We need not follow the great-hearted Robert Louis Stevenson and travel with a donkey for company, nor slavishly

copy robust Walt Whitman with his "rain-proof coat, good shoes, and a staff cut from the woods." But if we would gather the full harvest of the abounding wealth of beauty about us, we must know how to shed on occasion all except the bare essentials of life in their simplest form. Part of the purpose of this article is to indicate how to-day this may be accomplished without sacrifice of real comfort. Perchance, along the way, we may re-discover how delightful and charming an entertainer Nature is if, observing the rules of her royal household, we enter her secret chambers untrammelled and free.

When leisure offers us the opportunity to go holidaying, that entertainment is what we really seek. We think of the delight of sunlit seas, of clear blue skies, of the refreshment of green meadowlands, of quiet corners of the woodland with gentle-flowing streams, or of the tonic of high moorlands where the breeze blows free. We decide where best we can secure these delights, and then, in the majority of cases, deliberately cut out more than half of our available leisure by booking rooms at the nearest hotel or boarding-house.

Every artist knows—and there is something of the artist in everyone—that in order

her day and night. Once we have burnt our boats, that is a toll we pay cheerfully again and again.

But one must sleep and eat? Just so. To-day, if we will but learn the way of it, we may sleep in peace and security in a house so light and small that while it shelters us from the rude storms, it forms no barrier between us and the starlit sky, and we may cook simple meals on a kitchen equipment that a girl could carry many miles in her rucksack.

This is no romantic story, but to an increasing number of lovers of the open air a simple and practical solution of their



A "COTTAGE" TENT WITH FLY-SHEET.

Photograph reproduced, by permission of Messrs. Iliffe, from "The Motor-Cycle."

to get the choicest effects of Nature's charms he has to spend whole days and nights on the scene of his chosen subject. Mountain dwellers tell us that there is only one day in every year, and only a few moments of that day, when the mountain is at its best. There are natural effects that come so very rarely that, once missed, we may never see them again in a lifetime; like a golden sunset glow seen through golden corn on a swelling hill-top field. Nature has her psychological moments, and if we court her entertainment, we must be prepared to obey her unwritten rules. We must come to her lap free as children, undistracted by other cares, and watch with

problems—so simple and practical, in fact, that many have lost all sense of wonder at the achievement. They marvel only that anyone should question its application. "Travelling light," to-day, is no secret known only to a few of Nature's favourites: it is an open book to any who are not hopelessly spoiled by convention and artificiality. Modern light-weight camping has become almost a science—the science of the reduction of the weight and bulk of the simple essentials of life in the open air.

A SUGGESTED EQUIPMENT FOR "TRAVELLING LIGHT."

One of the accepted essentials of a peaceful

life is some kind of shelter from the wind and rain. In the accompanying illustrations three main types of light-weight tent are represented which the least informed on the subject will recognise from their names—the "Baby Bell," the "A," and the "Cottage." The others are modifications of these types. All the tents illustrated are rendered weather-proof, either by the steep pitch of the sides, as in the "A," or by a double roof (fly-sheet) which sheds the rain, as in the walled "Cottage." The "Baby Bell" weighs under two pounds, and its pole is a telescopic walking-stick

rather bulkier. The larger sizes will provide shelter for two, and this pattern is used frequently by pedestrian and cyclist campers in pairs, to whom small weight and bulk are questions of great importance. The weight is then shared, and therefore the individual "burden" is even less than that carried by the single camper using the "Baby Bell." The floor-space of the "A" tent is 6 feet 6 inches by 3 feet to 4 feet 6 inches.

Where greater headroom and floor-space are desired, and the small extra weight and bulk are of no great importance, the vertical



"BABY BELL" AND "COTTAGE" TENTS IN A WOODLAND SETTING.

weighing, with metal ferrule, only 8 ounces. It covers a floor-space of 7 feet 6 inches by 3 feet 9 inches, has a "gate" which fastens with press buttons, and a hood to secure ventilation without draught. Its roof can be adjusted to varying conditions simply by screwing the internal section of the pole. In short, it is an efficient little house which a lady may carry without fatigue on the back, or a man in his pocket. How these reductions of weight and bulk are attained without loss of efficiency will be considered later.

The "A" tent in the smaller sizes is about the same weight as the "Baby Bell," but, having two poles (in sections), is

walled "Cottage," or some slight modification of it, forms a more "desirable" temporary residence. With even a short wall, either the slope of the roof must be reduced or the height increased. The latter is undesirable for several reasons, and to render the "Cottage" weather-proof, a double roof is resorted to—a fly-sheet weighing an additional two to three pounds. This makes possible the extension of the walls to 3 feet or more, while the protection of the fly-sheet renders available for use in all weathers every square inch of the floor-space. The floor-space of the "Cottage" is from 6 feet 6 inches to 9 feet by from 5 feet to 8 feet 6 inches.

Lest these spaces appear somewhat cramped to the inexperienced, it is well to remember that the camper is very rarely confined to his tent except to sleep at night, when generally it is a question of the cosier the better. At other times he makes use of shade, sunshine, and the shelter of rocks and trees, as the mood of Nature at the moment dictates.

Here, then, we have the different types of habitation available if we wish to "travel light" and "eat and sleep with the earth." It has been implied that the chief function

light" hinges. It is well to have clearly in mind that every single article we carry requires a certain amount of cleaning, repair, and packing every time we move camp. These are the distractions which in our search for the welcome of Nature we should be careful to avoid. A camp is not a makeshift house: it is a little home adapted to its natural environment. Each will decide for himself (or herself) what is an aid and what a hindrance to the free enjoyment of camp life. It may assist in arriving at a decision to remember that



STOVE, WIND-SCREEN, COOKING-POT WITH FRYING-PAN LID, WATER BUCKET, WASH BOWL, ETC.

of the tent is to provide a shelter and protection during sleep. The word "sleep" conjures up pictures of heavy bedsteads, mattresses, endless blankets and sheets and pillows, and the rest of the conventional sleeping equipment. It is possible, of course, to purchase light folding canvas bedsteads suitable for camping, and with a motor-car as the means of transport there would be no difficulty in carrying them. But the question is still open for decision whether such furniture should not be dispensed with. It is around just such questions as these that the whole problem of "travelling

almost invariably those who have passed through the first novelty of camping, and have found lasting satisfaction in the life, eat and sleep on the ground. It is possible to judge the extent of a camper's experience by the number of times you discover him wandering about for a seat when all around is the soft, warm turf.

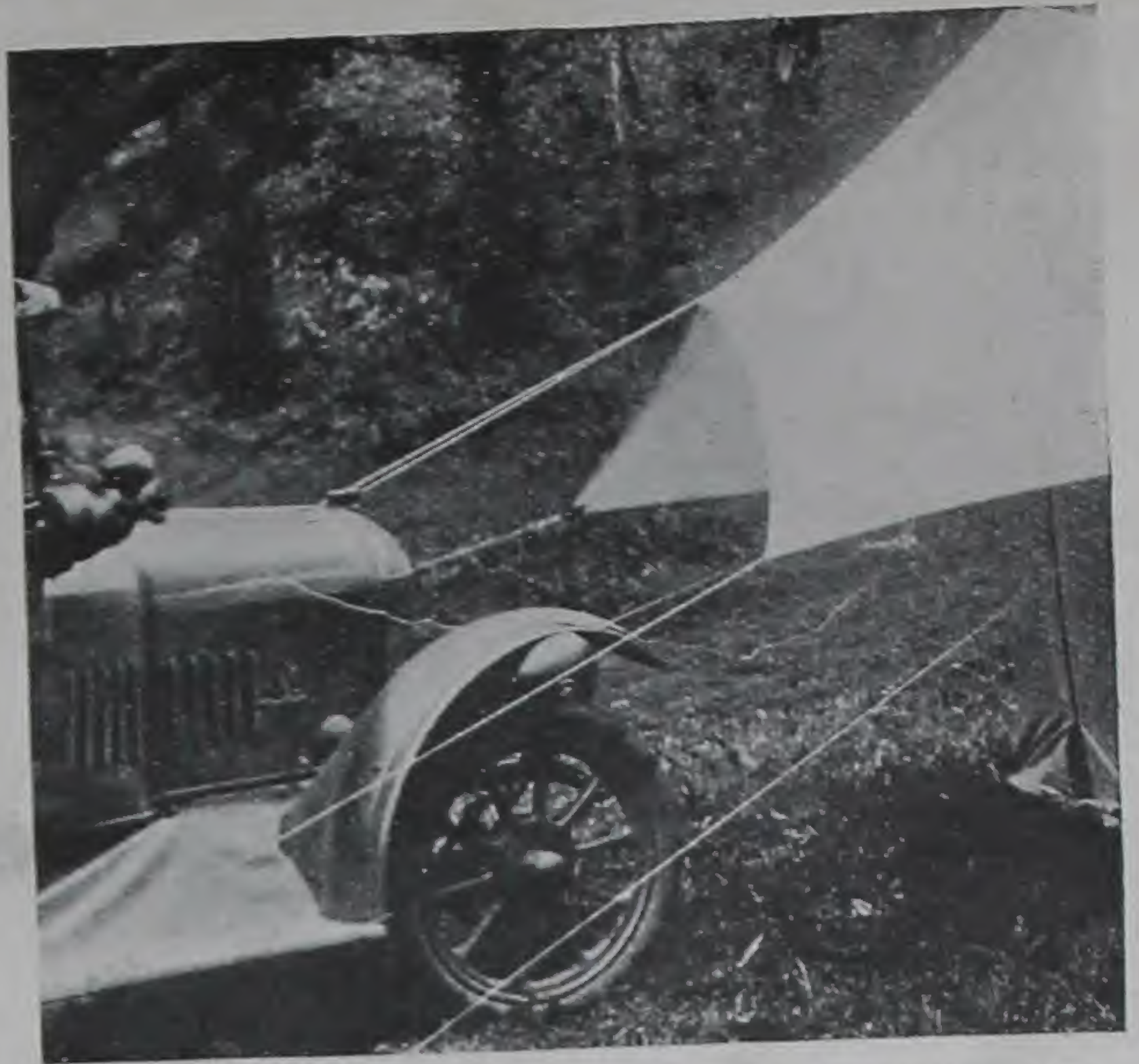
"TO EAT AND SLEEP WITH THE EARTH."

The first essential of slumber comfort is a dry couch. Light-weight campers find security in the rubber-proofed ground-sheet covering the *whole* floor of the tent.

Thus equipped, we may sit in safety anywhere in the tent. The ground-sheet of the "Baby Bell" weighs about $1\frac{1}{4}$ lbs., of the "A" about 1 lb., and of the "Cottage" from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 lbs.

Because rubber-proof material is somewhat uninviting to the touch, a ground-blanket is desirable in addition to the ground-sheet. For the lighter tents this is of cashmere in cosy, warm colours, and weighs from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 lb. For motor camping a travelling rug serves well in this capacity. Further comfort is sometimes secured by the use of dry bracken or clean straw beneath the ground-sheet, but the hardened camper generally would rule this out as not worth the trouble.

Loose blankets, except for the ground, are found to be a cumbersome and uneconomical use of bulk and weight: a sleeping-bag, because it retains the warmth, is infinitely preferable. Down sleeping-bags give the maximum comfort for the minimum of bulk and weight, and can be made quite easily from an old quilt—preferably with a valance—fitted with small press fasteners at intervals along the edge of the down filling. Fleece blanket material is also very



TENT LIGHTING OFF THE CAR BATTERY (SHOWING WIRE CONNECTING LAMP IN ROOF OF TENT).

Photograph reproduced by permission of "The Motor."

cosy, but bulks and weighs rather more, and lady campers frequently add a silk-lined hood. In practice, more than a good sleeping-bag is seldom necessary for slumber comfort, but it is advisable even in summer to take precautions against early morning frosts by having handy an additional cover.

For pillow, a tiny down cushion about

9 inches square placed on folded garments is sometimes used for light-weight camping, but where bulk is a consideration a clean piece of linen laid over the softer garments is considered adequate. An additional cushion as a protection for the hip usually insures comfort on the most hostile ground. Generally, of course, it is possible to avoid rough and stony sites for the tent. Lighting the tent at night may be arranged by running



THE WALKING-STICK POLE, WITH A SECTION OF AEROPLANE SPAR OUT OF WHICH IT IS CONSTRUCTED.

a wire off the electric system of a car, as in the accompanying picture, or with an acetylene set or lamp.

There remains the question of food as the third and last of our essentials for life in the open air. Much, of course, will depend on personal tastes and habits in this connection, but in general the more we are engrossed in the life about us, the less are we inclined to bother with the preparation of elaborate meals. There are

There are few things about camp more charming and picturesque than a log fire; but except in large fixed camps, where it is possible to keep a stock-pot and big kettle going, it will be found that the log fire is best confined to its happy function of supplying a cheerful meeting-place for evening song and story. Where dissolved acetylene is used for the lighting system of a car, it may be convenient to use this, with a suitable burner and ring, as the

heating plant. Failing this, for light-weight camp cookery use one of the stoves which carry their own fuel, and will cook even in a gale of wind. Their only weakness, for the purposes of outdoor cooking, is extreme sensitiveness to draught during the starting process. Carefully nursed through this stage, they will cook almost anything, and, with the aid of a square of fine wire gauze, will toast, or act as heat radiator in cold weather. A wind-screen, as shown in one of the accompanying illustrations, sheltering the stove and cooking-pot on three sides, helps to protect the flame against gusts of wind.

Water buckets and wash bowls for light-weight camping are made in canvas, the former, of 3-gallon capacity, weighing about $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. and the latter about 5 ozs. Teapots are rendered unnecessary by the use of muslin bags for tea infusing, and these have the advantage over the teapot in the fact that they can be withdrawn immediately the tea is "made." The remainder of the camp kitchen will suggest itself.



A "COTTAGE" TENT FOR TWO, WITH POLES READY FOR TRANSIT.

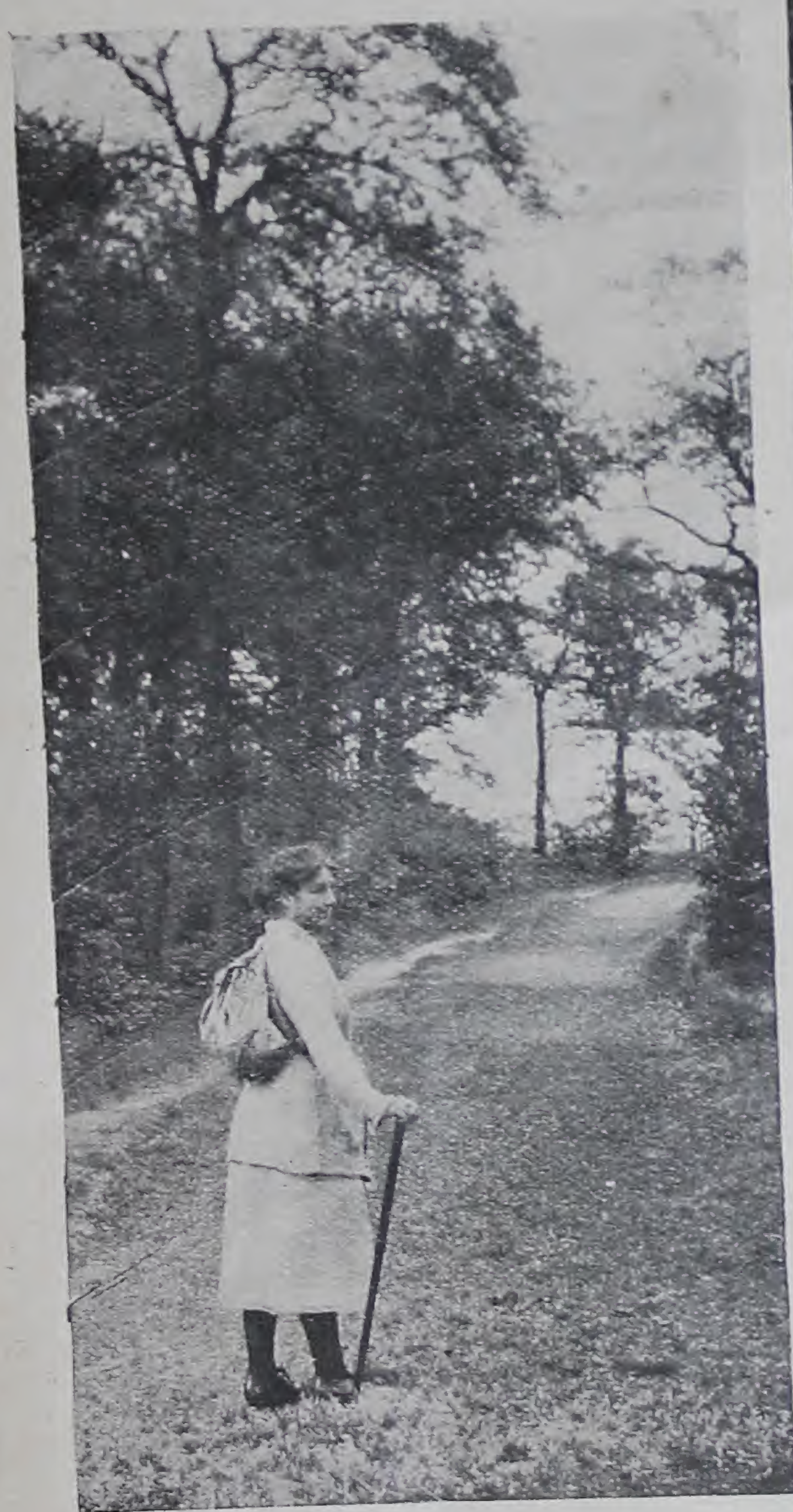
camps where the preparation of meals fills the major portion of every day, and others where life is so vastly interesting in other directions that meals form a necessary distraction to be disposed of as expeditiously as possible. A good stove, a set of light cooking-pots made to "nest" one in the other and fitted with detachable or folding handles, with the usual picnic outfit, are sufficient for this purpose.

POSSIBILITIES OF "TRAVELLING LIGHT."

With such a light and simple camp outfit in mind, the reader quite unacquainted with camping should be able to visualise its possibilities. Before considering this aspect of our subject, I imagine many will be interested to know how the reductions of weight and bulk already indicated have been attained.

The 2 lb. "Baby Bell" is constructed

of the finest cotton fabric, resembling lawn or fine cambric, reinforced with double thickness at all points of strain, and strengthened at the edges with tape. The two lines are of fine fishing-cord, and for pegs either meat skewers or stout aluminium wire are used. Either of the latter answer well for all light tents on average soil, but stronger pegs or vine staples may be necessary for the larger and heavier types. The walking-stick pole is of aeroplane spar, lighter and stronger than bamboo, of which light tent poles are usually constructed. The shortage of bamboo during the War led to the invention of cylindrical two-ply for aeroplane spars, and this material has now been pressed into



PEDESTRIAN TENT (2 LBS.) AND WALKING-STICK POLE (8 OZS.).



COMPLETE OUTFIT FOR TWO ON CYCLE.

peace-time service for light-weight tent poles.

The poles of the other tents are jointed like fishing rods, and pack with the wind-screen in a fishing rod case. The heaviest weigh in bamboo about $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. The wind-screen shown in one of the accompanying illustrations is an excellent example of weight and bulk reduction, being constructed of four umbrella ribs and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of fine cotton fabric, weighing less than 3 ozs.

The advantage of down sleeping-bags over loose blankets will be realised when it is remembered that one blanket may weigh from 4 to 7 lbs., and a down sleeping-bag from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 lbs. for less than half the bulk. Two or three of the former are of doubtful utility, while the latter protects the body

effectively from both air above and ground-cold beneath. The complete set of three cooking-pots with frying-pan lid shown in use in our picture weigh together only 1 lb. Sliders for tent lines are made in sheet brass or aluminium, and a dozen weigh about 2 ozs.

THE LURE OF HIGHWAY AND BYWAY.

What are the possibilities of the camping outfit here described? Part of the answer is revealed in the accompanying pictures. The light-weight camp outfit, rightly constructed, is adaptable for holiday or week-end camping on a one-place site. But the chief fascination and charm of camping is its freedom, and freedom implies the power to move the whole camp at short notice to that inevitable and much more desirable site "over the hill." It implies the ability to answer the lure of highway and byway without care or question. At once the importance of the simplicity and small bulk and weight of our outfit is apparent. We are free to adapt the camping notion to the walking tour, to the cycling tour, to motor touring, to canoeing—in fact, to a whole variety of hobbies and pursuits. Even if we follow none of these hobbies, if we are just lovers of beauty, seeking to live a while in a natural and picturesque environment, the simpler and lighter our equipment, the more surely we shall attain the end we have in view.

In almost every corner of Britain there are ideal camping sites awaiting those who have learnt the art of "travelling light": quiet and sheltered glades deep in the forest, with the delightful music of running water; lochside lawns, with the great

mountains and their ever-changing lights in all directions; moorland sites where the air is spiced with myrtle, and the great rolling hills lift us a while out of all petty things. Everyone will recall some such remembered spot where he or she has longed to spend whole days and nights. However beautiful the scenes we know, it is fairly certain there are others equally good elsewhere. Camping, and camp-touring especially, will lead us out to them, once we have learnt the way of it. Nor is the finding of fresh sites along the way as difficult a task as might be imagined. There are parts of Scotland—and of the west of Ireland in normal times—where, for the asking, camp sites may be had with all those desirable features already indicated.

We all incline to the idea that health is very largely a matter of fresh air and good food. Both, undoubtedly, are important, but camping, in the sense here described, will teach us that these form only two out of many factors that make for health. Our broken nerves and other disorders are very frequently the signs of starvation, not from lack of the right food, but of lack of colour, of close association with living, growing things, with the trees and the sunlight and a hundred other subtle healing forces which Nature, given the opportunity, knows how to bestow generously. The camp provides the opportunity. The writer has seen, not once, but many times, tired and listless city folk transformed, as by a miracle, into different beings within the space of a few days in the quiet of a woodland camp. There were more and subtler things at work in the accomplishment of that miracle than fresh air and food.





"Edward was hunted by the big-booted comedian, who ran in his socks, the doorkeeper, and a soubrette."

EDWARD'S BENEFIT

By B. A. CLARKE

Author of "*A Free Hand*," "*Minnows and Tritons*," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY HUTTON MITCHELL

WHEN Edward West, his beautiful voice having broken, was sacked from St. Jude's choir, he blamed the organist's wife. There was no evidence of her having acted against him, but he "felt in his bones" that it was her work, which seemed conclusive. Otherwise I would have withstood him, having been attracted to Mrs. Vowkes by her way of talking so fast as to cause her a catch in her breath, and then colouring up and laughing at herself, and also by her voice lozenges, by which no one has more benefited than Edward. But while accepting the testimony of my friend's bones, I saw that he went too far in complaining that "that woman" had ruined his life, because what had wrecked it was not his dismissal from our choir, but the cracking of his treble voice that had won him such great fame. Since the age of eleven he had been a celebrity, and he simply couldn't rest as no one in particular, which turned his thoughts to music-halls and made him a "professional" comedian, the "professional" meaning no more than that he was prepared to take any fees he

could get. Becoming a comedian, he became at the same time many other splendid things, how many I didn't suspect until he showed me his professional card, which ran—

WALT WESTMORELAND,
Society Entertainer and Descriptive
Humorist.

The Only Black Clown
and Bone King.

My friend said there were comedians drawing a hundred pounds a week who made lesser claims. This card appeared week after week in *Vaudeville Topics*, and that no engagements resulted he attributed to "the notorious music-hall ring." Edward said either he would break the ring or the ring would break him, and he thought the ring would go first. When this happened there would be engagements galore for him, and he must be ready for them with an exclusive repertoire, because it would be fatal to have amateurs singing his songs and claiming that they sang them better. He said I knew what amateurs were. As a matter of fact,

I didn't, but I replied that if they were such cads as that, he couldn't be too careful.

In getting songs written for his sole use Edward was fortunate in finding poets who were also musicians or *vice versa* (*vice versa* means the other way about), and, thus cutting out a fee, was able to get them done for five shillings each, except the famous "knot" song, for which he paid as much as seven and six. In this way he spent all that he had saved of the concert fees that had been earned so easily in the days of his fame as a treble, leaving nothing for properties, which therefore had to be improvised. During the day Edward was employed at a solicitor's to lag for the articulated clerks. From one of these he now begged a discarded topper for use in the "knot" song, and persuaded a friendly house-painter to give it a thick coating of green paint.

About this time a real professional engagement came to him to sing at a South London Athenæum which had not heard of his loss of voice, and where two years before he had sung a half-dozen songs illustrating a lecture by old Vowkes on Byrd, Bull, and Orlando Gibbons. The present engagement was at a concert of chamber music, with Edward as the only vocalist. As he carefully refrained from sending up the titles of his songs, he appeared twice on the programme thus: "Selected—Master Edward West." They sent one complimentary ticket only, and that came to me. The concert opened with Beethoven's Septet. Judging that after this the audience would need rousing, Edward brought forward his seven-and-sixpenny "knot" song from the second part. His appearance in a grass-green top hat roused them certainly, and when between the verses he strutted round the platform, smirking and raising the green hat to imaginary conquests in various parts of the hall, there was the appalling silence of a thousand horrified souls painfully wide-awake. The secretary showed his appreciation of Edward's selective powers by cancelling his second offering without asking what it was.

Edward attributed his "comparative failure" to his hat being the wrong colour, had it repainted sky-blue, which he tried at a smoker where he was "kindly waiving his usual fee," and when it failed there, had it repainted scarlet. Other failures were recorded in fresh coatings of paint, until the property hat became so heavy as to be almost unliftable.

Rumours began to circulate about Mrs.

Vowkes—that she had only one lung, which, it seemed, was less than the proper number. Old Vowkes became unbearable at the choir practices, which isn't his nature, and as he had always been very decent to me, I told him one evening what I had heard, and said if Mrs. Vowkes suffered from any shortage of lungs, I was very sorry for it, and hoped she would incur no bad consequences. He put his arm on my shoulder.

"You have a kind heart, Charley. I am glad to say things are not so bad as you suggest. In my dear wife's right lung there is one spot—only just a small spot, you understand, a very tiny spot——"

"Yes, sir?"

And then, for all the spot being so tiny, he broke down utterly. "We are so happy together, Charley. I have always feared my happiness was too great to last."

Edward, on my telling him of this, became very thoughtful.

"I have always wished to do good to an enemy, as we are told to, and now is my chance if I can find out how to bless a woman with a spotted lung."

"When my Aunt Susan was threatened with consumption, it was kept off by a winter in the Engadine."

"I don't know where the Engadine is," said Edward, "but Mrs. Vowkes shall winter there at my expense."

To my amazement, a fortnight later he told me the thing was as good as done.

"The difficulty," said he, "was raising the funds, and this I have met by arranging to give myself a benefit. Strictly, it should come at the end of my professional career, and provide for my old age. Everyone ought to provide for his old age. My Uncle Simon always mentions this duty when asked to help anyone else; but I don't think there is anything about it in the Bible, certainly not nearly as much as there is about doing good to one's enemies. Anyway, I have decided to take my benefit now and give all I get to patching up Mrs. Vowkes's right lung. I have hired the Apollo at Dockford, because it is the only hall that did not insist on having the rent in advance."

The Apollo (which mustn't be confused with the Dockford Music Hall, a much grander place altogether) had the further advantage of being near two huge factories. An *ex-employé* at Green's Green Pickles, Cyril Dayle, V.C., was known to be casting longing eyes upon the music-hall stage, and Edward, who knew him through having appeared four years before at the Dockford

Music Hall in a concert got up to start the V.C. in business, had suggested to him that if he appeared in professional company and scored the success of the evening, the halls would be open to him.

Edward argued that just as Dockford had bought tickets in 1918 to set him up in business, they would now to open the music-halls to him. Edward had put it very straight to Dayle that he couldn't expect to hold his own with professionals unless he got the house absolutely packed with his friends. The V.C. thought he could do this. Green's would roll up to his support to its last man and girl, and the future Mrs. Dayle, the most popular *employée* of Black's Blacking, would answer for that giant factory. He asked that special bills should be printed for display at the factories, giving the greatest possible prominence to his name.

"Cheek," said I, "when it is your benefit. What did you say?"

"Told him to print his own bills and tickets, too, and send me the bill. Of course, it is rather rotten playing second fiddle at my own benefit, but it means a lot more for my enemy, Mrs. Vowkes. It looks like being a money-maker, doesn't it?"

It certainly sounded very promising.

Soon Edward could show me a handbill with his own professional name, Walt Westmoreland, very large, and other names much smaller, which he said was the regular thing. I was surprised to read that these others were world-famous artists who were giving their services because of their life-long attachment to Walt Westmoreland and their admiration of his genius.

Edward explained that this was mere eyewash. Except Cyril Dayle, all had to be paid; but the "resting" members of the profession had a reduced scale of charges for *bona fide* benefits, and certainly he had been let in upon the ground floor. For example, "Lancashire Lucas," the clog dancer, came as a friend for an honorarium of seven and six.

"What," asked I "would he charge a mere acquaintance—a hundred pounds?"

"Please don't mock, Charley, when my whole chance of doing good to an enemy depends upon my making a hit in this. So far things couldn't have gone better. Nearly every artist I approached met me like a perfect brick, and even the two who tried to take advantage of me caved in when they saw I knew my way about. The Scotch Contralto (sentimental) opened

her mouth very wide, but I beat her down to five shillings and cab fares, and Mahomet Cassim, the refined sword-swallower, to eight shillings and a bottle of beer. Two serio-comic sisters are coming for nine shillings the pair, and a big-booted comedian for ten shillings (they always run high). Altogether, exclusive of myself and Dayle, there is an all-star programme of twelve specialities for four pounds fifteen, which would have been less but for the necessity of having at least one animal turn, and the hiring of Professor Palmer's highly trained hedgehogs for thirty shillings. Oh, Charley, isn't it a wonderful list?"

Honestly I thought it was. Never having been trusted to arrange anything for myself, I admired Edward more than ever for his resolute handling of such high matters. Where should I be if a Scotch contralto opened her mouth too wide? Nowhere. I should be helpless as a baby. I pointed to a name at the foot of the handbill which had been given a whole line to itself, two lines, if you count the separating "and."

and

Mulatto Joe, the Half-breed Nightingale.

"I expect you have to pay that fellow pretty well—how much?"

"Nothing, Charley. He is my friend, the only real friend I have ever had."

"Dear Edward, am I that friend?"

"Who else, Charley?"

"Oh, I am so glad and proud. Of course I'll sing at your benefit for nothing. But why must I be a mulatto?"

"Because the only idea these people have of beautiful song is 'Listen to the Mocking Bird,' and it must be sung in character by some sort of coon."

"Whatever you say, Edward, goes," said I, admiring him so much at the moment that I would have consented to anything.

November 11 was the grand night. I had to find the Apollo by myself, Edward having gone there straight from his article clerks to ensure the last lick and polish being given to all preparations. I experienced great difficulty in finding the hall, which wasn't on Dockford High Road, but three hundred yards up a tributary side-street, with the result that instead of arriving shortly after seven to be made up early, leaving Edward free afterwards to welcome artists (or is it artistes?), I did not sight the gas transparency "Apollo Hall of Varieties" until right on eight, the hour for starting. The doors were open, but no one was going in. A surly door-keeper

directed me to the stage door, which opened on an unlighted footway that ran between the Apollo and the playground wall of a board school. Pushing it open, I was faced by a very narrow staircase lit by one gas-jet, unburned. At the top was the green room, where I found Edward at bay, surrounded by angry performers made up for the stage, and a plausible man in a tail-coat, who, I discovered, was the landlord.

"Come, Mr. Westmoreland," he was saying, "I have to leave, and so I must trouble you to pay me the rent now. These ladies and gentlemen you can pay later out of the takings at the door."

"'Tikin's!'" screamed a gaunt woman. "There's not goin' to be any tikin's. The show's a wash-out. There ain't twenty people in the 'all, and they're complimentaries. If the young gent has any money, it's share and share alike. You're not goin' to be pied off first, not on your sweet life!"

Edward tried to soothe her.

"My dear madam" (this, I learnt afterwards, was the Scotch Contralto, sentimental), "you are making a fuss about nothing. Everyone will be paid in full after the first part. Haven't I told you all that the most popular man in Dockford, Cyril Dayle, is bringing a hallful with him? They will be here in a few minutes. It isn't eight yet."

"It's five past," said a man with vermilion wig and nose, and cardboard boots thirty inches long; no doubt the big-booted comedian, who was showing his lifelong admiration for Edward by appearing for ten shillings. "For all we know, this

Dayle business is hot air. When does he come on?"

He snatched a programme.

"There you are—number one in each part—'Cyril Dayle, V.C.: Selected.' Then why isn't he here?"

An angry babel arose: fists were shaken under Edward's nose, women stretched out claws like cats. Edward faced them without



"The most popular man in Dockford, Cyril Dayle, is bringing a hallful. They will be here in a few minutes. It isn't eight yet."

flinching, a little pale, but oh, he was brave! And then he caught sight of me and did a splendid thing. Himself threatened so frightfully, he could take steps to secure my safety. If these people knew we were chums, I might be involved in his punishment as an accomplice.

"Yes, sir?" he said to me. "What can I do for you?"

"If you please, I am Joe the Nightingale," said I, suppressing the "Mulatto" for fear

they should think less of me for not keeping it up in private life. "I have come to sing for Mr. Walt Westmoreland. Can you direct me to him?"

Accepted by these angry artists as one

Almost immediately my chance came. The landlord beckoned me aside.

"Would you mind taking this key and locking the stage door you have just entered by? Our slippery friend here is meditating a bolt; one can read it in his eye. It isn't safe for me to leave him alone with these people. They might get money out of him to which I have a prior claim."

"Certainly," said I, accepting the key. Leaving the room, I caught Edward's eye. At the street door I



"'It's five past,' said the big-booted comedian. . . . 'For all we know, this Dayle business is hot air. When does he come on?'"

of themselves, I racked my brains for some way of turning this to my friend's rescue.

stood, fumbled with the key in the lock, but of course didn't turn it (I am not quite mad), and didn't have to say I had.

"Is it all right?" asked the landlord, receiving back the key.

"Quite," said I, and indeed it was—for us.

He winked at the artists (or artistes). Evidently the knowledge of his precautionary measure was public property. And then some, who had been keeping between Edward and the door, moved away as if carelessly. The unspeakable cads wished him to make a dash for liberty, so that before manhandling him they might gloat over his despair, caught like a rat in a trap against the locked street door.

Edward's eye sought mine: I nodded violently. He was out of the room so suddenly that even I was startled. There was no pursuit, only a clustering over the banister of painted faces inflamed with cruel anticipation, which rose to a taunting yell when Edward touched the door-handle. I don't know what they did when the door opened to him, for I was racing downstairs for my life. Yes, for my life! You didn't see their faces.

Edward was waiting outside for me, prepared, if I didn't emerge, at once to return for me.

"Opposite ways, Charley!" he gasped, and was off at a speed that promised escape. I obeyed him, hoping to escape by my unimportance.

But the landlord, who was first out, made a fast pack and a slow, despatching, as they emerged, those whose figures suggested pace after Edward, and the others after me. Edward was hunted by the big-booted comedian, who ran in his socks, Lancashire Lucas, the door-keeper and a soubrette; I by Mahomet Cassim, the refined sword-swallower, the Scotch Contralto, the landlord and the serio-comic sisters, with Professor Palmer, carrying his highly-trained hedgehogs, as whipper-in.

From the first Edward and I had the legs of them; but the unlit deserted back streets, where the chase started, were bounded by garish high-roads, into which we dare not emerge for fear of the hue and cry, so there was nothing for it but to keep in this parallelogram of darkness until we had run our pursuers to an absolute standstill. In a maze of mean streets and crazy alleys (not a blind alley amongst them, luckily), we ran and walked and ran again, taking nearly every turning that offered, never far from one another, sometimes running almost abreast in the parallel streets. Often I was nearer to Edward's pursuers than to

my own. Once I found myself overtaking them, an awkward predicament, because, at the moment, the serio-comic sisters had me in view, and in answer to their screams the fast pack, in a most unsporting way, faced round to stop me. I must have been caught if Edward, who had run so fast to lose touch with his hounds, had not appeared round a turning fifty yards ahead, racing *towards* us. He turned at once, but the view hallo had been given, and I was forgotten completely, even the serio-comic sisters being drawn away after nobler quarry. My other chasers, now straggling into sight, however, continued to trail me.

And now the packs began to thin out, and soon the parallelogram was strewn with vaudeville wreckage, panting against railings, or sitting gasping for breath upon kerbstones. They took no notice of me even when I passed them at a walk. The Scotch Contralto was still going, animated, presumably, by the hope that sooner or later I should overlap her. I heard no other sound, not even Edward's footfalls. No doubt he had left the parallelogram, as I must also, making for the Dockford High Road. I passed Professor Palmer seated on a doorstep, counting his hedgehogs.

But I wasn't to reach Dockford High Road yet, for a whole crowd surged from it towards me, headed by Edward and an arm-in-arm couple, whom I rightly guessed to be Cyril Dayle and his sweetheart. What a tale they had to tell! It seemed that Dayle's own benefit having taken place at Dockford Music Hall, he had got it into his head that Edward's was to be there, and had had his bills and tickets printed accordingly, stating further that the hour of starting was nine, Dockford Music Hall being a two-shows-a-night hall, and benefits being invariably given the second house. He and Miss Long, his young lady, had sold a prodigious number of tickets, and there had been a great scene of confusion at the Dockford, but a number of volunteers were now at the entrances sending our people along to the Apollo.

"Perhaps we shall find it locked up," said I blankly.

But the telephone had put this right. There remained the reassembling of the artists, and Dayle secured this, like the resourceful soldier he was, some followers being despatched at a run to guard the outlets from the parallelogram, others to scour the dark streets and alleys inside it. Broken-winded vaudevillists were gathered from the most

unlikely spots, Mahomet Cassim being discovered asleep in an area.

The curtain went up at nine to a packed audience. Everything went with a bang, and nothing better than Edward's "knot" song. When he promenaded between the verses, lifting his hat (gamboge now) to his imaginary flames, kisses were blown to him from the directions he thus honoured, and he was given a double encore. Which proves he had been right all along in maintaining that the seven-and-sixpenny exclusive song was a winner if he could get his top-hat the right colour. Even Cyril Dayle, who, of course, was the great smoke in that house packed with his friends, didn't go beyond a double encore. By any impartial audience he would have been given "the bird."

I got an encore, but so did many others; indeed, it would save time to mention those that didn't—Professor Palmer, of course, his turn being so long; the Scotch Contralto, who didn't recover her breath all the evening; and Mahomet Cassim, either because people thought that he had swallowed as much sword as was good for him, or because Dockford found his refined sword-swallowing act too refined.

But I must tell you about the big-booted comedian. His name was Cogers, and he turned out to be a most jolly man and not too refined for anywhere. You may remember that he chased Edward in his stockings. When Professor Palmer emerged from the hall he tripped over Mr. Cogers's cardboard boots, which had been left just inside the door, and fell, spilling three of his hedgehogs. He saw two and retrieved them, but the third escaped unnoticed, the Professor not discovering his loss until, the chase abandoned, he sat down on a doorstep to count them. The lost hedgehog was little Albert, the Infant Phenomenon, a mere baby, but the most highly trained of them all. The poor man cried and cried. When Mr. Cogers came on to the platform now, he tripped over his own feet (one of his most original effects, Edward says) and then gave a yell and dragged off his right boot. Holding it upside down, he shook it, and out dropped—Albert. Oh, what a scene it was, laughter that shook the roof giving place to deafening applause when Professor Palmer, with Albert in his hand, kissed Mr. Cogers on both cheeks. The spilled hedgehog must at once have run into the boot and hidden in a large swelling over the big toe, an enormous comic bunion, and gone to

sleep there until the comedian's stumble aroused him. You never saw anyone so funny as Mr. Cogers became. He kept breaking off his songs to empty out his boots. At other times he would scratch himself and then send the accompanist off to ask Professor Palmer to count his hedgehogs again.

It *was* a splendid entertainment, and what do you think was the net profit? (Net means after you have paid all expenses.) £59 14s. 6d.

The following evening we took this round to the Vowkeses. Edward said he had got up an entertainment in a distant part of London to pay the cost of curing a consumptive lady (whose name was never mentioned) by sending her to the Engadine. Every word of this was true, and if the Vowkeses inferred from these true words that the money wasn't just a present from Edward, we couldn't help it, could we? Mr. Vowkes was very glad of the money, and he didn't pretend he wasn't; but in another way he disappointed us. We had gone round to gloat over his delight, as you do over that of some birthday hero to whom you have given an extra swanky birthday present. But instead of showing us his great joy, the organist began to tremble, and ran out of the room. Of course he thanked Edward tremendously afterwards. Mrs. Vowkes disappointed us permanently. Having heard so much about heaping coals of fire on enemies' heads without ever having seen it done, we were very curious as to how persons who had coals heaped on them took it. Mrs. Vowkes wasn't conscious of coals of fire. Instead, she declared she would rather this had come from Edward than from anyone, because he had always been her favourite.

"Then why did you have him turned out of the choir?" I asked bluntly.

"I! It was the Rector. You see, all through the service he keeps his eye on the choirboys, and if there is the least inattention he reports the offender to my husband. Poor Edward has been reported scores of times. Of course, while he was singing so wonderfully Mr. Easthorpe could do nothing, but the moment Edward's voice broke, out he must be put. How I begged Mr. Easthorpe to carry him over the growly period. But you know what the Rector is when he makes up his mind."

So that was that. Edward hadn't blessed a persecutor, after all, and would have to begin all over again and find a way of

blessing the Rector. But you mustn't think we weren't both very pleased to be helping.

I must skip four months (which I understand is a very wrong thing for a short story teller to do) and describe our meeting with Mrs. Vowkes at Victoria Station on her return from the Engadine. Edward had bought a large bunch of violets to give her, in that going one better than old Vowkes, who was beside himself with excitement and delight, and kept telling us again and again the story of the miraculous healing of the right lung. When Mrs. Vowkes sprang out of the carriage, looking prettier and years younger, Vowkes said:

"There she is, Edward, your handiwork. What do you think of it?" I don't think until that minute Edward had realised what

a splendid thing he had done. The greatness of it knocked him over, and he forgot his prepared speech of welcome, and stood blushing and grinning just as I should have in his place.

There was only one fly in the ointment, the thought that he had forfeited his only means of providing for his old age, and that, rather oddly, was removed after we had seen the Vowkeses off in a cab, and were walking homewards. In the window of a public-house I noticed an announcement of a comedian's "grand annual benefit."

"You see that, Edward," said I, "his *annual* benefit. It isn't like a county cricketer's benefit, that comes once only in a lifetime. You can have another benefit when the time comes to provide for your old age."

A CHILD'S GARDEN.

OH, there's lots of things in my garden,
It's as big as big can be!
But Gardener says that nothing'll grow,
'Cos most of it's under a tree.

But Mummie says everything's lovely,
And when the summer comes
I'll pick her the very best of my flowers,
'Cos we're tremendous chums!

There's heaps of things in my garden!
I do so hope they'll grow.
I pull them up to see sometimes,
'Cos they are so very slow.

I'm afraid my rose tree's dying—
And I water it twice a day!
I cut off some of the roots last week,
'Cos they seem to be in the way.

There's going to be two chrysanthemums,
A yellow one and a brown,
But I'm not quite sure 'bout the daffodils,
'Cos I think they're upside down!

But Mummie says everything's lovely,
And Dad says "Wait and see,"
And Gardener says that nothing'll grow,
'Cos most of it's under a tree!

G. R. W. OLVER.

THE CABRIOLET

By MARJORIE BOWEN

Author of "Stinging Nettles," "The Viper of Milan," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. R. SKELTON

JOURNEY THE FIRST, 1760.

THE cabriolet spun down the well-kept road between Versailles and Paris; two big Danish dogs ran in front to clear the way, the coachman flourished a long whip that sometimes flicked the ankles or shoulders of pedestrians who were not deft enough in leaping aside.

The cabriolet was so modish and elegant that everyone turned to gaze after it. It would certainly create a new fashion; it was closed, and the upper portion was pale lemon, the lower portion and the great wheels black. A gilt-and-scarlet coat-of-arms glittered on either door; the horse that so prancingly drew this delicate carriage was of a gleaming white colour in the May sunshine.

The one occupant carried such a large bouquet of pale lilac that the clusters of tiny blossoms blocked the windows, and she could not be seen.

With gay jauntiness the cabriolet swept into Versailles town and stopped before a flat-fronted pink house with white pilasters and white swags of fruit. The little black page leapt from the box and let down the step.

Mademoiselle Hyacinthe de St. Hilaire descended, holding high the mass of lilac. It was tied with turquoise ribbons that fluttered behind her. Her dress of white lace was like a handful of foam, and her rosy hat was as a shell tilted on her loose curls.

Friends came out of the house and admired the cabriolet. How exquisitely made it was! How finely upholstered with lemon-coloured velvet! How beautifully swung on the leathern straps! How commodious, fashionable, and elegant was the whole design!

Mademoiselle St. Hilaire went upstairs to her cool, beautiful room, where the glitter of all her gold and silver ware was dimmed by the shadow of the jasmine and roses that overhung her balcony, so that the blue

damask-hung room was like a grotto beneath a pool, deliciously shaded by greenish and limpid darkness.

It was late afternoon. Beyond the balcony the garden was still, under the radiance of a western sun, banked with flowers, with a thicket at the end and tall Italian trees, with a fountain casting up delicate pearls of water.

Mademoiselle de St. Hilaire changed her frock. While she robed, she told Victorine, her maid, of her visit to her aunt in Paris, and her sitting to the Court painter, and how he was painting her as "Hebe" feeding an eagle from a golden platter.

"And, Victorine, I was thinking, the while he and Madame, my aunt, chattered, if only I could get on the back of the eagle and be carried far, far away!"

"To England, Mademoiselle?" asked Victorine slyly.

The evening came, purple and joyous. There were lutes and violins in the house, and in the garden nightingales. The stars are as brilliant as a great lady's jewels, save where the rising moon blots them from the sky.

Guests move about the house, that glitters in a thousand points, crystals, gildings, sequins from the soft reflections of a thousand candles, but Mademoiselle de St. Hilaire is in the garden with one who is no guest, but who has scaled the wall like a thief, and crouched hidden behind the syringa bushes and the tall plots of lilies. She had crept out in her cunning night-blue velvet, that hides her from all spies, and her black lace thrown over head and shoulders.

Clasped close, wincing away from the encroaching ivory moonlight, they whisper their eternal love, their eternal woe—she the daughter of a peer of France, a proud, a cold, a hard man, he a young English esquire come to Paris in the train of an English Ambassador.

"Do you love me?" she said. "Do you love me?" And he could hardly distinguish her voice from that of the nightingale.

"Do I love you?" he answered. "Oh, my darling! Yet who am I to tell you that I love you, when your father's lackeys cast me from his door?"

And they hid their young anguish among the lilies as the mounting moon discovered them. She clasped her frail hands round his strong, proud young neck, she clung to him with tender desperation.

"Take me away, oh, my love! Take me away, oh, my dear!" She pressed her face on the lace at his breast, she felt his pounding heart, and the nightingales sang mournfully to the distant lament of the lutes.

"Will you come with me to England?" he asked, and his voice quivered with hope. There was an English village where he was *something*. His mother, his brothers, his tenantry would stand by him. From English soil he could defy even the King of France himself.

In sighing whispers they made their mad plans, then dragged themselves apart, he to disappear in the darkness, she to return to the slow melody of the pavane which she trod gallantly with the man who was her destined husband and the object of her perfect hate.

A few days later the lemon-coloured cabriolet again set off on the Paris road; there was a string of diamonds in the coachman's pocket, and the black boy had been left behind. Mademoiselle de St. Hilaire had the rest of her mother's jewels sewn in her bodice, and a frivolous travelling-case and a pathetic-looking bundle on the seat beside her; and as the cabriolet neared Paris she trembled and prayed, and shivered and glowed.

The cabriolet flashed through poorer quarters than great ladies usually graced, and stopped before an inn called "Mon Plaisir," where a likely young fellow in a travelling coat walked up and down, biting his handsome lip in agitation.

There were only a few loungers about, and these took no particular notice of a gallant springing into a modish cabriolet and drawing the blinds closely after him; and the black wheels spun round again and the elegant carriage rattled away over the cobbles.

As he drew the blinds she cast herself into his arms. "Is it true? Are we really going away together? Oh, my Edmund, answer me!"

Esquire Dockura took the little creature to his heart and strove to be manly and composed (they were neither of them twenty years old). He told her of the arrangements he had made—of the inn on the Calais road where his friend and his horses were to meet them, of all his hopes and schemes, and the dear, dear home he had, and how they would all love her in England.

But she was not much concerned with this. It was joyous to have him beside her, to be thus closed away from the rest of the world, to lean against him, to trust him, to know they were driving away, away.

Swiftly went the cabriolet, when he wished to peep beneath the prudent blinds, but in accents of terror she implored him to be cautious. A man's hand at the window, a man's face glancing out, and they were lost indeed!

The cabriolet stopped. "Are we there already?" cried the girl, and "What has happened?" exclaimed the youth.

The elegant door was pulled open by her father's lackeys. The coachman, who had betrayed them, had driven them back to the flat pink-fronted house in Versailles with the white pilasters and white wreaths of flowers.

Upstairs waited the two Dukes, her father and her betrothed.

JOURNEY THE SECOND, 1793.

THE Duchesse de Sangeaunis stood at her window, listening to a distant sound that was neither wind nor thunder, but had the threat and volume of each.

The room behind her was dark and empty, cold and cheerless; the heavy furniture cast deep pools of shadow, the heavy pictures looked blank in their frames.

As the room became darker, darker, as the fine bright sickle of the new moon rose above the dark house-tops opposite into the steely blueness of the December sky, the distant shouts faded into a far-off muttering, and Madame de Sangeaunis left the window and lit a candle. As she placed this on a low cabinet of tulip-wood, the faint beams fell on one of the portraits, and called forth from the shadows the sparkling likeness of a young girl in a white lace dress, carrying a bouquet of lilac tied with turquoise-coloured ribbons.

The pretty, smiling face gazed out from the canvas above the bowed head of the tall sad woman in the plain gown, whose white hands were pressed above a brow where the grey threads mingled with the chestnut curls.

Through the silence the bell of the outer gates clanged. The Duchess instantly sprang up and put out the candle, and stood waiting, alert, in the folds of the long violet curtains.

A step sounded in the courtyard below. Ah, the gate had been open, then!

Madame de Sangeaunis moved from her hiding-place; her movement of concealment had been more instinctive than reasoned.

The footsteps halted; a man's tread, steady and sure; a firm blow was struck on the door.

The Duchess, with a proud shrug, opened the window and stepped on to the balcony.

"Eh, well, who is there?" she asked.

"Madame—good Heavens, it is the Duchess!" A masculine voice, eager and pleasant, speaking with a foreign accent, came strongly through the dusk. "Are you alone. May I come up?"

"It is Richard Dockura," she said quietly. "Now, what made you think of coming here?"

"I saw the candle. I heard you had all left Paris. I wondered——"

She went down and let him in. They came up the dark stairs to the dark room, and she again lit the candle, now drawing the heavy curtains across the windows. Once more the fair face of the portrait gazed out across the shadows.

"It must be three years," she said, "since you were at the Hôtel Sangeaunis."

"But I have never forgotten," he replied.

She looked at his fine young strength, and her lids drooped over the weary eyes. "Are you safe?" she asked. "It is dangerous to be in Paris now."

"As an Englishman I am safe. I have my passport. But you?"

"Ah, Mr. Dockura, I live here very quietly. When I can, I will get to Normandy, perhaps to England."

"The Duke?" he asked.

She was the child and the partner of a loveless marriage; she looked away.

"He has joined the Austrians. He thinks me safe. My brothers, my father, my cousins—all killed."

"And you live here—alone?" There was horror in his tone.

"No, I live in the very quiet rooms with Annette, my old *bonne*, but I came back to-night to fetch some—papers—I don't know——" she finished listlessly.

"The people are sacking empty houses to-night," said Mr. Dockura.

"I know. That is not news."

"You must let me take you away."

She did not answer.

The man's eyes went to the portrait.

"How alive that looks to-night!"

"My poor mother? Yes. She looks so happy. And I, somehow, never remember her as happy."

"It is a lovely face."

"I was very young when she died," said the Duchess, gazing at the painted face, "but she told me—what do you think? That the year that portrait was painted, when she was still Hyacinthe de St. Hilaire, she was in love with an Englishman."

He laughed uneasily.

"Then there is some bond between us, Madame. My father fell in the war when I was a little lad, but he always loved France. I have inherited that."

"Some bond," repeated the Duchess.

She rose. They were standing very close together; the fluttering candle-light picked them out of the vast dark room.

"How strange," she murmured, "that you of all men should come here to-night!"

"How strange that you, of all women, should be here to-night!"

They stared at each other.

"Let us go," he said, and she: "I feel as if all this had happened before."

She took some jewels out of the desk and put them in the bodice of her dress, she fastened her cloak and quenched the candle. The portrait of Hyacinthe de St. Hilaire was absorbed in darkness.

As they traversed the wintry streets, he told her that this was her best chance of leaving Paris. He had friends at one of the barricades, and he would smuggle her through as—ah, they must think of some disguise!—and there were friends again, and English, waiting for him to join them at the first halt on the Calais road.

"My daughter," said the Duchess, "is already in England; she arrived safely with her aunt. You remember her?"

"That little child! Like your mother, too, Madame."

"Yes. I have named her, you know, Hyacinthe."

At Mr. Dockura's inn his servant was impatiently waiting; they had missed the stage, and a coach had been difficult to find. However, Jaspar, knowing his master was resolved to leave Paris as soon as possible, had contrived to hire a cabriolet from a posting stables.

And there it stood waiting for them, elegant, jaunty, lemon-yellow and black.

only a little out of fashion, only slightly cracked and dusty, worn and battered.

Mr. Dockura explained the Duchess to Jaspar, who climbed on the box, and the

mittent glare of the street-lamps they gazed into each other's faces.

"Oh, my love, my love, in the happy days I did not dare!"



"Lantern and flambeaux
cast angry flares on them."

cabriolet rattled towards the gates of Paris. On the shabby velvet cushions the woman leant back, clasping her heart.

"All this—I seem to remember," she murmured, "the motion—you and I together in a lemon-coloured cabriolet. *Mon Dieu*, what am I saying?"

"I don't know," he answered, with a kind of soft violence. "I recall something—thwarted, ended suddenly——"

He took her cold hands; in the inter-

"Oh, my love, my love, I have thought of nothing but you since you left me!"

"I was but one of your acquaintances, an obscure figure in your sparkling *salon*."

"No, all the world, all the world!"

"Tell me your name, my darling!"

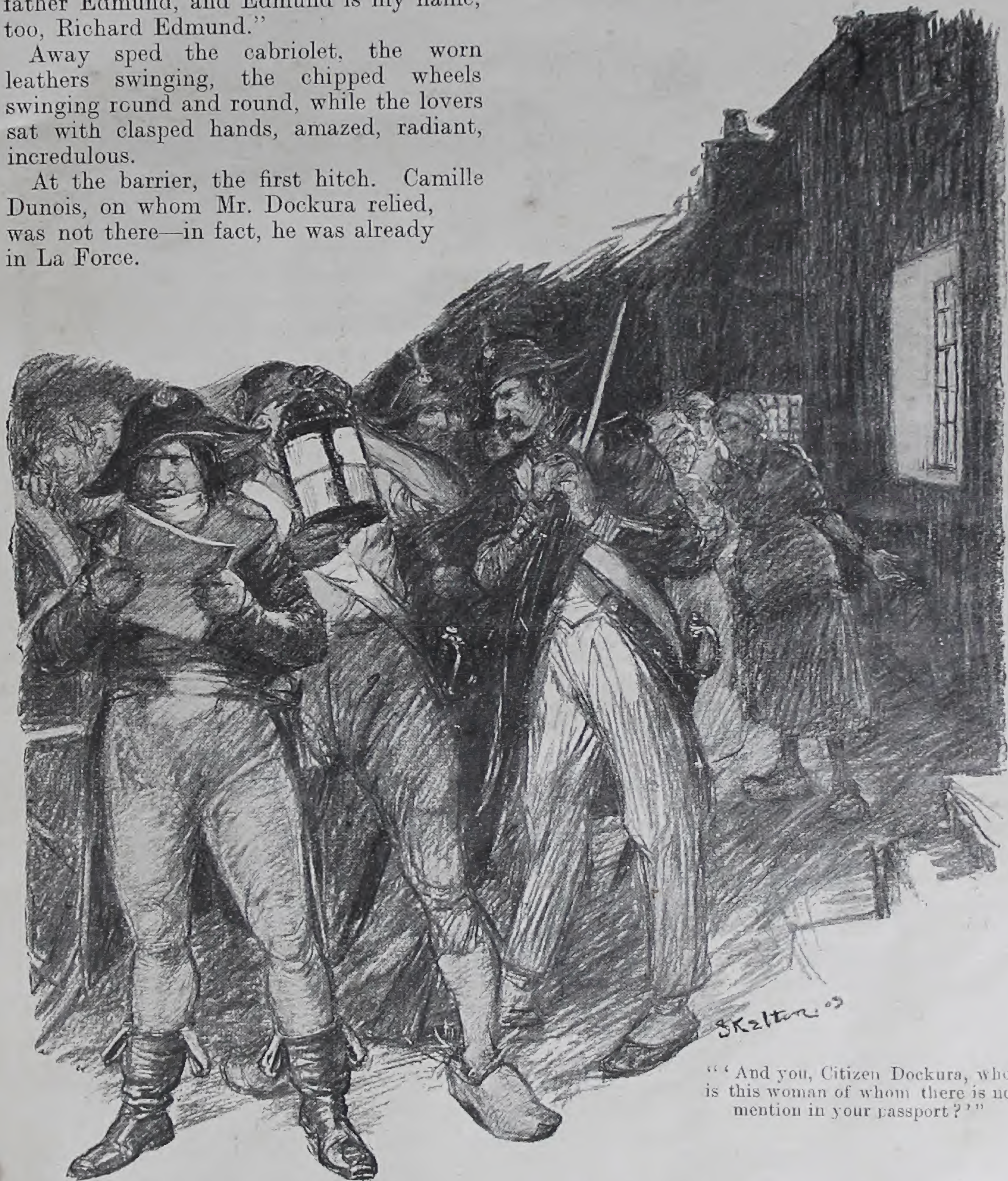
"Do you not know my name?" she smiled. "It is Edmée."

"Edmée! That makes me think of my father Edmund, and Edmund is my name, too, Richard Edmund."

Away sped the cabriolet, the worn leathers swinging, the chipped wheels swinging round and round, while the lovers sat with clasped hands, amazed, radiant, incredulous.

At the barrier, the first hitch. Camille Dunois, on whom Mr. Dockura relied, was not there—in fact, he was already in La Force.

arms under the first coat of lemon paint; he is for smashing the cabriolet as an aristocrat, the citizen-owner, driving, fiercely protests. There is a scuffle, oaths, shouting.



"And you, Citizen Dockura, who is this woman of whom there is no mention in your passport?"

"And you, Citizen Dockura, who is this woman of whom there is no mention in your passport?"

Lantern and flambeaux cast angry flares on them, the crowd hem closely round the gay sides of the little cabriolet. One of the citizens, sharp-eyed, sees traces of a coat-of-

Then in the pale face of the woman so coldly facing her enemies someone recognises a suspect.

"Edmée de Sangeaunis, wife of an *émigré*."

As they try to drag her out, Mr. Dockura fires, and someone else fires, and Edmée falls

at his feet. As they drag him off raving, as they pull away Jaspar, battling like a bull, the citizen-owner is angrily mopping up the blood that is staining the faded yellow seat.

JOURNEY THE THIRD, 1860.

"MAMMA, I vow and declare that he is paying attention to the governess! You may not believe it——"

"It is indeed incredible," said Mrs. Hilton, looking round at her three blooming daughters, as they stood ready, in bonnets and cashmere shawls, for the croquet party at the Hall.

"Everyone says so," added Miss Amelia.

"He has eyes for no one else!" cried Miss Adelaide.

"I think she has bewitched him," said Miss Amy, with a half sob.

Mrs. Hilton did not trust herself to speak; she, too, had seen awful, not-to-be-ignored signs that the young Squire, the best match for miles around, was really fascinated by the plain middle-aged governess at the Rectory. And a year ago, before this lady made her appearance, Mrs. Hilton could have sworn that the coveted prize would really fall to the lot of one of her girls.

"It is indelicate to be discussing such things," she remarked at last serenely.

"Yes, mamma," said all three girls together.

She marshalled them before her into the big family carriage; they lowered veils over their bonnets and put up tiny parasols against the heat of the August sun.

Thomas Dockura was so charming to his mother's guests that even Mrs. Hilton began to think that it must be a mistake about the governess and that, after all, dear Amy. . . .

It was Amy who found the heat excessive for games and who had to be entertained in the house. With infantile simplicity she turned the conversation to France.

"Would you not greatly like to go to Paris, Mrs. Dockura? I understand it is a city both instructive and amusing."

"A trip to Paris would hardly be a diversion suitable for one of my years, my love," smiled Mrs. Dockura, "and my husband had such an aversion to the city that I never went there in my youth. You see, his father had been in La Force during the Revolution of 1789, and never recovered from the experience, I believe."

"Oh!" said Miss Amy. "And were not Mademoiselle Vesey's grandparents killed in that same Revolution?"

"And who, my love," demanded the elder

lady, with icy sweetness, "is Mademoiselle Vesey?"

"The governess at the Rectory," replied the girl, blushing.

"Ah, my memory is bad for the names of that kind of person."

"She is quite superior. She was formerly with Lady Meugham."

"I hope," said Mrs. Dockura darkly, "Lady Meugham was satisfied. But really, my pet, we are getting upon low topics."

When the croquet party was over, Thomas Dockura wandered across the summer fields towards the Rectory. At the end of the Rector's orchard he paused.

She was there to meet him—a figure very erect and fragile in her ugly heavy gown, with her close-banded hair and massive brooch, and hands—he thought—the colour and texture of hawthorn blossoms.

"I have only an hour," she said in a low voice.

"This slavery!" exclaimed the young man angrily.

They turned together, two sombre, bowed figures, across the flowering fields, where the meadowsweet was waist-high and the poppies were beginning to redden the corn.

"This must be the last time we come for these walks," said Mademoiselle Vesey at length. Her English was pure, but her accent markedly foreign. "I should have stopped them before if I had not been weak, Mr. Dockura."

"Is it all being made so difficult for you?" he asked miserably.

"Very difficult. These good people take me for a sort of servant, and they think it a great presumption for me to be friends with you." Her dark eyes looked at his confused countenance; she was pale in the depths of her shabby bonnet. "And you," she added, with a smiling pride, "know very little about me, except that I must earn my living. And I suppose you will have heard queer stories—about me."

"Never! Never would anyone dare——"

Mademoiselle Vesey continued smoothly, as if he had not interrupted.

"My father was the Comte de Vesey, who made his living as a dancing master, my mother was the daughter of the Duc de Sangeaunis—both he and his wife were killed in the Revolution of 1789—on each side, you see, *émigrés* of a family now extinct, save in me, and in me, penniless and very obscure."

"You are better born than any of us," he

said quickly. "I guessed as much—your look, your carriage——"

"The women hate me," she said simply. "I cannot stay here—better in London, where there are other poor foreigners I may meet."

The man was silent. He thought of her as mistress of the Hall. How gracious and lovely she would be! How he wanted her! How he yearned for her! But he was afraid. He thought of his family, of his neighbours, and he was afraid. To conceal his heart he made uneasy conversation.

"My grandfather was in Paris during the Revolution, was even thrown into La Force. He was a very sombre, taciturn man, and never spoke of his experiences."

"One would not," said Mademoiselle Vesey simply.

They had made a circle through the fields, and now came out on to the sunny high-road near the white-fronted inn. A little cabriolet stood at the door, a poor dilapidated old cabriolet, patched and mended and clumsily repainted.

"This is a queer little carriage," said the lady. "Do you know it gives me a curious feeling when I see it?"

"I believe it is French," replied Mr. Dockura. "My grandfather is supposed to have brought it from Paris; but he never used it, and it became so old-fashioned that my father gave it to the inn, and they find it convenient to hire to the rustics for their merry-makings."

"Poor little cabriolet!" said Mademoiselle Vesey wistfully. "Think of who may have sat in that, Mr. Dockura!"

She paused and placed her hand on the yellow side. "I should like to ride in it—just once," she pleaded. She looked over her shoulder as she said this, and for a second Mr. Dockura had an impression of a woman radiantly lovely, adored, exquisitely dressed, looking at him with love in her eyes.

"We will ride in it together," he said quickly. He spoke to the ostler, and told him to drive them to Darley, where there was a fair. "I will buy you a fairing," he added, as he handed her into the cabriolet.

It was lined with coarse brown cloth, the cushions were burst and hard, the windows rattled, and the new springs were clumsy, but gallantly and gaily it rattled down the long, peaceful, dusty English road.

"My ancestors rode in carriages such as this," said the lady. "I have the names of two of them—Edmée, my grandmother, and Hyacinthe, her mother."

Thomas Dockura looked at her wildly; he was oppressed by a sense of loss and desolation, of yearning and frustration. "I remember so much," he murmured, "that never happened to me."

"I do also," she said quietly. "I've been here before—with you—do you remember?—lilacs—and then—— *Mon Dieu*, what happened?"

"Each time we lost each other," he answered under his breath. "I lost something twice."

They sat side by side, close together, their dropped hands fell into each other's palms, and they did not know it. Thomas Dockura lost sense of time and place; he could not have told where the cabriolet was bearing them so swiftly, who was the woman by his side. The summer sunshine that fell athwart the windows filled him with a sense of poignant sadness that was almost unbearable, but the presence of the woman whose hand he touched stirred him to great depths of joy yet blurred by unfathomable yearnings.

They reached Darley and stopped at the entrance to the fair, where the gay pennons of the booths fluttered against the golden blue sky of late summer afternoon, and knots and clusters of gay and happy people wandered among the ropes and pegs of the tents that disfigured the worn grass, and joked with the battered clowns, and fed the piebald ponies with sugar and carrots.

Mr. Dockura and Mademoiselle Vesey descended from the cabriolet and walked slowly, as if drugged by enchantment, through the sweet summer air rent by the cries of charlatans and jugglers. The woman was the first to recover herself.

"That ride," she said, "made me forget many things. I think it took me back to very long ago. I thought all the time of Paris and beautiful troubles. But now I must remember what I came to tell you, Mr. Dockura."

They wandered apart from the noise, at the back of the tents, where the children of the strolling players rolled about with the performing animals.

The man looked keenly and wistfully at his companion. How graceful she was, how charming, how desirable, even with her faded youth, her ugly clothes!

"I am leaving the Rectory," she added, "and returning to London."

His handsome face grew troubled.

"There is a gentleman," continued Mademoiselle Vesey, "who is willing to

marry me—a M. Franchion, one of our little colony. He has a great gift for glass-making, and earns a comfortable income with his tiny factory."

"But you do not love him?" asked Mr. Dockura.

"I respect him very much," she answered. "He is old—a friend of my poor father."

It was his chance. Why should he let her go? Surely long tiresome years had brought them together—surely they belonged one to the other with deep ties and strong bonds.

He turned to take her hands and ask her to be his wife, when he saw through the tents the laughing, sneering face of Jack, Amy's brother, who was lounging about with a couple of companions.

Thomas Dockura at once saw his behaviour as it would appear in the eyes of his own class. This woman was a foreigner, neither young nor pretty, an adventuress, for all he knew. They would, of course, laugh. And he had taken that ridiculous cabriolet from the inn. Of course they had seen him. He flushed deeply, and his words choked in his throat.

"Let us go home," said Mademoiselle Vesey swiftly. "Let us go home."

Stiff and embarrassed, he conducted her to the entrance to the field. "I must really go and see some friends of mine——" he began.

She looked at him tenderly, as if she understood and pitied his cowardice, his denial, his betrayal.

"I will go alone," she interrupted. "It is better *vis-à-vis* your friends——"

"The cabriolet," he said awkwardly, "that will take you——"

"Oh, no!" She shrank away. "Somehow—oh, I don't know—it seemed perfumed with blood!"

THE HALT, 1923.

"I HOPE the man's some good, Riggles," said Nancy; "the last two architects were both duds."

"I'm sure I can't see why you don't leave the place as it is," retorted Riggles, furiously knitting a primrose silk jumper. "I find it quite comfortable."

Nancy lit another cigarette. "But your pose, Riggles dear, is to be decorously old-fashioned. I happen to want a covered tennis court, a swimming bath, a ballroom, and a few little things like that."

"Why didn't you think of that when you bought the place?"

"You *know* how it appealed to me," replied the girl reproachfully. "I felt as if I was *meant* to be the mistress here; but, of course, it is too small."

"You've too much money," said Riggles severely.

"Well, you're not a pauper," responded Nancy.

"When does your architect arrive?" asked Riggles, shaking out her jumper.

"Now, I hope—the feast waits." She glanced at the opulent tea-table. "I hope they'll send the senior partner, not some wretched article clerk."

The man-servant showed in a tall young man, announcing: "Mr. Dockura."

Nancy, a slim creature in a white slip of a tennis frock, put down her cigarette and held out a cool hand.

"How d'you do? This is my aunt, Miss March. I'm Nancy Franchion—Franchion's glass works. I've got a lot of money, so you're safe to do what you like with the old place. I bought it three years ago. Rather fancy it, but there's lots to do to it. You're the junior partner? Have some tea?"

She finished with a dazzling smile, slid into a cushioned seat behind the frail tea-table, and began to pour out the sparkling tea.

The young man smiled also. "Yes, I'm the junior partner," he said. "I generally get this sort of job."

"You're pretty good?" queried Nancy.

"Extraordinarily good," he said.

They all laughed.

"You see," remarked Miss March, "how spoilt, rude, ill-bred and tiresome Nancy is. I'm sorry for you, Mr. Dockura."

"I see," he replied, "but I'm interested in the house."

"Are you really? I am, too, though it is ugly, isn't it?"

Nancy handed him opulent cakes.

"It belonged to my family," said the young man.

"To your family?" she exclaimed. "But I bought it from a Mrs. Grant."

"Oh, it has changed hands frequently during the last forty years. My grandfather sold it. His wife was a Miss Amy Hilton, of Hilton's Bank that crashed, and the old boy had all his money in it. Of course I shall find it awful fun pottering about the old place."

"But I don't want any pottering," said Nancy. "I'm extremely efficient."

"Portrait of a modern young woman," remarked Riggles.

"So am I," said Mr. Dockura, eating macaroons. "I say, it's jolly being here. I suppose you've got lots of the old lumber, too?"

"Lots," replied Nancy, swinging her jade chain. "Ancestors and such-like atrocities. We're a decent family, aren't we, Riggles? But, being glass-works, father thought he'd like a place that would give us *ton*."

"My ancestors?" asked Mr. Dockura.

"Lots," replied the lady again. "I've got no pictures of mine, so I fill the gallery with yours. We're self-made."

"But we can trot out a duchess and duke or two," said Riggles.

"French Revolution, horrid fate, guillotine, powder, minuet, you

it? At the Rectory. Somewhere about 1860. Poor as a rat. Her mother was Mademoiselle de Sangeaunis, the daughter of the Duchess of that name, who was, or ought to have been, I've no doubt, guillotined. We simply went to bits. Father's side, too, but grand-



know the recipe—like the kind of play you go to see, but wish you hadn't."

"I'm awfully keen on the French Revolution," announced Mr. Dockura. "And you're really French, then, Miss Franchion?"

"My grandmother was—she used to be a governess in this village. Can you conceive

"It makes me think of my girl with the lilacs," he remarked."

father, when he was shockingly old, began to make a success of the glass-works——" She stopped suddenly and, dropping her flippant manner, added: "I wonder why I am telling you this?"

"I'm wondering, too," said Riggles. "Such a snobbish display I've never heard you guilty of before."

But the two young people were looking at each other.

"It's awfully funny," he said, "but you're just like an old print I've got at home. I bought it in the Charing Cross Road for twopence—a kind of a French eighteenth-century thing."

"Who is it?" asked Nancy almost sharply.

"I don't know," he admitted ruefully. "There is no name on it. It's just a girl with a bunch of lilac tied with long ribbons, and a little hat——"

"And like me," finished Nancy. "Perhaps an ancestress—who knows?"

He had been there a week before his sketches were anywhere near in order, or the first rough plans anywhere near indicated, but what he had done pleased the wilful young woman, so early orphaned, so grotesquely wealthy, very much. She had been meaning to fill the house with visitors before Easter, but she put them off and devoted herself to considering the additions the architect proposed to the Hall.

She showed him, rather forlorn in the attics, his ancestors, ugly old paintings of no value. One was named Edmund.

"We had a tradition in our family about that name," she added. "Some far-away grandmother was in love with an Edmund—I believe an Englishman—and she made some kind of a vow to have the name perpetuated in the family. Why, even I am called Edmée, but no one could stand it, so I'm Nancy."

One day she stood beside him as he was examining the old stables. "Do you simply hate this?" she asked bluntly. "Doing this work for a stranger on a place that used to be yours?"

He looked at her with a frank smile on his pleasant face. "Of course I feel friendly to the old place," he said, "but it went before I was born, and I'm happier as I am than tied up with this—nowadays."

They walked together across the spring fields as Thomas Dockura had walked with Mademoiselle Vesey, with Amy Hilton, sixty years before, and as one day they skirted some disused barns by some hopfields, he pointed out a queer-looking object by a pond.

It was a battered old wreck of a cabriolet without shafts, with the wheels fallen flat either side, with the hood in tatters, with the paint flaked away and the woodwork cracked.

"That poor old cab," said Nancy, "it used to be kept in the inn stables. I suppose it wasn't worth houseroom, so they've just turned it out."

"It looks jolly old!" he exclaimed. "Look at the shape of the thing—like a sedan chair, now it's without wheels. I wonder how it ever got to a place like this?"

They crossed the summer grass and walked round the miserable derelict.

"It's full of bogies, I expect," said Nancy.

"It makes me think of my girl with the lilacs," he remarked, "think of her in this——"

He pulled open the rotting door and gazed into the tattered, mildewed interior. There was a smell of decay, of damp, of death, but the decay, the damp, the death of flowers, of beauty, of love.

The girl peeped over his broad shoulders. She shivered slightly, the manners of her little moment vanished from her; she was just a woman, like Hyacinthe St. Hilaire, like Edmée de Sangeaunis, like Claire Edmée Hyacinthe de Vesey.

"Look at the old velvet rags on the seat," she said in a low voice, "the under-lining. Ah, stained, too!"

She stepped aside and looked at him through the broken window.

"Like that," he said, "like that, with the flowers under your face."

She sank back on the ragged seat, frightened. "I've been here before," she whispered. "Do you remember——"

But she could not remember herself; her mind became confused, and she gazed blankly.

"Isn't your name Edmund?" she asked, with a puzzled frown.

"Of course, and yours Edmée?"

The wheel came full circle as the yellow cabriolet at last sheltered their complete, their free, their happy kiss.



THE AFFAIR OF KALAUK. THE SKILFUL HUNTER

By ALAN SULLIVAN

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES CROMBIE

IF you journey by way of the Fox Channel and Boothia Gulf, turning north along the edge of Beaufort Sea, you will come to the place where Kalauk, which being interpreted means the Skilful Hunter, sat in the lee of a wind-whipped rock and stared thoughtfully at the Arctic Ocean. At a little distance Kinniuk, the Orphan, played industriously with the bleached skulls of five square flipper seals. For the rest of it, there was an apology for a tent, made of walrus hide, Kalauk's skin-covered kayak, lifted delicately beyond the reach of the waves, a spear or two, three lean and mangy dogs, a battered, up-ended sledge, and that was about all, except the Arctic Ocean.

But Kalauk was not conscious of anything being missing, for nothing was missing. All his stock-in-trade was here, everything by which he and the Orphan survived and wrested subsistence from land and sea and ice. He wondered sometimes how Kinniuk would fare if he were cast on his own resources, because the boy seemed interested in all but hunting and fishing, which was a serious handicap for an Eskimo youth. Also, at the moment, Kalauk was racking his wits to contrive how he would get along that coming winter with three dogs instead of four. Now, the way the fourth had gone was by virtue of a disagreement with a Polar bear, whose hide was by this time in Dundee, being carried thither by the whaling captain who happened along just as the row was over. Presently the father of Kinniuk made a little noise in his throat, whereat the dogs glanced at him suspiciously out of the tail of their narrow eyes, for this was summer-time, in which all the dogs of the North are doubly treacherous.

"We shall go to-morrow," he said briefly.

The Orphan balanced one shining skull

on the other till he had built up a grinning pyramid. "And where shall we go?"

"Anywhere the seal and salmon are to be found. I shall take the kayak, while you and the dogs take the shore."

"And the tent?" put in Kinniuk anxiously.

"If the weather be fine, I shall take the tent also; but if not, it shall be yours to carry. Have I not said this same thing to you many times already?"

Kinniuk only grunted. As a matter of fact, he had heard the edict pronounced ever since he could remember. He also knew that nothing was quite so hard to bear, and nothing made him quite so furious, as to go stumbling over rocks and hills for endless miles with that shapeless lump balanced on his shoulders, and watch at the same time his father skimming along a mile from shore with only an occasional stroke of his long double-bladed paddle. Then there were the dogs. He confessed privately to an aversion for dogs, which in itself was an extraordinary thing for an Eskimo of any age. And it seemed now that he spent most of his life with them, which was perfectly true, because there was no other society whatever. The real trouble with Kinniuk was that he felt unutterably lonely, and did not know it. His mother had died years before, when the woman's oomiak, or skin boat, had capsized in a bay of Ellesmere Island while they moved camp in the absence of the hunters; and since her Urnak, or guardian spirit, had appeared several times to her husband with warnings of what would happen if he took another spouse, it was very unlikely that the latter would take any chances whatever in this intimate business.

"How far do we go this time?" said the boy sulkily.

"Till you reach the spot where I shall be waiting for you," was the placid answer.

Kalauk did not say anything more, but chewed contentedly at the last fragment of the last square flipper seal he had killed. There were more where that one had come from, so he did not worry; and even should he not kill for the next few days, he was fat enough and oily enough to exist for a considerable time without serious discomfort. What he really wanted was another dog. And there were no females left in his team after that incident with the Polar bear the winter before.

About noon on the following day Kinniuk flung himself down on a ledge that overhung a long, narrow bay, and fixed his black eyes on his father's kayak, that danced lightly from wave to wave something more than a mile distant. He had never seen anything quite so effortless in his life, though he had seen it many times before. The boy himself was exceedingly hot from the awkward weight on the small of his back, and the dogs seemed possessed of many devils. The naked country all round was shimmering in the bright sun of the short Arctic summer, and except in the lee of the ridges there was no shade. He dared not leave the bundle of walrus skin for an instant, or the dogs would have got at it. Presently the nearest of them put a long, quivering nose into the air, sniffed at something that crept into his black, expanded nostrils, and sent out a quick, excited whimper. In the next moment he tore off straight inland, his lean belly close to the ground, and the other two leaping after him so closely that they looked like a narrow dirty wave of yellow fur. Kinniuk blinked. He could not swear, and this for the reason that only those folk who claim to have escaped from savagery know how to swear.

From a spur of the stark hills that lifted to the southward came a wild medley of sound, in which the frenzied barking of Kalauk's team was punctuated by another note, higher, sharper, and even more wild. Kinniuk held his breath and listened, till there shot into his mind a startling thought that made him forget instantly about the bundle that was torturing his soul. And at that he dashed off, rolling, as he went, like a coal barge in a gale, for the Eskimo is built for strength rather than speed. In ten minutes he knew what the trouble was.

Squatting on its haunches in the midst of the pack was a thing which, save for the length of its legs, was half the size of the

smallest dog, and Kinniuk knew it in a minute for a wolf pup. It was not the brown wolf of the timber country far to the south, nor yet the wolf of the Land of Little Sticks, but the great, grey Arctic wolf, the terror of the North. The dogs seemed to know it, too, for even now, when it was but a quarter grown and had but a fraction of its ultimate strength, they danced just out of reach of the long jaws and sharp teeth that were already formidable. But Kinniuk saw that the odds were too heavy and the end could not be far away. The grey flanks were already torn, and a gaping cut widened in the bony shoulder.

And then a curious thing happened, for the wolf's eyes met the boy's eyes, and it seemed that in some strange way there flashed from the former a swift, proud sort of appeal. Of course, as Kinniuk instantly realised, it could be nothing of the kind, but nevertheless there sped between these two pups of the North, animal and human, that which was in some mysterious fashion mutually understood. Simultaneously, and this was strangest of all, every vestige of fear was emptied out of Kinniuk's heart just as one empties sea-water out of a skin bucket. He saw the wolf pup, and loved it. He saw the yelping dogs, and for the first time in his life despised them.

Now, it is given to some to understand, and to others to seek diligently and yet understand not at all, and this applies to both men and beasts. So if you ask how it was that Kinniuk was able to cast away all fear, and how it came that the wolf pup, when the boy had beaten back the snarling team, lurched weakly forward and, with an upward glance of narrow, yellow eyes, laid his lean head between the boy's feet, it may simply be said that the North has mysteries of its own, and the empty spaces of the world are not more devoid of wonders than the teeming city.

Thus it came that in the fulness of time the team of Kalauk, the Skilful Hunter, was made complete, but it is told along the shore of Ellesmere Island and in many a cranny of the Arctic that in the making there was much tribulation. Between Amerauk, the wolf, and the dogs there was warfare till the increasing strength of the former, combined with the sharpness of his teeth and his amazing quickness of action, brought him gradually but surely to leadership. Through battle after battle he forged steadily ahead, and, with scarred flanks and long, white cicatrices on his

bony skull, emerged the undisputed master. Kalauk stood by, marvelling, and held his peace, for it seemed that with the wolf pup the boy Kinniuk was also finding himself. It was after watching wolf pup and man pup hunt the coast cariboo that Kalauk consulted Kitamauk, the Sorcerer,

once afraid of dogs, have now no fear of a wolf? It is not many months since your courage was like the sea-water that runs away through the sand till there is nothing left."

The boy grinned contentedly. He was curled up in a shapeless mound, his fingers



"The wolf pup, when the boy had beaten back the snarling team, lurched weakly forward and, with an upward glance of narrow, yellow eyes, laid his lean head between the boy's feet."

who happened to come that way, and was told that the matter was none of his affair. Then, not being entirely satisfied with Kitamauk, whose reputation in the Beaufort Sea was somewhat questionable, he broached the subject direct on an evening when he was full of seal meat and good nature.

"How is it, Kinniuk, that you, being

playing with the long, white hair that waved on Amerauk's throat. The lank jaws were open, disclosing a red cavern of mouth roofed with black. The brute lay motionless, his yellow eyes fixed on his master.

"We understand, the wolf and I—that is all."

"But it is not written that a wolf can understand, unless he be possessed of an evil spirit."

Kinniuk shook his head. "His spirit is not evil. I think it is that of my mother which has returned. Then why should I fear it?"

Kalauk glanced at him sharply. If here, indeed, were the spirit of his late wife, there was nothing for him to fear either. His mind went back to the time when Chiooka, which means the Woman with the Round Nose, was alive, and it began to appear that he had not treated her always just as well as he might—in fact, he distinctly remembered several occasions when he had not. So it seemed uncomfortably possible that Chiooka, who was always devoted to Kinniuk, had seized this opportunity to return to earth and even the score. Kalauk had been about to venture stroking the beast, but this last reflection made him hesitate. Just then Amerauk yawned, and one could see about a foot further down his throat. Kalauk decided not to do any stroking at that moment, and Kinniuk made a little gesture of amusement.

"It is in my stomach to ask you why it is that you are afraid of the wolf, if I am not, especially should this be indeed your wife." The boy drawled this out in a voice that Kalauk found distinctly irritating. "Would my father, the Skilful Hunter, not do what I do?"

"Thou art a fool. All my life I have done that which would turn thy bones to water."

"Look," said Kinniuk, and, rolling over, took the brute by one torn ear, then, with a chuckle, thrust an oily hand straight into the cavernous mouth. Amerauk did not stir, but a quick light dawned in the savage eyes and the slaver dripped from his rigid jaws. For a moment thus, man pup and wolf pup, till, with a little laugh, the boy withdrew his slimy fingers and gave that terrible head a playful push as though to signal that the game was over.

"Will my father, the Skilful Hunter, do this? Surely *his* bones, which are more ancient than mine, will not turn to water?"

Kalauk hesitated, feeling as uncomfortable as he had the summer before, when a bull walrus decided to come to the surface immediately beneath his kayack, with results that were nearly disastrous. Also he noted that Amerauk was now regarding him with an expression remarkably like the one which used to rest on the face of Chiooka when he had been more than usually unkind. It suggested that the time was coming, and it puzzled him greatly to imagine just how a wolf could manage to

convey that idea. So, putting all things together, he could see no reason for taking any chances that might be avoided.

"It may be that thy mother, being regretful at having given birth to so great a fool as thou art, is now sorry for thee and will not bite," he said contemptuously, "and, because she had thee for a son, is now punished and made to wear the skin of a wolf. Of these things I will speak to Kitamauk, the Sorcerer, when he returns this way from his hunting."

A low growl rumbled threateningly in the shaggy throat, at which Kalauk moved a little further off, while Kinniuk laughed delightedly. "My mother says that it will be well for both you and Kitamauk if there be no more talk of this matter." He got up, shook himself, and laid a caressing hand on the lean head. "Now we go to hunt the coast cariboo, Amerauk and I, for it seems that the hunting of my father is of no avail, and we be hungry, we two together." He paused, then added meaningly: "If Amerauk should run perchance on thy spear when the night is dark and be killed, the spirit of my mother may take on another shape which would please thee even less than this one. It is well to think sometimes of these things, and to-night there will be much meat."

He strolled off, the grey shape at his heels, while Kalauk stared silently after him. The conversation had taken a most unfortunate turn. It was perfectly true that the Skilful Hunter had contemplated putting a sudden end to these embarrassing circumstances, but he had never imagined the possible results as Kinniuk now pictured them, and no man could look forward to spending the rest of his life in trying to kill his late wife every time she assumed a new guise. The whole affair was full of awkward complications, and the more he reflected, the more puzzled he got. Just then the hunting cry of the grey wolf sounded from inland, and he ran quickly to the top of the nearest ridge to watch Amerauk in action.

Lying on his stomach, he peered eastward over the great tundra, which now, in the swimming warmth of summer, was a series of long, low, rolling undulations of rock, covered partly with tufted moss and interspersed by lakes where the wildfowl reared their families with a whistling and calling and quacking that went on day and night. Between two of these lakes he discerned a small band of coast cariboo, all females who had come north, without the

bucks, to bear their young. There were, perhaps, a dozen of them, crowded close together, the calves in the middle and protected for the moment by the jostling bodies of their mothers, tawny, yellow bodies on which the new hair grew in great, smooth patches, for this was the season when fur and feather in the North discard their old coats ere donning the new ones that Nature so marvellously provides against the bitter weather to come. But Kalauk was not interested in this, which was an old story to him. His eyes were fixed on a lean, yellow-white shape that darted in dizzy circles around the terrified deer.

It seemed that Amerauk was playing with his quarry ere he struck. Faster and faster he flew, his shaggy belly close to the ground, while the terrible head, thrust straight out in dreadful expectation, and the tawny brush trailing straight behind, transformed him into a sort of arrow of destruction. He moved not as a dog moves in leaps, but in a sort of streaming rapidity that was independent of time or distance, an animal projectile, sharp of tooth and of unnamable ferocity. Kalauk waited and held his breath. What chance had anything that lived in the North, save only the white bear himself, against an enemy like this?

Presently Amerauk wearied of his sport, and, swerving like lightning, made one vicious upward stroke at the throat of a trembling doe whose body projected a little further than the others. Kalauk's eye, sharp though it was, could hardly follow, but he noted in the next moment that the doe had begun to stagger, while from the frightened calves came a piteous bleating. The group swayed, lost formation, recovered it again and huddled still closer. The large, soft eyes were fixed on the common foe, but there was nothing to fight with, and the sharp horns of the bucks were five hundred miles away in the Land of Little Sticks. Amerauk swerved again, and this time, as though in a royal and savage disgust at such helplessness, dashed straight in, fastened with one leap at the doe's throat, and pulled her down. The band wavered and broke. Came a clatter of flying hooves on the bare rock, and the big beasts dispersed in winged terror, some to the east, some to the south. In a moment the wilderness swallowed them, calf and doe, till there was left only that half-dead mound of matted hide, with the gaunt brute fastened at the torn throat. And then, most terrible of all, there rose into the throbbing silence

that note of fear which speaks of peril in the empty spaces—the grey wolf calling to the pack.

It was an hour later before Kinniuk, burdened as to the shoulders with a bloody load, tramped into camp. At his heels was Amerauk with bulging sides, and it was evident that man pup and wolf pup had both eaten to the full capacity of their stomachs. Kinniuk dropped his trophy at Kalauk's feet without a word, which the latter found particularly irritating, while Amerauk, with his black lips lifted a little, rejoined the team. The latter smelled fresh meat, looked furtively at their leader, and did nothing. Kinniuk's skin was full to bursting, and for a while he said not a word, but lay on the flat of his back, his fat hands under his oily head.

"Where will my father hunt this winter?" he hazarded after a long silence, speaking casually as though it did not really matter very much.

"It is in my mind to go to the Bay of the Black Rock, there being shallow water at the mouth of the bay where the square flipper is found. But what has a child to do with such things?"

"Perhaps nothing, but it may be that the spirit of my mother will have something to say."

Kalauk felt a sudden surge of anger at this impertinence, and put out a hand as though to take the boy by the ear, when in that second something drew his eye to the leader of his team. The beast was staring at him with just the expression of resentment that Chiooka used to wear when he lost his temper in the years that were past. At least, this is what Kalauk thought he recognised, while added to it was a warning rumble in the shaggy throat totally unlike any sound Chiooka had ever made. Hastily he withdrew the hand, wondering hotly whether in all the country there could be another Skilful Hunter in such a position as his.

"Where else would I go?" he replied, disregarding all reference to his late wife. "Besides, there be many wolves in the hills behind that bay, and it may be that Amerauk would like the company of his kind."

Kalauk threw out this last in a sort of bravado, when, in a flash, the great idea came to him. Other wolves! The more the better, for their desolate cry would drift into his camp night after night with its ghastly invitation to the leader of his team

to come out and hunt and kill, till, after a while, Amerauk would vanish like a spirit indeed and be no more seen. And after that he would be well content with only three dogs. The more he thought of this, the more he liked it.

"Are you answered, O wise one?" he concluded sarcastically.

Kinniuk nodded. "We are content, Amerauk and I."

by winnowing their marvellous flight thousands of miles to the south, and when the lakes and pools were stiff and glazed, and snow had begun to gather in the hollows of the naked land, Kalauk made camp in the Bay of the Black Rock, and spent much of the night listening for those wild voices which would surely come before long from the dark hills in the east. Then in the small hours of a dead, still morning they did come,



"The lump detached itself and waddled towards his igloo."

Now, this was the way of it, and in the days when fur and feather made ready for the bitter weather, the former by putting on their winter garments and the latter

faint but unmistakable, and instantly drifted back the answer of Amerauk with a wild and savage fervour that made the blood run cold.



"Then he saw that it was a woman."

"It will not be long now," whispered the Skilful Hunter to himself, and rolled over and slept.

Thus began a strange season in which Kalauk knew not whether he was dealing with dog or wolf or devil. When morning broke, the brute was always there, but often it was plain that he had filled his belly meantime. No man saw his comings and goings. He was still leader of the team. He did not shirk his work, and pulled with the best of them. But if the days were Kalauk's, the nights were his own. Kinniuk would sometimes say that he had heard Amerauk hunting the night before, then

take the great head between his knees and stare curiously into the formidable eyes. By degrees Kalauk learned not to notice things, but was conscious of being watched with a ceaseless vigilance. The situation had begun to burden him heavily, when one day there grew a dark speck far out on the field-ice, and an hour later Kitamauk, the Sorcerer, drove his panting team into camp. Kalauk breathed a sigh of relief when he saw who it was, and, as Kinniuk happened to be out with Amerauk, the Skilful Hunter at once opened his heart to the wisest man on the Beaufort Sea. Kitamauk, chewing stolidly, listened unmoved, save only for an

occasional flash of his small, black eyes. He had known Chiooka. Presently he gulped down a final fragment of raw and frozen seal meat.

"It is written that the spirit of any man or woman may return to earth, having first chosen the shape it will take, but of many such happenings this is the most strange."

"Have I not said it is strange?" replied Kalauk impatiently.

"That is true, but you have not seen that the strangeness is because Chiooka, having once been a woman, now takes the form of a male wolf."

Kalauk started. "I had not thought of that."

"There can be but one reason, which is that while she was a woman she was so unhappy that she has refused to be longer a female of any kind."

"But if indeed she does not like me, why, then, does she stay and pull my sledge?"

"It is not for you, foolish one, but for Kinniuk that she stays. Also there may be that she has forgotten, and returns thus to perform it."

Kalauk felt more than ever uncomfortable, and put a greasy hand on the other man's knee.

"Then you, wise one, shall tell me what I must do, for there is not anything I would not do to put an end to this, since it makes a sickness in my stomach. Nor is there anything I will not give thee, even to the knife I have from the captain of the whaling ship, and the carved tusk that Cunayou, the Image Maker, gave to Chiooka many moons ago. Speak, therefore, because I hear the voice of Amerauk in the wind, and, like the wind, he comes quickly."

Kitamauk seemed undisturbed. "A thought rises in my mind like the square flipper seal to his air-hole," he said composedly. "Is there not left any of the tobacco of the bark of the red willow which you had from the Yellowknife Indian who fished on Dead Walrus Island?"

The other man choked a little. There was some left, but he had not thought it worth while mentioning.

"There is still half the bag, and it will be thine if the thought in thy mind shall keep on till it gets to the surface. What is this thought?"

Kitamauk shook his head, and just then Kinniuk shuffled into camp with Amerauk at his heels. He stared at the Sorcerer, and said not a word, but the wolf extended a long, sharp, black nose that wrinkled

suspiciously, then made a little sound deep in his throat. Kitamauk stood his ground, and the tenseness of the moment was passing, when Kinniuk gave a laugh, and, at a gesture, the beast disappeared. The Sorcerer glanced after it, and a wrinkled smile spread over his aged face.

"I would smoke now," he said briefly.

He left next morning, divulging nothing further before he struck off over the field-ice save that he would shortly return for the knife, the carved tusk, and the remaining tobacco. With this Kalauk had to be content.

A week passed in the Bay of the Black Rock, and it seemed to the Skilful Hunter that the leader of his team was becoming more human at every nightfall. When the team was wanted, Amerauk was in his place without a word of command. Out on the ice the long whip thong never touched him, because he never earned it, also because Kalauk had qualms about flogging the spirit of his late wife. So tractable was the beast that he wished that Chiooka had displayed more of the same engaging qualities before she departed. As to the other dogs, Amerauk lorded it over them with a sort of royal disdain. They stirred not till he had selected the lump of seal meat he desired, then slunk forward, tails between their legs. Thus peace reigned in camp so long as dogs and man attended strictly to their own business. But always the brute was watching. Kalauk dreamed of him when he slept, and the belief grew in his mind that Amerauk was waiting, waiting for that which was yet to come. As for Kinniuk, the boy only grinned. He was happier than ever before in his life.

On the afternoon of the seventh day another speck appeared on the hard horizon, and presently Kitamauk's team scrambled over the rough shore ice. The Sorcerer ran alongside, while a shapeless lump balanced on the lurching vehicle. Kalauk stared till the lump detached itself and waddled toward his igloo. Then he saw that it was a woman. Instinctively he glanced over his shoulder, as he often did now, at Amerauk. The beast was erect, legs stiff, lips lifted, and the long hair on his spine standing up like the back fin of a spring salmon. But, which was most amazing of all, the woman only laughed.

Kitamauk motioned her into the igloo, and, with Kalauk, crawled in after her. When they were seated, he coughed importantly and spoke thus:

"It is without question that the spirit of Chiooka inhabits the body of the wolf that follows thy son, and, being that of a woman, is therefore more troublesome to deal with. So it came to me that the only way was to call upon another woman, who is the more likely to understand, we being but men, you and I. Thus it is that I have brought my sister Kasiaga, the Flat Face, for whom I have not been able to find any use these many years."

Kalauk looked at him in wonder. The face of Kasiaga was undoubtedly as flat as an ice-pan. Also her teeth were nearly gone, the few remaining ones being worn and broken from the interminable chewing of much walrus hide. Her skin was like old brown leather, and as tough as a whip-lash. What powers had such an one, marvelled Kalauk, to charm away the spirit of Chiooka? He could understand her brother not finding any use for her. Then Kitamauk's dry tones came in again.

"It is written that while a woman, or even the spirit of a woman, will stand much from a man, she will not stand anything at all from another woman. Why this is I do not know, but it always has been thus since the world began, whereof the place is not far from here. Also, since I myself am tired of the Flat Face, I bring her to thee for a wife, and if after this thou art troubled further with the wolf Amerauk, you need not give me the knife and the tusk and the bag of Yellowknife tobacco. I have spoken."

Kasiaga croaked like an amused raven, but Kalauk gasped. He did not want to marry again, especially a thing like this. And what would Kinniuk say? He pushed out his lips, tried to speak, floundered, then made an ineffectual gesture.

"It has come to me in a dream," continued the Sorcerer suavely, "that you should be very thankful. Otherwise Amerauk will without doubt demand soon that by right he shall sleep in thy igloo beside thy son. Furthermore, if thou attempt to kill, the spirit of Chiooka may inhabit next the body of a white bear."

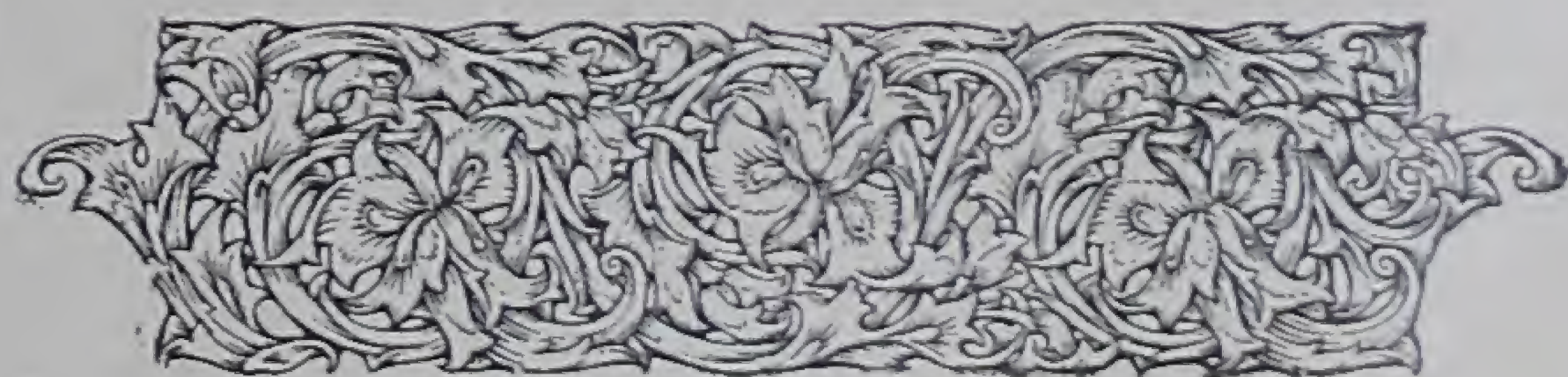
Silence fell beneath the icy dome, and Kasiaga looked more ugly every minute. But she would not be as difficult to handle as a jealous wolf. Kalauk had to admit that. He was still wavering when Kinniuk pushed in on hands and knees, glanced sharply at the Flat Face, and turned to his father.

"Who is this woman?"

At that there rose a raucous laugh, and Kasiaga, seizing Kalauk's dog-whip, crawled into outer darkness. The three stared at each other, speechless, knowing that Amerauk prowled close to the igloo. For a moment all was silent, till suddenly the sound of much tumult filtered through the icy walls. Kasiaga's voice lifted high in a wild, threatening cackle, punctuated by the stinging hiss of the twelve-foot thong. With it came the voice of Amerauk, but in a new note that yelped and complained, whimpered and whined, all at once. Kinniuk gasped with astonishment. Then the wolf-cry swelled into one long, heart-broken, despairing howl that thrilled to the heavens and grew fainter and fainter till it died mysteriously toward the eastern hills. After that the frenzied barking of Kalauk's team, for the dogs, it seemed, were in hot pursuit. Finally the entrance darkened. Kasiaga re-entered, flung the whip on the skin-covered floor, and fixed the Skilful Hunter with a beady eye.

"I had not thought to marry any man, being old, so perhaps it is well that I marry a fool. All men are fools, and whether thou or my brother be the greater it does not matter. He told me a tale that made my stomach turn over with laughter, but there being a husband at the end of the story, I did not laugh outright. The spirit of Chiooka was not in the wolf, but the spirit of great foolishness was in both of you. The wolf is even now seeking others like himself, though it is in my mind that a man is not so easily cured. However, we shall see. Now I am hungered, so give me seal flesh. I have spoken."

She grinned contentedly, showing a lean throat and a broken row of rusty teeth.



THE HOUSE ON THE COMMON

By A. M. BURRAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY P. B. HICKLING

IT was by no mere accident that Harklaw arrived at the Royal Hotel, Fortmouth, during the time that the hotel was giving shelter to Molly Rydal and her mother. On the fifth and last occasion when Molly had gently but firmly intimated to him that she would just as soon contract an alliance with a Mormon elder, he had promised that he would never purposely put himself in the way of seeing her again. If he broke his word, I will leave the blaming of him to those who own a higher moral standard than mine. For my own part I prefer to say that some promises are harder to keep than others, that some promises are never meant to be kept at all, and that if humanity and perfection were interchangeable terms, I know of at least one story-teller who would be compelled to throw up his trade and lead a useful life.

Mrs. Rydal, good, charitable soul, who had a sneaking regard for Harklaw, and thought her daughter had treated him badly, regarded his arrival as a coincidence. Molly Rydal would have given a great deal to make sure.

Certainly Harklaw's behaviour was perfect. He was not absurdly distant, nor was he obtrusive. He did not appear dismal, nor did his normal cheerfulness take on an appearance of bravado. He went his own way, but did not elaborately avoid opportunities of talking to mother and daughter, particularly to mother. He still called Molly by her Christian name; only callow youth, scowling and morose, could have done otherwise. In short, his behaviour was so abnormally normal that it distressed Molly's mother—who thought that the dear child had lost the love of a good man—and gave Molly herself considerable food for conjecture.

"He doesn't care for me any more," she thought. "I'm so glad!"

Yet it is likely that she was not so much glad as conscious that she ought to feel glad. Having raised her foot to spurn the worm for the sixth time, it was a little annoying to find that the worm had wriggled away into the safety of the long grass. Harklaw sought no private interviews with her, suggested no moonlight strolls. He dressed in rather vivid tweeds and plus fours, went to the links after breakfast and again after lunch, had got his handicap down to six and was childishly proud about it, and talked the jargon of the royal and ancient game. Molly, who had previously looked kindly upon golf, began suddenly to detest it.

Having regard for the fact that Harklaw was still as anxious as ever to provide Miss Rydal with a new name and prefix, I am at a loss to account for his conduct, and can only throw out suggestions. Possibly it was some new campaign too deep and subtle for my understanding. Possibly he subscribed to a theory that he had best put himself unobtrusively in Molly's path from time to time, and let the Fates provide him with the opportunity of winning her. The Fates are sometimes kindest when we tell them our aspirations and leave the rest to them, and the divinity which shapes our ends may well resent our own clumsy efforts at carpentry. Also he knew enough about women to be aware that his own magnificent indifference was as a thorn in the flesh.

However these things may be, it would seem that the Fates appreciated the subtle compliment he had made them in leaving it all to them and engineering nothing on his own account, for they provided him with the time and the place and the loved one

all together, not to mention Mr. Mortimer Bigstraw, yet to be introduced.

It happened that when Harklaw had been in Fortmouth for just a week he felt a slight soreness in the forearm, and decided to forego his afternoon round of golf. As yet he knew nothing of Fortmouth but its principal shopping street, the sea front, and the golf course. Hills, yellow with gorse, rose high above the cliff-tops, and set him dreaming of solitude and cooler breezes. Accordingly he set his back upon the sea, and climbed hills until he came upon a windy common, with chalk roads winding among heather and gorse and bracken,

trees, and in the near distance, half visible through the foliage, a white-fronted house. A board, leaning over one of the gateposts at a tipsy angle, announced that this desirable residence was to be let or sold, and gave the name, in large white letters, of the firm of estate agents in Fortmouth which was commissioned to dispose of it.

To find a house "To let" was in those days sufficient of a phenomenon to intrigue Harklaw's interest. Empty houses had always fascinated him because of their peculiar atmosphere of loneliness and mystery. He might or might not find a caretaker or an open window; at least,



"It would be difficult to say which of the two was the more astonished."

with the sea far below, a mist of blue and silver.

Harklaw wandered aimlessly, busy with thoughts which are no affair of ours. The common was almost, but not quite, unspoilt. In spite of it being a common, there were houses there, some old and some which looked like brand-new Noah's Arks, and bore witness to the activities of those who dealt in bungalows and building sites.

Wandering afield from a spot which threatened to become a colony, Harklaw found himself on lonelier and even higher ground, thickly wooded here and there with fir trees and beeches and silver birches. A wooden fence rail encircled a plantation, and, following it, he came in time to a drive gate and an unkempt drive wandering between

there were the gardens for him to wander in. He pushed open the creaking gate and sauntered down the drive.

On the edge of the plantation, before the trees gave way to an open space in front of the house, he found the rotten framework of a swing, and speculated as to what children had once played in the ruined garden around him. Having a morbid strain in his nature, he visualised boys who had been killed in the War, and old folk who had crept away from their pleasant country home into penurious obscurity.

The gardens, now weed-grown and unkempt, wore an air of once having been well tended, like some poor vagabond who had seen better days. Plantains and

dandelions and daisies grew among the long grass on the lawns. He could imagine them smooth-shaven and a hydrant playing, and the music of a lawn-mower. Flowers still grew among the weeds in the beds, and bedraggled rose-trees climbed a distant pergola.

He found a little round summerhouse, with a thatched roof shaped like a sugar-loaf hat, and a spike on the top, and sat inside while he lit and inhaled the first few puffs of a cigarette. He was all in tune with the brooding melancholy of the place. This life was a sad business, and the world a poor sort of place for disappointed men. What was it Chaucer had made Arcite say in his dying speech? Something about "What asken man to have? Now with his love, now in his colde grave, Alone, withouten any companie." Bad enough, but what about the poor men who had been denied their love?

Self-pity tempted Harklaw, but, recognising the whining wretch in time, he thrust him away, and rose up, deciding that he would see the inside of the house, if that were possible. It was not a large house. It had, indeed, begun life as a cottage, and had so far reached a status midway between that of a large farmhouse and a "desirable family property." Many architects at different periods had moulded its future, until it had been able to boast of ten bedrooms and a second bathroom.

Harklaw rang the front-door bell three times to summon a problematical caretaker. None answered the summons, and he rightly supposed the house to be empty. Walking around to the back, under the sightless stare of empty windows, he found a door which gave under his hand, and stepped into an empty scullery with a kitchen beyond.

The kitchen door gave access to a square inner hall, with a narrow outer hall and the front door beyond. A narrow oak staircase with a high balustrade climbed to the floor above. The place was warm, but smelt of desuetude. In broad shafts of sunlight streaming through high windows millions of atoms were at play. Ghostly echoes of hollow footfalls mocked his tread, as he crossed the hall and peered into one living-room with a marble mantelpiece, and into another living-room with an oak mantelpiece. Another and a smaller room, morning-room, study, or library, took his fancy, and he spent a long minute furnishing it out of some mental repository with cedar shelves and deep leather chairs.

Upstairs he found a maze of bedrooms, built on such a plan that he could not be sure, without blazing a trail, how many there were, nor if he had entered some half a dozen times and others not at all. The house had caught him in a strange spell, for which, had he analysed his feelings, he would have been at a loss to account. He was still exploring when, down below in the kitchen, a bell jangled.

Harklaw started as if a hand had fallen upon his shoulder. He was full of that sense of awe which an empty house imparts. There, in the quiet of the afternoon, daylight ghosts had been dogging his steps, whispering inaudibly in his wake, nudging and pushing noiselessly at his elbow. The old themes of the fairy tales, witches' houses set among woods, enchanted cottages which ensnared lonely travellers, had taken on faint colourings of possibility. And now that summons to the front door! From whom came it? For whom was it intended?

For one brief moment he was startled. Then he laughed at himself and understood. Some chance passer-by, attracted by the board, like himself, wanted to see the house, and, like himself, had tentatively rung the bell. The obvious and courteous thing to do was to go down and open the door, and explain that there was no caretaker, but that the house was open.

He went swiftly down the stairs to the front door, drew a rusty bolt at the top, pulled back the catch, and threw the door wide open.

On the other side of the threshold stood Molly Rydal.

II.

It would be difficult to say which of the two was the more astonished. There was Miss Rydal, plucking at the fingers of her gloves, expecting to encounter a caretaker, and trying to look as if something more than idle curiosity had brought her to the door. There was Harklaw, expecting to encounter some mature and respectable citizen in search of a residence, and half prepared to find a ghost upon the steps. Both uttered appropriate exclamations.

Harklaw was the first to recover. "Won't you come in?" he asked suavely. "So kind of you to come and see me so soon. The house is in rather a state. No furniture and not a carpet down yet. Still, you don't mind taking me as you find me. My home is always—er—I mean, always open—"

She was staring at him incredulously. "You haven't taken the house, Geoffrey!"

she exclaimed, with a kind of muffled indignation.

"Very well, Molly," he responded meekly, "you know best. But come in and have a look round."

"Have you?" she insisted, crossing the threshold. "The board's still there."

"Ah, of course, the board! Some day soon stout minions will arrive, drawn up in column of route, and the foremost will bear that board away like a banner. Here we have that which agents have conspired to call a lounge hall. On my right the staircase. Those wiggly things beside it are the banisters. You see, I am beginning to know the house already."

"Whom have you taken it for," she asked coldly—"Edith Wyatt or Gwen Farquhar? I take it that this is a preliminary step to matrimony."

He shook his head. "Certainly not. I am never going to marry. I shall live here alone in these dark rooms, brooding over the past, and eking out my time by trying to tame the goldfish. As a matter of fact, I—er—I haven't taken the house at all—yet."

"Ah!"

"But I'm certainly going to, some time in the future. Somehow I feel that this is just the house for me to come to when I'm a lonely old man, to spend the twilight of my days."

Molly looked at him strangely with half a smile. "Really!" she exclaimed. "How strange! That's just what I was thinking myself."

"What? That this would be a suitable house for me in which to drag out my lonely last years? That's uncommonly good of you, Molly. So thoughtful! I'd no idea that you took any interest in the future."

"I don't," she answered coldly. "I was just thinking that the house would suit *me* for the same purpose."

"How extraordinary! Two minds, *et cetera*. But we can't *both* spend our declining days here. It wouldn't be proper. But I don't suppose you'll want it when the time comes. You'll be a stout matron, with a fat stockbroker for a husband, and a taste for afternoon bridge."

The girl eyed him scornfully and turned her head. "I shall never marry," she said. "I dislike the idea of *belonging* to any man. I don't dislike men as men, but I have learned in time to distrust them."

"In that case," Harklaw said, "you may want the house, after all, and I suppose I ought to give way to you. Wait a moment,

though. I'm nine years older than you, so my declining days will start first. Also, women live longer than men on the average. In the ordinary course of Nature I am due to peg out about sixteen years in advance of you. You'd better let me have the house first. Then you can move in immediately after the funeral. I don't know that I won't do the handsome thing and leave it to you."

She looked at him with a new expression in her eyes. For some reason, almost unfathomable, she was hurt. The idea of Geoffrey dying sixteen years before herself was novel and painful. Not that she cared two pins about him, of course. . . .

"Do you really think, Geoffrey," she asked, "that I shall outlive you by sixteen years?"

"Mind," he returned, "I guarantee nothing. But if you look after yourself in middle life, and avoid dietetic mistakes, there is no reason——"

She made a little sound expressive of contemptuous annoyance. "Oh," she exclaimed, "please stop! I know when you're joking. What's this room here?"

"This," he said, holding open the door for her, "is going to be my study. There I shall be seen sitting at my desk, poring over my little store of relics—old dance programmes, a handkerchief I managed to steal, a wonderful letter I once had from a girl named Molly Rydal, who was very nearly fond of me for a time, and once sent her love to me. When your turn comes, Molly, you won't mind living here with the ghost of an old admirer?"

She started with a half-affected shiver. "Oh," she exclaimed, "I can't bear ghosts!"

"But I'd be such a kind ghost, Molly. You'd only feel my presence when you were lonely. (A little slow music here, please. Thank you.) And I'd never show myself, or clank chains, or groan in the chimney. I'd be just a protective influence, keeping the pipes from freezing in the winter, and scaring away burglars. You wouldn't mind the ghost of a man who once loved you, Molly?"

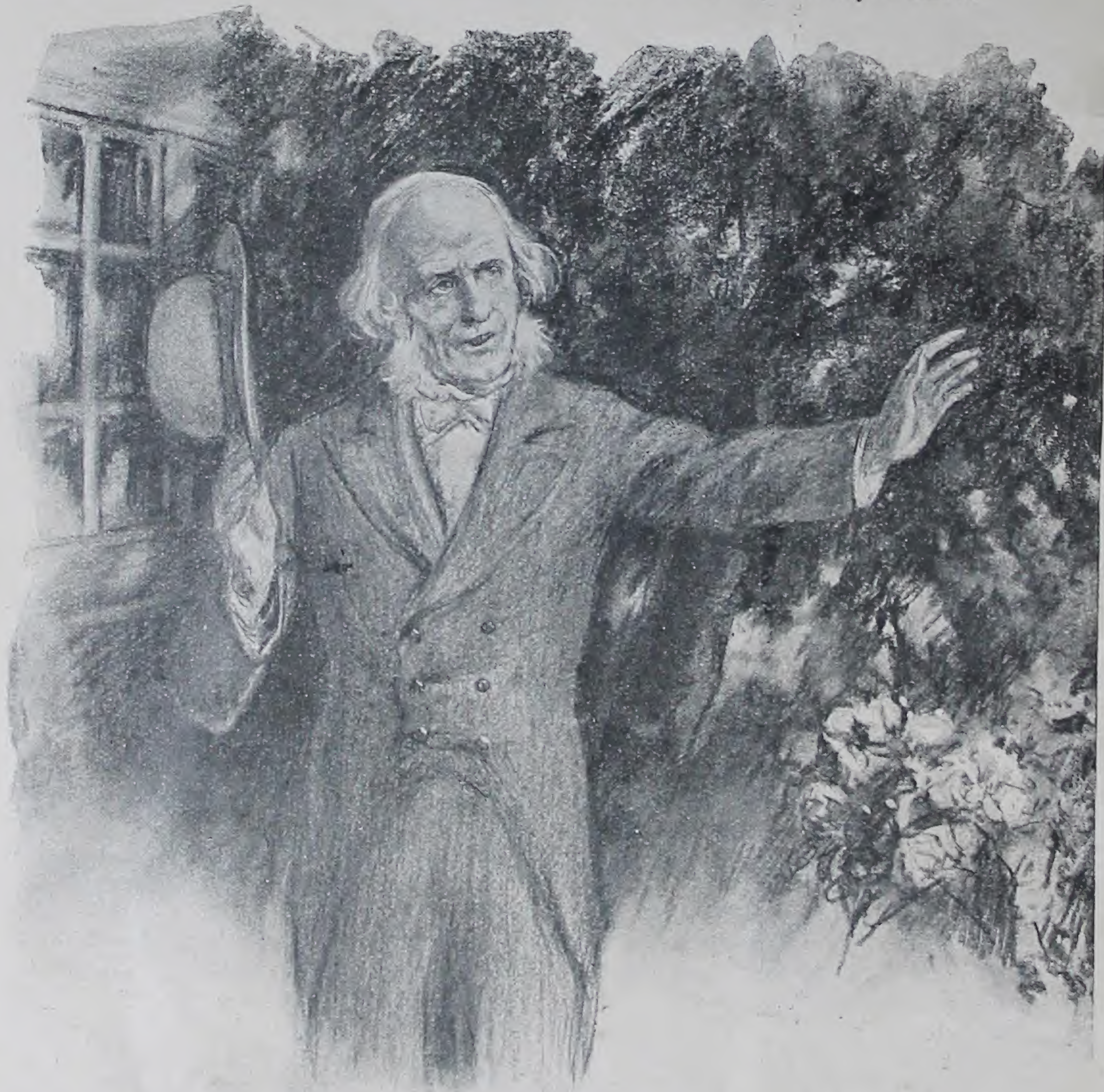
"Once loved me!" she exclaimed. "I know your sort of love. You've been carefully showing me, all the time you've been at Fortmouth, that I never really mattered anything to you!"

"My dear girl, what am I to do? I have already made you an honourable offer of marriage——"

"Five," she corrected, with suppressed triumph.

"Very well, then. Five honourable offers of marriage, all of which you declined with a firmness which would have deterred a canvasser for encyclopædias. This after you had half confessed a preference for me. In the circumstances——"

wouldn't come. You preferred dancing, and you told me yourself that any performing bear could give me points at that. Wasn't it natural that I should seek some amusement on my own account, while you were being bunny-hugged by some beastly little anthropoid? What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, you know."



"An old man's blessing follow you all your days . . . And don't forget—no oilcloth!"

"Yes, and in the circumstances you were running about with other girls, taking them to theatres and dinners—girls whom I shouldn't like to call *quite* ladies. And at the same time you were declaring undying love for me!"

Harklaw shrugged his shoulders. "My dear old thing," he expostulated, "I'd much sooner have taken you out. But you

The girl turned her shoulder upon him. "That strain of vulgarity in you has always been an embarrassment to me," she said. "Let's go and look at the garden."

"Straight on and through the kitchen," he directed.

She took elaborate pains to change the subject. "So curious," she said to him over her shoulder, in a bright conversational

tone, "that we should both have found our way here on the same afternoon. Mother was too tired to come out for a walk, so I came out by myself. It's so unusual to see a house to let that I couldn't resist coming in to have a peep. And I found you instead of the caretaker. Poor old house! Isn't the garden in a state?"

light-brown trousers were tight and uncreased, his coat long and cut with a tail, and he wore a Gladstone collar, a cravat, and the sort of bowler hat which was the last word in fashion at the time of the Diamond Jubilee. A luxuriant growth of whiskers dated him still further back.

While Molly and Harklaw stared at this



"Neither Molly nor Harklaw had the heart to tell him that they were neither engaged nor likely to be."

Preceding her around the angle of the wall at the back of the house, he came suddenly to a halt. It seemed that somebody else had been attracted by the board, for an elderly gentleman, with bent head and hands clasped behind him, was slowly pacing the back lawn.

III.

THE stranger cut an eccentric figure. There was a Victorian look about his clothes. His

apparition, the apparition suddenly became aware of their presence. The eccentric-looking stranger removed his hat with a sweep and made an obeisance deep enough to satisfy an Eastern potentate.

"I give you good afternoon," he said. "You will have come to see the house?"

"We were—er—just looking over it," Harklaw said.

"Just looking over it," remarked the stranger aloud to himself. "Good-looking young couple. Very good-looking young couple. Edwin and Angelina. Angelina and—ah!—Edward. Oh, dear me! Ah, Youth, Youth!"

He advanced towards them.

"A charming house, is it not? I regret that there is no caretaker. For certain private reasons I do not care to employ one. However, I shall be delighted to act in that capacity. Husband and wife, you will permit me to ask?"

"No," muttered Harklaw, taken aback.

"But going to be. Oh, most certainly going to be. Ah, Youth, Youth! Nesting-time! The spring of the year! Youth, Youth!"

"May I ask if you are the owner of the house?" Harklaw asked. "In that case I should wish to apologise for being here without a permit."

"No apologies are needed, sir. I am more than delighted to see you. Mr. Edwin—Miss Angelina—permit me to introduce myself, Mr. Mortimer Bigstraw."

"My name is Harklaw, sir."

"That makes no difference at all to me," retorted the stranger almost severely. "I shall not remember it. You are Mr. Edwin. She is Miss Angelina, and about to be Mrs. Edwin. Youth, Youth! Nesting-time! Spring of the year! Ah, yes!"

Neither of the young people could think of a word to say to him, but Mr. Bigstraw allowed no uncomfortable pauses.

"So you want my little house?" he said.

"Well, well, consider it settled. Must have a house. Nesting-time. Spring of the—My good sir and lady, we are very well met. I have been waiting for years for such as you. Youth, Youth! Tell the agents a purely nominal rent—a purely nominal rent for Edwin and Angelina, tell them."

"I'm uncommonly grateful to you, sir," said Harklaw, "but really we haven't decided——"

"No, Edwin—you will forgive the familiarity of the dropped prefix—no, Edwin, you may not have decided, but I have. Have you not wondered why so charming a house is on the market? I will tell you. There is no lack of would-be tenants or purchasers, but the landlord has his little say. And I have said 'No' to all of them. Why? Because Youth and Love must dwell once more in this sad old house."

He broke off and fell to muttering about Youth and nesting-time and the spring of the year.

"Many have wanted to buy or rent my old home," he resumed, "but I have said 'No'—men and women without souls, who do not know the meaning of love and laughter. But you, so young, so handsome, so deeply in love—you will forgive an old man's freedom of speech—you are the couple to grace the little house where I brought home my own little wife close upon forty years ago."

Both Edwin and Angelina—to give them their new names—had been struggling with embarrassment coupled with an inclination to laugh. But the old man had changed suddenly from a figure of ridicule to one of pathos. He brushed his eyes with his hand and repeated—

"Forty years ago!"

He coughed, blew his nose violently, and proceeded. "Youth, Youth! The spring of the year! I have never had the heart to live here since I have been alone. But on fine afternoons I love to wander here, and often I fancy I see my little wife tripping towards me down the garden paths as she did in the good times past. As the poet Swinburne says: 'I send my love back to the lovely time.' Tell me, did you see a swing among the trees in front of the house?"

"Yes," said Molly in a choked whisper.

"It is all rotting away now. I set it up for my poor little wife. I used to swing her there on summer evenings when the rooks were going home. I can see her now, in pink and white muslin, with her great broad-brimmed garden hat. Like a portrait by Gainsborough she looked, swinging there against that background of garden and trees. Such a happy little house it was then. Happy little house, and happy little garden! Youth, Youth! Somehow you two remind me of her and me as we were then. So it is no wonder—is it?—that I should wish you to live here in our stead. We go in our time, but Youth and Spring are eternal. Youth, Youth!"

He wiped away another tear. Molly was conscious that her own eyes were moist, and Harklaw felt far from comfortable.

"Let me show you the house," said Mr. Bigstraw in a subdued voice. "Every room is fraught with memories of my dear little wife, except, of course," he added unexpectedly, "the new bathroom!"

They followed him mutely inside, and in the kitchen he seemed to see his late wife.

among the maids, superintending the household duties. He saw her in the hall, helping with Christmas decorations. He pointed out in the dining-room the spot where she used to sit at the end of the table. Still in his eyes she was in her chair on her favourite side of the drawing-room fireplace. The little morning-room had been her own sanctum; he described the flash of her needles as she plied them in the light from the window. Suddenly he turned and bowed and offered them each a hand.

"I will take my leave of you now," he said. "An old man knows that he is sometimes in the way. You will want to make your plans for furnishing my beautiful little home. I make no stipulations, but don't have any oilcloth. Oilcloth is so unromantic."

Neither Molly nor Harklaw had the heart to tell him that they were neither engaged nor likely to be. While each was thinking of some appropriate form of leave-taking, Mr. Mortimer Bigstraw continued:

"Go to the agents to-morrow and tell them that Mr. Mortimer Bigstraw says you are to have the house. Rent is no object. Youth, Youth! No, not a word from you, Edwin, nor you, Angelina. An old man's blessing follow you all your days. The spring of the year! Youth, Youth! Nesting-time! And don't forget—*no* oilcloth!"

He was gone. They heard him shuffling through the kitchen, muttering to himself. Harklaw looked after him, half smiling, but not a little touched. He turned to Molly.

"Angelina——" he began.

But there was a dull pain in Molly's heart, and the fear of some day growing old and being lonely. There were tears in her eyes, and, because she was hurt, she wanted to be kissed.

This Harklaw knew, through a telepathy known only among lovers, and as there was nobody present to kiss Molly but himself, he laid an arm around her slim shoulders and drew her to him.

"But you must promise not to d-die s-s-sixteen years before I do!" she sobbed a moment later, held tight in his arms.

I know the story ought to end here. Upon my word I wish it did. But I have set myself to write a true tale, and if the end be unpalatable it is no fault of mine. Nor am I to blame if the last scene be a commonplace one, to wit, the office of Messrs. Hardy, Turk and Toozer, auctioneers and estate agents, of High Street, Fortmouth.

Harklaw called there at eleven o'clock on the following morning. Mr. Toozer was a tall, slim young man in very light grey tweeds, with a most conspicuous collar.

"I see you have a house to let on the common," said Harklaw. "I should be prepared to take it from Michaelmas if we can come to terms. I was expecting my *fiancée* here to discuss the matter with you, but I expect she will be along in a minute."

"It's Moss Side that you mean, I think, sir. You've come along just at the right time. I don't mind admitting that we've had a great deal of trouble in letting that house on account of the water-supply. The well was always going dry. But by the time you're ready to move in, the new pumping station will be finished, and we can lay water on at the main."

"But I thought it was because Mr. Bigstraw——"

"Mr. Bigstraw! So you've seen him, have you? He's been a nuisance about that house. I believe he's driven several people away. But he's quite harmless in most things, mind you!"

"I suppose grief has unsettled his mind?"

"Grief? No! It was through being a great mathematician and taking to chess on top of it late in life. He was either a Senior Wrangler or a Junior Wrangler, I don't know which, and don't know the difference, not being an Oxford College man myself. Excuse me, sir, but did he tell you it was his house?"

"He—er—certainly did."

"Well, it belongs to Mr. Chudd, the butcher. That's one of the poor old chap's queer fancies. He thinks it's his house, and that he once lived there, and that he had a beautiful wife who died. He's always wandering about there, for he lives on the common quite handy and I make no doubt he believes his own stories. But he never did live there, and he never had a wife. It wasn't through getting married that he's like this. It all came about through mathematics and chess."

"O-oh!" Harklaw eyed the estate agent thoughtfully.

The estate agent chuckled.

"My *fiancée* will be along in a minute," Harklaw said. "If you don't mind, I'd rather you didn't tell her what you've just told me—at least, not just yet. She'd be—disappointed."

THE EGG

By MADGE S. SMITH

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT B. M. PAXTON

IT was kind, warm, mid-May, barefoot weather, two-garment weather. Richard had been across the Common on some errand, and, returning, it seemed a waste of opportunity to pass the bathing pool without a dip. You needed no towel in two-o'clock sunshine. He had swum along the Little Water as far as there was water to float him, and then lay on his back in warm, wet weed, and watched a jolly water-rat who had bitten off a small lily-bud, and was under urgent need of getting it to a certain mud-hole across the current. Richard felt he must help the rat, and crossed over to give him a leg-up with it, but the rat slipped away in haste, and the lily floated away downstream and was lost. Then Richard lay on the close-bitten turf till he was nicely dry, but not too dry; and, lying so, with a world of summer happiness seething inside his sleek wet head, he saw something that made him jump for shirt and knickers, and start off into the bushes with his eyes as sharp and bright as the rat's own.

It was a bird that Richard had seen, a brown bird, bright-eyed, too, sturdy of build, sharp of bill, dealing dexterously with the dragon-fly that had mocked Richard, darting dexterously overhead, more free than even a boy in the water. He was so interested, he forgot to be sorry for the dragon-fly, though ordinarily it would have grieved him to see a gay fellow fall. The bird might have been a robin, but he was rather larger, and his breast was creamy buff where the crimson would have been, something like the inside of a throstle's wing. He cocked his head, sharpened his bill on a handy flint, and neatly jointed the dragon-fly above the thorax. Then he hopped briskly a few feet, paused, and darted into the thicket. After him, through blackthorn and bramble and briar, went Richard, all the savage that was in him rejoicing, because he knew that not far from here he should find ready to his hand that long-sighed-for egg of olive-green for which the

space of his well-filled egg-cabinet had waited, as he thought, hopelessly. There were several such empty spaces. A peregrine falcon seemed beyond the dreams of boyhood, so did the bee-eater and the honey-buzzard. So had, till this instant, the nightingale.

Richard did not notice that the nettles were stinging his sun-dried legs, or that the blackthorn was taking toll of his shirt. He crept on all fours through the thicket, and came out in a little pocket of short thymy turf, around which dog-roses were just opening their frail beauty unseen.

This was just the sort of thing Richard's little brother Ted used to sing about, before, at the age of six, he renounced the games of girls and "kids." "Ring a ring o' roses, a pocket full of posies."

The silly words are not meaningless to Hampshire children, who know very well that a pocket is a fertile little spot of rich river-silt in the surrounding chalk, and literally full of posies growing round in a fairy ring, to gain a way into which briars must be braved and clothes torn.

Richard crawled through on his belly and lay still, his chin cupped in his brown hands, watching. His patience was soon rewarded. The brown bird hopped boldly across the open and popped into a green bramble tangle not two feet from the ground. A few seconds later he was out again, paused alert, saw the intruder, and, flying to a tall, over-growing spray, poured forth a challenging of full-throated song. Richard's eyes bored into the thicket. It was not hard to see, once you knew where to look, that thickly-plaited tangle of dried bents, roughly padded with brown dry oak-leaves, and lined with the soft white hair from the old donkey on the Common, who furnished half the nests Richard was familiar with. He had to part the bush a little to see to the bottom of the nest. And there they were—three olive-green beauties, lying snug under the side. His fingers trembled with excitement as he cautiously thrust in his brown, scratched

hand. One was warm. He took the furthest from the warm one, deliciously cool in contrast, hid hand and all in his pocket, and stole guiltily away. Somehow he didn't want the bird to see him. He didn't want to stay about.

"I ought to take two." He paused, crawling through the prickly archway that led out of the thicket. "She can count even numbers. I ought to have taken two—or none. Suppose she forsakes!"

Too late to think about that now. He crawled out into the open. He sat down on the edge of the stream. He felt suddenly all hot and sticky with sweat. The cool comfort of his bathe had gone. He had scratched the calf of his leg, and his hair was full of brittle stalks.

He took out the egg. It lay on the palm of his hand, gently warming to the touch, green and strange. He had never glimpsed one before.

None of the boys at the Grammar School had one. It was just like the picture in his cabinet, but not quite as large, because a flat diagram of an egg always looks larger than the actual thing. His spirits rose. He had achieved the impossible. The honey buzzard, the bee-eater, even the majestic peregrine falcon, were now less dimly possible. He saw himself pulling out drawer after drawer of his cabinet, displaying their symmetrical completeness, the right egg in every compartment. He wondered why he was not more pleased about it. Why did he feel as if he was being watched? Why did he cover up the egg when a willow-warbler chattered close behind him?

He had nothing to be ashamed of. He had only taken one. He might have had two and still no harm done. He wasn't an ordinary nest-robbing little beast. He was a serious collector. He wouldn't spoil a nest, make the birds desert, for worlds.

Gracious! There went the cows to milking. It was Richard's job to get up the cows for his father on holiday afternoons. Young Ted was doing it to-day in his default. He followed old Clover up with a long peeled switch, shouting in a deep assumption of a manly voice that deceived none of those leisurely matrons into hurrying.

"Hello, young Ted!"

"Come on. Dad's ever so cross," quoth that seven-year-old. "Cows was right over the bridges. I had a job to get them up, I can tell you." Teddy raised an adoring face to his elder brother. His greatest pride and joy it was to render service to this

godlike and majestic elder, and Richard knew it. The chubby face glowed with pride as the story of his long struggle with the refractory herd continued. He was making the most of it. Richard listened with unusual attention. He was feeling, for some reason, a singularly lonely man. The company of Ted was a priceless thing in his mood. He tied up the cows and got ready for milking. Nothing was said about his being late, thanks to young Ted, but he still had that guilty feeling. His pocket with the egg in it seemed red-hot. He could easily have slipped into the house and put it away in his bedroom, but dreaded the quite unlikely question: "What did you go upstairs for?" He imagined everybody was noticing him. He might safely have laid it on the kitchen dresser, and said casually: "That's an egg I found." His mother did not know the difference between one egg and another. But he kept it in his pocket, and thought gloomily what risks of breaking it ran.

"See here, young Ted." Behind the barn, he called his young brother to him. "I'll show you something." He fished his precious secret forth, unfolded the grimy knotted handkerchief. "Ever see a nightingale's egg, young Ted?"

Ted's big brown eyes opened wide. He was enormously flattered. It was very seldom Richard honoured him with confidences.

"Did you climb for it?"

The tallest tree, the deepest pool, in Ted's eyes, were put there for Richard to climb and swim.

"Climb? No, it's down on the ground, stupid. I'll show you, p'raps. Near the bathing-place. It's a secret, mind. Nobody in the world knows that nest, only you and me."

Ted straddled his short dimpled legs, thrusting chubby fists deep in his pockets, manly pockets that almost atoned for the humiliating truth that his tunic fastened with "poppers."

"No fear. I won't tell. Are you going to blow it? Can I help?"

"Shut up!"

With a warning nudge and a crimson face, he pocketed the egg. His sister was crossing the yard. She murmured something about "eggs," making his heart leap wildly, but she was only after the old black hen with yellow legs, who had stolen a nest behind the cart-shed. She also said tea was ready. There was no chance now to

blow the egg before bed-time. Even then there would be no chance till George was asleep, and then it would be dark, and it was an operation that required a good light. He slipped into the parlour, when no one was looking but young Ted, and popped it as it was in its destined place in his cabinet. What a difference it made!

"Nightingale. May 29th. Not common in B.I."

It was something like a collection now. He must be up early, very early, and blow it before anybody else was about. Sure to make a mess of it, with George in bed there, likely to wake up any moment. You got flustered, and it was all up. And it always made a little gurgle.

Young Ted read his thoughts.

"If I get up awful early, can I be there when you blow it?"

"All right. Only keep your mouth shut, you little idiot."

Ted shut it, and nodded importantly.

* * * * *

It was not yet dawn when Richard awoke. He had been over-anxious to be up betimes. He sat up and rubbed his eyes in the mellow moonlight. His brother George slept heavily, his yellow hair shining. Richard had not known you could see colours by the moon. Everything in the house was very still. But the air was not still. It throbbed and thrilled and pulsed with music. The sound poured in with the moonbeams: it bathed Richard's very soul, without his conscious knowledge that it was going in at his ears. He gulped. His eyes were filled with tears, Richard's eyes, commonly held to be immune from tears. He sat up in bed, and rubbed his eyes hard with the sleeves of his night-shirt.

"I am an idiot. It's nothing but an old bird singing," he muttered angrily. "It isn't unhappy really. It's just the way the things sing. They don't mean anything."

It was absurd to assume that the bird had anything special to say to him, Richard, a good, hard, common-sense third-form grammar-schoolboy. He had been made, with some thirty similar schoolboys, to get by heart an "Ode to the Nightingale" by a Mr. Keats. Privately, Richard thought the ode had a lot more about Mr. Keats than about the bird, and there was no information in it about eggs, or where to look for them. Very likely Mr. Keats didn't know.

All the same—all the same—Oh, bother

it! How did it go? Something about "Magic casements opening on the foam of perilous seas in faerie lands forlorn."

And that was nothing to do with nightingales, and nothing in the world to blub about. He wriggled into his clothes, and crept down barefoot into the parlour. It was darker there. The moon didn't come in, and the window was shut. He couldn't hear the silly bird. He opened his cabinet. His practised fingers counted the treasures gently over. The nightingale's egg was gone. For a second he stood in doubt.

Then he shinned upstairs to the cupboard-like recess which was dignified by the title of "young Ted's room." He saw bedclothes thrown back, and as he stood in silent wrath, through the little dormer window streamed the song of the bird. Young Ted was gone. It did not surprise Richard then to find the back-door unbolted, and across the yard to the Common gate he streaked, setting the ducks quacking as he went.

Bathed in faerie light the Common lay, the river all silver and gold, and a haze on the willows that shimmered softly, the cows lying across the path, breathing deep in their quiet dreams, as if no voice of unearthly beauty was thrilling and vibrating with something more than any words could tell. On it went, on and on and on, as if it had a whole world of loving and woe and wonder to relate. "And all the bits are different," thought Richard. "Now, where's that kid?"

He knew pretty well where to look, though. By the edge of the bathing pool he found young Ted, sitting there, his mouth open square, tears of woe streaming down his cheeks, wretched and unashamed.

"Hi, young Ted! You pinched my egg, you did!"

But young Ted was beyond the voice of reproach, even of threats. He got to his feet and pointed a stumpy finger, shaking with emotion, towards the elm-clump that overhung the bramble thicket.

"I couldn't find it. I got the egg, and I c-can't find the nest!" he wailed. "Give it back! Richard, listen at it. O-oh! Take it back! Where's the nest? Come an' put it back. Listen—just listen at it!"

Ted's lusty woe had momentarily made the nightingale inaudible, but he gulped it down, and clutched his elder brother by the sleeve with moist hands.

"You are a kid," said Richard. "I bet you've squashed it by now."

"I haven't."

The egg was produced safe and sound from Ted's night-shirt pocket.

"'S matter of fact," Richard admitted

his brother's. Richard was not mad with him, then. They were kneeling together on the brink of the river, and the placid



"With bated breath he followed to the nest, craned his neck to see one egg laid beside its brethren."

casually, "I was thinking of taking it back myself, and then I found you'd been and pinched it."

Starry with relief, young Ted's eyes met

stream reflected two little brothers, not so very much apart in point of size, and two chubby faces blurred with tears.

"In here, in this egg, Ted, in here now,

just got to grow out of it, feathers and all. But it's here. It must be here. Fancy blowing all that out in a squidgy yellow mess! Come on. We'll shove it back."

Joyfully young Ted wriggled through the thicket on his belly, in the wake of, and more easily than, his thicker-set elder. With bated breath he followed to the nest, craned his neck to see the egg laid beside its brethren.

"Three. They've laid another since I pinched it," whispered Richard. "Wouldn't have mattered a bit, you see. But I don't care, young Ted. I don't *want* a nightingale's egg. Come on."

They were half across the Common before Richard spoke again to the small comrade plodding at his side.

"'S quite a jolly sort of row it's singing now, young Ted. Can't you hear? Cheerful and all that. Nothing about perilous seas and fairy lands in it now."

"Not a bit," agreed loyal Ted, not in the least comprehending, but feeling gloriously elate.

"Tell you what, young Ted, that Keats chap had been getting an egg. That was the idea. Faerie lands forlorn. I do wonder why, though. Hist! There's the cuckoo. Day's breaking."



A MOTTO.

IF life be but a little day
That hastes away
And ends at eve,
Oh, be ye kind ere curfew-bell
And say farewell
To friends at eve.

Now unto man let tongue forth tell
No word not well
Inclined to him,
For in the mute, long days to come
Ye shall be dumb
And blind to him.

But be ye kind of act and speech
That when ye reach
The end of all,
Some brother sayeth as ye pass:
"He's dead that was
The friend of all."

WILFRID THORLEY.

THE GOLF SWING DISSECTED

AN ACTION IN FOUR MOVEMENTS

By HARRY VARDON,

Six Times Open Champion

Illustrated from the Slow-Motion Film Study of Harry Vardon's Swing, by kind permission of Messrs. Pathé Frères Cinema Limited, and of the Proprietors of "The Evening News," for which this series of film photographs were made

THE principles of the golf swing, shorn of many small matters which need not here be emphasised, are very simple.

They can be learnt to some degree of advantage by anybody who cares to apply himself to the task. Certain it is that the golfer who does not learn them will find a great deal of exasperation in the game and very few streaks of enjoyment.

To all intents and purposes, the golf swing is an action in four movements. And here let it be said that although at the moment I am thinking particularly of the drive, the swing is in its many principles the same for any shot in the game. The only variations that occur come involuntarily from the distance that the ball has to be made to travel, and, consequently, the particular kind of club that the player selects and the length of back-swing that he makes preparatory to striking the ball.

But it is a fact that the little chip shot introduces, in effect, the swing for the full drive on a very much reduced scale. It is

merely the bigger shot which might send the ball 220 yards so minimised as to produce a shot of, perhaps, 30 yards. The strength of hitting is different, but the action is the same.

So let us now consider the four movements seriatim. The first thing that the golfer has to do is to move the club-head away from the ball, and for that reason I have always made it a point of instruction to pupils that the club-head must lead—that is to say, it must start to move back before the hands do so.

Examiners of the slow-motion film pictures of my swing have been declaring for some months that the cinematograph

has found me out. They proclaim that these slow-motion photographs show that, at the very start of the swing, my hands



THE START OF THE SWING.

"The photograph shows that my hands move before the club moves away from the ball."

move before the club moves away from the ball.

This is true, and I have known for a good many years of the existence of some such preliminary action, although only the slow-motion film has disclosed it in precise details. What happens is that, at the very beginning of the swing, my left wrist moves back, arching inwards, and naturally causing the right hand to recede with it. But so small an operation does not actually move the club-head away from the ball. It is only when this preliminary detail is complete that the left wrist begins to turn inward towards the body and thus to take the club-head away from the ball.

It may be true, as an observant critic has said, that the golf swing really begins at the left shoulder, which causes the receding movement of the left wrist. But although this interesting first movement is undisputed after the evidence of the screen, I am as certain as in the past that it is useless—



NEARLY AT TOP OF SWING.

"As to where the up-swing is to end is mostly a matter of the player's build. . . . Whatever the position of the club at the top, it marks the end of the second movement in the golf swing, and now we have to prepare for the third."



THE DOWN SWING.

"At this stage the main thing to remember is not to begin the down swing in a rush. Very many shots are ruined because of the tendency to snatch the club from the top of the swing and throw it forward in its first downward movement."

and worse than useless—to attempt to teach such a beginning. The golfer who set out deliberately to cultivate it would almost assuredly end in getting his wrist into a hopelessly locked position.

If he remembers that his business at the outset is to move the head of the club away from the ball, and that the way to secure this effect is to concentrate on turning the left wrist gently towards the body at the start of the swing, I believe that the film-picture discovery will assert itself in the living model without his striving for it. As to whether it is wholly essential is a nice point. At any rate, to teach people to practise it would be fatal. The A B C of golf learning consists of turning the left wrist towards the body so as to begin the backward movement of the club.

That accomplished, the thing to do is to take the club up at a moderate pace. "Slow back" is an ancient aphorism, but it is a valuable one. The thing to remember is



IMMEDIATELY AFTER IMPACT.

Observe the taut position of both arms, with the right hand climbing over the left.

not to overdo it. The operation should not be depressingly slow, as one sees it in many golfers who are unduly impressed by the importance of the principle. The pace at which Edward Ray, who is a very long driver, takes the club back is just about the ideal. Unfortunately, however, "slow back" does not indicate any definite time for the movement. I once heard a thinking golfer propound the idea that the club should go back to just such time and rhythm as will permit of the singing of "God Save Our Gracious King," and that is, perhaps, as near an indication as can be conveyed in words—and music.

As to where the up-swing is to end is mostly a matter of the player's build. Some people can raise the club with such facility that at the top of the swing it passes the horizontal and produces almost a swing and a half. Others of different physique are content with a three-quarter swing, which does not attain the horizontal.

Whatever the position of the club at the top, it marks the end of the second movement in the golf swing, and now we have to prepare for the third.

At this stage the main thing to remember

is not to begin the down swing in a rush. Very many shots are ruined—almost might one say one out of every three or four shots in golf—because of the tendency to snatch the club from the top of the swing and throw it forward in its first downward movement.

It is essential to recover the club quietly from its position at the top of the swing—to recover it as modestly as one started its upward movement. Nobody who had studied the art of golf would take the club away from the ball with a violent action of the arms. In just the same way it is desirable not to begin the down swing with a rush of the club-head.

The golfer should simply release the club-head from its position at the top of the swing by letting his right wrist guide it gently towards the right in the first fraction of a second—and guide it in a way that might almost suggest his desire to hit somebody standing a few inches



FINISH OF SWING.

Note relaxed body and position of knees.

behind him on his immediate right. That business of recovering the club-head having been achieved, the real action of hitting begins.

It is the fourth movement in the golf swing, and it marks the supreme letting loose of what hitherto has been controlled energy. From this stage the player must

hit for all he is worth. He must let himself go in an endeavour to accelerate the club-head to the utmost. It is the speed of the club gathered in this last second that produces length. And let him follow through. The player who can drive well and check the club immediately after the impact is a law unto himself.



MEMORY.

MY mind groped after a thought
That fled from its fingers;
But I know it was there when I closed my eyes,
And the memory lingers.

It came when music was playing,
Like a lovely dancer
It moved like a shadow before my mind,
And my lips gave answer;

They cried: "You are Beauty's self!
Stay, why do you fear us?
We worship naught in the world beside
While beauty is near us."

But the dancing figure went by
That my lips had bidden,
Like a shadow passing across a field
When the sun is hidden.

LEOPOLD SPERO.



GRINGO

By ARTHUR MILLS

ILLUSTRATED BY
GILBERT HOLIDAY

FOUR weeks after leaving England Victor Mendip found himself sitting on a grip-bag six thousand miles from home. An owl perched beside him on a post—one of the little brown day owls that are everywhere in Argentina.

The owl had its back to Victor, but its head was twisted completely round, and its little bright eyes never left his face. "Whee-oo! Whee-oo!" it piped.

"Wonder you don't twist your blinkin' neck off, getting in an attitude like that!" Victor addressed the bird.

"Whee-oo! Whee-oo!" replied the owl.

Victor felt vaguely that the bird was mocking him. He had had the suspicion he was being laughed at more than once since he landed in Argentina. That group of men over there by the station, wearing black slouch hats, silk handkerchiefs knotted round their necks, and baggy breeches tucked into half-length riding boots—peons, or *gauchos*, or whatever they were called—they were talking him over, he knew.

What was there odd about him, anyway? Surely he was not the first young Englishman who had come out to Argentina to learn the cattle business? He surveyed his extremely well-made breeches. Maybe, when they discovered he could ride just as well as they could, they'd be more respectful.

Victor was accounted a goodish horseman at home; he had won the light-weight race at the local hunt races. He was a nice-looking boy, and he had spirit. He had not cared to hang around at home, hunting and dancing. He had wanted to see a bit of the world, and had told his father so.

"All right," said his father. "How'd you like to go out to Argentina and do a spell on an estancia? You'll have to work, mind; they haven't time to entertain guests."

Victor thought he would like this very much.

"I'll cable Mackay and ask him if he'll take you on as a pupil," said his father.

Mendip Senior had made his money in cattle in the Argentine. He was a tough old man, almighty proud of his son. He wanted to do what was best for the boy. So when he got Mackay's answer, saying Victor could come out, he added a postscript to the letter he wrote fixing final arrangements.

"Catch 'em young and treat 'em rough," was what old Mendip Senior wrote.

Whereat Mackay, remembering the days when he and old Mendip had been gringos together, grinned.

Meanwhile Victor attended a series of farewell parties among his friends, got on board the R.M.S.P. *Arlanza*, slept off an accumulated headache crossing the Bay, flirted furiously with a girl who got on board at Lisbon and disappeared mysteriously at Rio, bumped up the mighty muddy River Plate, and landed in the Argentine. Now here he was, sitting on a sand track, along a single line of railway, beside an owl.

"Whee-oo! Whee-oo!" piped the bird.

"Oh, shut up!" said Victor.

Suddenly the owl turned its head. Victor saw a man on horseback coming down the track—a big fellow, wearing wide-flowing native riding breeches, a revolver strapped to his belt, and shirt open at the neck.

"Hullo, *che*!" said the big man, pulling up in front of Victor. "Been here long?"

"Couple of hours," answered Victor.

The big man nodded. "They 'phoned through from the station you'd come. Dalt's my name. I'm 'second' at the Tora."

Victor did not know what "second" meant, but he knew El Tora was the name of the estancia to which he was going.

"Is it far from here?" he asked.

"Four leagues," said the big man. "I've got a horse for you, and we'll get your stuff up later on. Wonder where that boy of mine is? I told him to be here an hour ago. In that *boliche*, I expect—yes, there are the horses." He pointed to a one-storied building, outside of which two horses were tethered to a post. "Hey, Pedro!"

A little dark-skinned man came to the doorway and, seeing Dalt, hurried to the horses.

"Jump on that one," said Dalt to Victor, pointing to a small chestnut horse; "we'll leave Pedro to bring on the traps."

Victor climbed up on the chestnut and fumbled his feet into the native stirrups. The horse had a native saddle, and his first impression was that he had never had his legs forced so wide apart before. A great, big clumsy thing, it felt, made up of layers and layers of sheepskins and saddle-cloths.

Dalt led the way, and they set off at a loping canter for El Tora. Though the sun shone hotly, the rolling green grass was restful to the eyes, and a fresh breeze blew.

"All this land belongs to El Tora," said Dalt.

Victor looked about him. They were riding through a great paddock. In a corner of the paddock a herd of cattle grazed—placid, white-faced Herefords as might have been seen on any English farm. As far as the eye could see, undulating grass-land stretched. Victor and Dalt rode side by side. Sometimes Victor glanced at his companion. Dalt was a fine figure of a man. The sun had bitten deep into his skin, tanning face, arms, neck dark cherry-red; his rolled-back sleeves exposed two powerful forearms; muscular thighs lay smoothly against the saddle. His eyes were very blue, with the look in them that comes into the eyes of men who spend their lives in great open spaces. Altogether a curious, arresting personality, Victor thought.

Gradually the "camp" began to throw its spell over him. Mile after mile of rich lush grass, thousands upon thousands of cattle, horses, sheep; at long intervals a clump of trees; a few peons here and there working cattle, but for the most part no sign of man. A great country, South America, greater than could be imagined by those at home. Victor congratulated himself he had chosen to come out instead of going into his father's London office.

"There's the Tora," said Dalt, breaking silence for the first time for half an hour,

pointing the silver knob of his *rebenque* at a clump of trees.

"Oh, we are there already!" exclaimed Victor.

"It is another league and a half," Dalt answered.

Victor supposed a league was three miles, in which case the estancia was still four or five miles away. He was surprised, for it looked only a few minutes' ride.

"I expect you'll have lunch with Don Donald, and he'll bring you over to your quarters later," said Dalt, when they were at last quite close to the estancia. "We'll go straight to his house."

"Is the boss a Spaniard?" said Victor.

"No, he's Scotch—Donald Mackay—but out here the peons and servants always call the head of the house by his Christian name. If a chap is Charles, they'll call him 'Don Carlos'; we get into the way of doing it, too. There is the boss at the door."

As they got off their horses, Mackay came forward. "How are you? Come inside." He gripped Victor's hand.

Victor looked at the man under whom he was to work for the next two years. Mackay stood about five feet four, a square-chested stocky little man with keen grey eyes and a stubbly chin. Like Dalt, he carried a revolver on his belt, and wore native riding breeches. He led Victor through a room where a table was laid for three, out on to a red-tiled verandah.

"Well, what do you think of Entre Rios?" he asked, as they settled themselves in two long chairs.

"A great country, from what I've seen of it."

"It is. Your father discovered that. He built this place. He's a fine fellow, your father. We worked together when we first came to this country." Mackay took a stopper from a decanter and poured some dark liquor into two tumblers.

"Gea!" he called, then louder, "Gea!"

A girl came out on the verandah.

"Gea, this is Mr. Mendip, who has come out to us—my niece." He introduced the pair.

The girl was about eighteen; she had a clear olive skin and large dark eyes. "Half or wholly Spanish," thought Victor, wondering how she came to be Mackay's niece.

"She's my brother's child," Mackay explained. "My brother married a Spanish girl; but Gea likes the English, don't you?" He patted his niece's hand.

Gea was something completely new to

Victor; he discovered at lunch that she not only had never been out of South America, but that, in spite of her British father, she only spoke English with difficulty. Her father had died when she was quite small, and she had been brought up entirely among Spanish-speaking folk. But for a chance visit to her uncle's estancia, she would probably have married an Argentine and forgotten all her British associations.

All the topics of conversation at Victor's command were Greek to Gea. She just sat there, her dark eyes watching him solemnly, seeing that he had bread, butter, vegetables, and the things he wanted.

"After tea Gea shall take you a ride," said Don Donald. "She can tell you as much about cattle as most of us. You'd like to go to your quarters now."

The assistants' quarters lay on the opposite side of the patio. Dalt was sitting on the verandah, reading some old English papers. He looked up as Victor approached.

"Had lunch?"

Victor nodded. "Think I'll unpack. Miss Mackay is going to take me round the place after tea."

"Gea is?" Dalt said.

"Yes. Don Donald said she knew nearly as much about cattle as he did."

"So she does; she's a real 'camp' girl."

The big man folded his paper and started to cram some tobacco into a pipe.

"Have you been out here long?" Victor asked.

Dalt nodded. "Ten years. I haven't been off the estancia for twelve months."

"That's a long spell," said Victor.

At half-past four Victor and Gea set out. The heat of the day was over; a pleasant breeze blew.

"I will take you to see the river, no?" said Gea. She ended most of her sentences with "No," after the Spanish-American fashion.

"I'm in your hands," Victor answered, thinking how extremely well she looked on a horse.

Gea patted her grey's neck. "One month since I ride him. Before that no one ride him, only the domador for one day when they first catch him!"

"You are breaking him in yourself."

"No, the domador do that; he put the saddle on his back the first time and make him keep it there. I ride him now. You will ride a *potro*, I expect."

"What's a *potro*?"

"A horse that have a saddle on his back

for the first time. After one day they are quite tame; but the first time they feel a man on their back they go mad, mad."

"I dare say they do," said Victor, thinking of the long, patient training an English horse received before even been shown a saddle. "Do you mean they catch a wild horse, saddle him up, and ride him the same day?"

Gea nodded, looked over her shoulder and whistled. "Chuka! Chuka!" she called.

A shaggy-haired terrier came pounding along.

"He's a good dog for *bichos*," said Gea.

"What's a *bicho*?"

"Any little animal—armadillo, possum, skunk—that live in the 'camp.' Chuka will find some, you will see."

Her English, spoken with the Spanish accent, was quite fascinating. Victor found himself watching her lips. She met his appraising glance utterly unconsciously.

The sun had set, leaving only a pale glow above El Tora when they got back. It had been a delightful ride, Gea prattling away about the cattle, and the peons, and life on the "camp."

"What a crime it would be to take a girl like that back and make her live in London!" thought Victor. "Like bringing home some little wild animal to the cages of the Zoo."

He and Dalt dined together. Henceforth they were to be mess mates, only going over to Don Donald's house on special occasions. Dalt spoke little during dinner, and, after smoking a pipe, said he was going to bed. Victor, looking at his watch, saw it was not nine.

"We turn in early because we get up early here," Dalt explained.

"What time do you get up?"

"Half-past four. The peons are supposed to be at work by five. We are parting some cattle to-morrow three leagues from here, so we shall have to start at four a.m."

The days went by so quickly that they seemed only hours. During this time Victor saw little of Don Donald and nothing of Gea. Secretly Don Donald was carrying out old Mendip's instructions and trying the boy out.

"Keep him at it," he told Dalt, "and let me know how he shapes."

Dalt in his quiet way carried out his instructions. He soon found Victor needed no driving, and was willing enough to keep moving as long as his legs would carry him. More than once Victor came in from a long

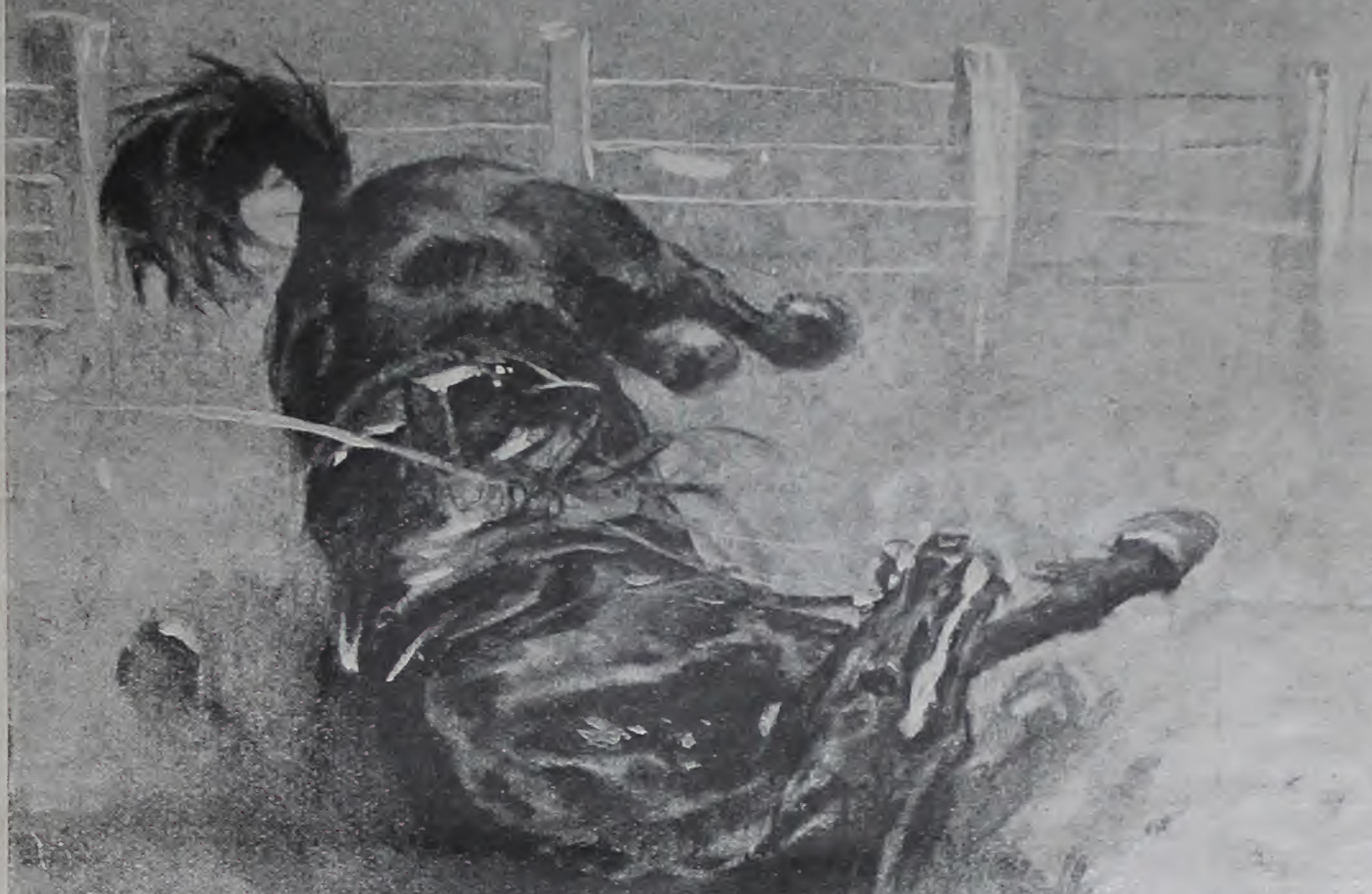


"Dalt landed on his feet—a trick only a few of the surviving *gaucho* horsemen can still perform."

day so tired that he went straight to bed without his dinner.

In the meanwhile all that Victor learnt about Dalt in this time increased his respect for him. Dalt's mind was simple to the point

of being primitive; he had spent ten years with cattle, and it was of cattle he thought morning, noon, and night. His brain worked as slowly as the slow-moving herds, but his accumulated knowledge was inexhaustible.



"Head over heels he fell, right in front of the wire."

He could ride round a *rodeo* of two or three hundred steers and estimate to within a few dollars their market value. He possessed a mesmeric influence over Tora Splendid, the

valuable but ill-tempered prize bull, who had already "horned" three men. The great lumbering brute would follow Dalt about like a puppy.

"We are dining with the boss to-night," Dalt said on a Saturday just a fortnight after Victor's arrival.

"Capital! I hope Miss Gea will be there." Dalt made no answer.

"She's one of the prettiest girls I've seen for a long time," Victor continued. "Don't you think so?"

"She's the only girl I've seen for twelve months," answered Dalt.

"Good Heavens!" thought Victor, suddenly remembering what Dalt had told him. "Poor chap, I suppose he has forgotten how to talk to a girl. Don't expect he takes much interest in 'em, anyway."

Victor looked forward to the party. He had not seen a white woman of any sort for a fortnight, and it would be a treat to sit opposite a pretty girl. His own anticipations caused Victor to forget the other man, who had been living out on the camp for a year.

Gea was on the verandah, waiting for them, when they went over. Don Donaldo was changing, she explained. Her dark hair was gathered low on her neck, her white clear skin untouched by any colouring. The black silk frock she wore clung to her supple young figure. Victor thought her twice as pretty as the first time he had seen her. His eyes kept travelling in her direction.

Dalt hardly looked at Gea. He kept his eyes on the ground and seemed more awkward and tongue-tied than usual.

"Not used to women, living out here as he has done all this time," thought Victor. "I'll do the talking for both of us."

He started to talk, rattling along about his week's experiences. Gea listened gravely. Once a little puzzled frown gathered in her brows at something he said about some cattle.

"He means those three-year-old heifers in Paddock One," Dalt explained.

Victor corrected himself. How frightfully serious these "camp" people were about cattle! Gea seemed to be just as serious as Dalt.

He changed the subject. "May I have the pleasure of another ride with you to-morrow?" he asked.

She looked across at Dalt. Dalt was bending over the terrier Chuka, and did not look up. At this moment Don Donaldo came in, and took Dalt into his office to show him a letter. Victor and Gea were left on the balcony.

The moon shone down on Gea's face. Victor looked at her round white arms, at her dark hair, at her fresh red lips, and

an impulse age-old and primitive stirred him.

"I want to ride with you to-morrow," he said eagerly.

She sat quite still, her eyes full on him. There was allurements in her impassivity. Could any girl be so utterly unconscious of her beauty? He leant forward. In another minute his hands would have held one of those white arms.

"Hullo, here you are!" a voice interrupted. Looking up, Victor saw Dalt.

"I am trying to persuade Miss Mackay to take me for a ride to-morrow."

"We'll all ride," Dalt answered.

He, too, spoke differently; there was a challenging ring in his voice—a primitive echo, as it were, from the great cattle-bearing plains.

They went to bed. Victor slept fitfully. He was conscious of being up against something different from the small difficulties that he had encountered in his love affairs at home. They were just the two of them out in the great open spaces wanting the same girl. That Dalt wanted Gea was now plain to Victor.

The next morning the three set out. Gea rode between the two men.

"Where are we going?" she asked.

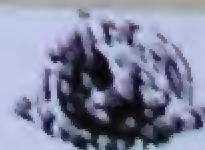
"The peons are riding some young colts in Number Four Paddock. Shall we go down and watch them?" Dalt suggested.

"*Potros*. Yes, that would be fun. Mr. Mendip has never seen a *potro* ridden."

Dalt looked at Victor and nodded. Victor fancied he saw a slightly contemptuous twinkle in the "second's" eye. It irritated him. Why should everyone laugh at him just because he was a gringo, new to the country? An idea came to him. By Jove, he'd ride one of those *potros* and show what he could do! At Oxford he had been considered a good horseman, one of the whippers-in to the drag and in the polo team. He'd have as good a chance of sitting one of these colts as anyone.

They came to the paddock just as a *potro* was being caught. The *potro* was a chestnut colt. A peon was galloping after him, in and out among the loose horses, whirling a lasso round his head. Waiting his moment, the peon flung the lasso round the colt's neck. At the touch of the rope the colt began to fight violently. Gea and Dalt watched.

"That's a bad-tempered brute," said Dalt; "whoever rides him will get a rough passage."



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